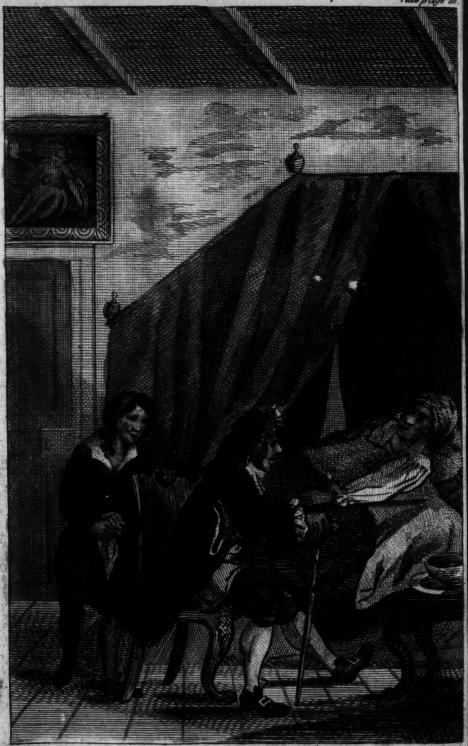
FRONTISPIECE to the Beauties of STERNE.



You shall go home directly, LE FEVRE, said my Uncle TOBE, to my house, \_ (and we'll send for a Dodor to see what's the matter; the Corporal shall be your nurse and I'll be your servant, LE FEVRE.

Published withe . Let directs , for G. Kearsler, in Flet Street , May so. 1787.

# THE TENTH EDITION, ENLARGED AND ORNAMENTED WITH PLATES, FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS.

THE

# BEAUTIES OF STERNE;

INCLUDING SEVERAL OF HIS

# LETTERS,

ALL HIS

PATHETIC TALES,
HUMOROUS DESCRIPTIONS,

AND MOST DISTINGUISHED

OBSERVATIONS ON LIFE.

SELECTED FOR THE HEART OF

SENSIBILITY.

Dear Sensibility! fource inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our forrows! thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw—and 'tis thou who lifts him up to HEAVEN!——Eternal fountain of our feelings! 'tis here I trace thee.

S. Journey, p. 226.

### LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLEY, AT JOHNSON'S-HEAD,
IN FLEET-STREET.

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Price THREE SHILLINGS and SIX-PENCE few'd.





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# HENRY SMITH, Efq.

SECRETARY TO THE HON. THE BOARD OF ORDNANCE,

IN THE

KINGDOM OF IRELAND.

SIR,

A DEDICATION wears, at all times, fo much the air of flattery, that 'tis hard to diftinguish between the language dictated by Sincerity, and the fawnings of the Parasite—between the respect paid by personal gratitude to personal merit, and the awkward imitations of it offered at the soot of Wealth and Title by the hungry expectant.

I shall, for these reasons, only make one short observation on the propriety of my offering these sheets to your patronage—
That although nothing doubting but the

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pable of attracting the admiration and feizing the attention of every rank and age—yet having had an opportunity (through the honor of a personal intimacy with you) of observing, not only how reducible, but reduced to practice, is that philanthropy he so sweetly recommends in every page of his writings,—I have been induced to pressix your name, as a fit head to such a body—feeling with what force precept comes home to the heart, strengthen'd by fuch an example.

I have therefore to beg you will attribute the liberty I here take with your name to its proper motive—a desire to hold up to the world a mirror, in which they should endeavor to behold their own likeness—and to believe me, with every sentiment of gratitude and respect,

> S I R, Your most obliged, And most humble fervant,

> > A. F.

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to

PREFACE.

# PREFACE.

THE very many editions that have already passed the press, of the "Beauties of Sterne," sufficiently evince the sentiments of the public at large upon the propriety of such a work, and remove those objections which at first might have been supposed to exist—it therefore only remains to point out the amendments the world has a right to look for in the present edition.

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It has been a matter of much general complaint, that the selections hitherto made were of rather too confined a cast,—and that, contrary to the original, the utile and the dulce, were not sufficiently blended, or in equal quantities. That as the work was intended both for the recreation of our riper years, and the improvement of the more juvenile mind, it dragg'd on rather too serious a system of grave morality, unmix'd with those sprightlier sallies of sancy,

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which

which the great Original knew so judiciously and equally to scatter in our way.

It has been likewise observed, that the dread of offending the ear of Chaftity, fo laudable in itself, has, in the present case, been carried to an excess, thereby depriving us of many most laughable scenes, though in themselves totally free from any objections on the fcore of indelicacy—and that, upon the whole, the past compilers of Sterne, keeping their eye rather upon his morality, than his bumour-upon his judgment, than his wit, had liken'd the work to his Cane Chair, deprived of the one of its knobbs-incomplete and ununiform.—Giving us rather those plants which may be found in all climates and in every foil, than those which are more estimable, because more rare, and which have been brought to perfection in but a very few indeed fuch skilful hands as his.

To obviate in some measure those founded objections, has been the object of the present edition, in which, the reader, whether of a grave or gay complexion, will find

find an equal attention paid him-the fprightly reader will find, now for the first time, feveral scenes of such exquisite fancy -fuch true Shandean coloring, that he will be aftonish'd, they could be overlook'd by any who professed to enumerate the "Beauties of Sterne."—Such are, Mr. Shandy's Beds of Justice-Dr. Slop and Sufannah—Parfon Yorick's Horfe—and many other pictures of the same tint. The heart of Senfibility will receive a melancholy pleasure in the contemplation of Yorick's untimely fate;—and the mind, in fearch of those duties we owe to God and Man, will receive fresh incentives to persevere in well-doing, from that most excellent discourse upon Charity—" The Case of Elijah and the Widow of Zarephath confidered."—A few of his most admired Letters are also now added, and the whole embellish'd, at a great expence, with capital engravings from original drawings, executed for this particular purpose.

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Thus will the reader perceive, that as the mine from whence this gem is extracted

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is by far the richest this country has ever produced, no pains have been spared to render it proportionably superior in brilliancy and sterling value.

To promote the interests of Virtue by exhibiting her in her most pleasing attitudes—to seduce, if possible, mankind to pursue that road which alone leads to true happiness, is the warmest wish of the Editor's heart; and he firmly believes, there is no mode so effectual, as strewing such slowers as these in their way—for impenetrable must that heart be which cannot be soften'd by so much good sense, enliven'd with so much good humour.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is necessary to acquaint the Reader, that one references in this volume are marked from the last elegant London edition of Mr. Sterne's works in ten volumes. Price two Guineas.

## MEMOIRS

OF THE

## LIFE AND FAMILY

OF THE LATE

REV. MR. LAURENCE STERNE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

ROGER STERNE (grandson to Archbishop Sterne) Lieutenant in Handa-side's regiment, was married to Agnes Hebert, widow of a captain of a good family: her family name was (I believe) Nuttle—though, upon recollection, that was the name of her father-in-law, who was a noted sutler in Flanders, in Queen Ann's wars, where my father married his wife's daughter (N. B. he was in debt to him) which was in September 25, 1711, Old Style.—This Nuttle had a son by my grand-mother—a

fine person of a man, but a graceless whelp -what became of him I know not-The family (if any left), live now at Clonmel, in the South of Ireland, at which town I was born November 24, 1713, a few days after my mother arrived from Dunkirk .-My birth-day was ominous to my poor father, who was, the day after our arrival, with many other brave officers broke, and fent adrift into the wide world with a wife and two children—the elder of which was Mary; she was born at Liste in French Flanders, July the tenth, one thousand seven hundred and twelve, New-Style .-This child was most unfortunate—she married one Weemans in Dublin-who used her most unmercifully—spent his substance, became a bankrupt, and left my poor fifter to shift for herself,—which she was able to do but for a few months, for she went to a friend's house in the country, and died of a broken heart. She was a most beautiful woman-of a fine figure, and deferved a better fate.—The regiment in which my father ferved, being broke, he left Ireland as soon as I was able to be carried, with the rest of his family, and came to the family feat at Elvington, near York, where his mother lived. She was daughter to Sir George Jaques, and an heirefs. we sojourned for about ten months, when the Ip

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the regiment was established, and our houshold decamped with bag and baggage for Dublin-within a month of our arrival, my father left us, being ordered to Exeter, where, in a fad winter, my mother and her two children followed him, travelling from Liverpool by land to Plymouth. (Melancholy description of this journey not necessary to be transmitted here). In twelve months we were all fent back to Dublin.-My mother, with three of us (for she laid in at Plymouth of a boy, Joram), took ship at Bristol, for Ireland, and had a narrow escape from being cast away by a leak fpringing up in the veffel. At length, after many perils and struggles, we got to Dublin. There my father took a large house, furnished it, and in a year and a half's time spent a great deal of money.—In the year one thousand seven hundred and nineteen, all unhing'd again; the regiment was ordered, with many others, to the Isle of Wight, in order to embark for Spain, in the Vigo expedition. We accompanied the regiment, and were driven into Milford Haven, but landed at Bristol, from thence by land to Plymouth again, and to the Isle of Wight-where I remember we stayed encamped some time before the embarkation of the troops—(in this expedition from Bristol to Hampshire we

lost poor Joram—a pretty boy, four years old, of the small-pox), my mother, sister, and myself, remained at the Isle of Wight during the Vigo expedition, and until the regiment had got back to Wicklow in Ireland, from whence my father fent for us. We had poor Joram's loss supplied during our stay in the Isle of Wight, by the birth of a girl, Anne, born September the twenty-third, one thousand seven hundred and nineteen .- This pretty bloffom fell at the age of three years, in the barracks of Dublin-she was, as I well remember, of a fine delicate frame, not made to last long, as were most of my father's babes. We embarked for Dublin, and had all been cast away by a most violent storm, but through the intercessions of my mother, the captain was prevailed upon to turn back into Wales, where we stayed a month, and at length got into Dublin, and travelled by land to Wicklow, where my father had for some weeks given us over for loft.—We lived in the barracks at Wicklow, one year (one thousand feven hundred and twenty) when Devijeher (so called after Colonel Devijeher) was born; from thence we decamped to stay half a year with Mr. Fetherston, a clergyman, about seven miles from Wicklow, who being a relation of my mother's, invited invited us to his parsonage at Animo.—It was in this parish, during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race whilft the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt—the story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland-where hundreds of the common people flocked to fee me.-From hence we followed the regiment to Dublin, where we lay in the barracks a year. this year, one thousand seven hundred and twenty-one, I learned to write, &c. The regiment ordered in twenty-two, to Carrickfergus in the north of Ireland; we all decamped, but got no further than Drogheda, thence ordered to Mullengar, forty miles west, where by Providence we stumbled upon a kind relation, a collateral descendant from Archbishop Sterne, who took us all to his castle, and kindly entertained us for a year—and fent us to the regiment at Carrickfergus, loaded with kindnesses, &c.-a most rueful and tedious journey had we all, in March, to Carrikfergus, where we arrived in fix or feven days-little Devijeher here died, he was three years old-He had been left behind at nurse at a farm-house near Wicklow, but was fetch'd to us by my father the fummer after-another child fent to fill his place, Susan; this babe too left us behind hind in this weary journey—The autumn of that year, or the spring afterwards (I forget which) my father got leave of his colonel to fix me at school-which he did near Halifax, with an able mafter; with whom I staid some time, till by God's care of me, my cousin Sterne, of Elvington, became a father to me, and fent me to the university, &c. &c. To pursue the thread of our story, my father's regiment was the year after ordered to Londonderry, where another fifter was brought forth, Catherine, still living, but most unhappily estranged from me by my uncle's wickedness, and her own folly-From this station the regiment was fent to defend Gibraltar, at the fiege, where my father was run through the body by Captain Phillips, in a duel (the quarrel began about a goose) with much difficulty he furvived—though with a partial constitution, which was not able to withstand the hardships it was put to-for he was fent to Jama'ca, where he foon fell by the country fever, which took away his fenses first, and made a child of him, and then, in a month or two, walking about continually without complaining, till the moment he fat down in an arm chair, and breathed his last-which was at Port Antonio, on the north of the island.—My father was a little smart man -active

-active to the last degree, in all exercises -most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure—he was in his temper somewhat rapid, and hasty-but of a kindly, fweet disposition, void of all design; and fo innocent in his own intentions, that he suspected no one; so that you might have cheated him ten times in a day, if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose-my poor father died March, 1731-I remained at Halifax till about the latter end of that year, and cannot omit mentioning this anecdote of myself, and schoolmaster-He had the cieling of the schoolroom new white-washed-the ladder remained there-I one unlucky day mounted it, and wrote with a brush in large capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and faid, before me, that never should that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was fure I should come to prefermentthis expression made me forget the stripes I had received.—In the year thirty-two\*

<sup>\*</sup> He was admitted of Jesus College, in the university of Canteridge, 6th July, 1733, under the tuition of Mr. Cannon.

Matriculated 29th March, 1735.
Admitted to the degree of B. A. in January, 1736.

M. A. at the Commencement, 1740.

my cousin fent me to the university, where I staid some time. 'Twas there that I comcommenced a friendship with Mr. H ... which has been most lasting on both sides -I then came to York, and my uncle got me the living of Sutton-and at York I became acquainted with your mother, and courted her for two years-he owned she liked me, but thought herself not rich enough, or me too poor, to be joined together-she went to her sister's in S-, and I wrote to her often-I believe then she was partly determined to have me, but would not fay fo-at her return she fell into a confumption—and one evening that I was fitting by her with an almost broken heart to fee her so ill, she said, "My dear Laurey, I can never be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live-but I have left you every shilling of my fortune;"upon that she shewed me her will---this generosity overpowered me. It pleased God that she recovered, and I married her in the year 1741. \* My uncle and myself were then upon very good terms, for he foon got me the Prebendary of York-but he quarrelled with me afterwards, because

<sup>\*</sup> Jaques Sterne, LL.D. He was Prebendary of Durham, Canon Refidentiary, Precentor and Prebendary of York, Rector of Rife, and Rector of Hornsea cum Riston, both in the East Riding of the county of York. He died June 9, 1759.

I would not write paragraphs in the newfpapers-though he was a party-man, I was not, and detefted fuch dirty work: thinking it beneath me—from that period, he \* became my bitterest enemy. By my wife's means I got the living of Stillington -a friend of her's in the fouth had promised her, that if she married a clergyman in Yorkshire, when the living became vacant, he would make her a compliment of it. I remained near twenty years at Sutton, doing duty at both places-I had then very good health. Books, + painting, fiddling, and shooting, were my amusements; as to the Squire of the parish, I cannot say we were upon a very friendly footing --- but at Stillington, the family of the C-s shewed us every kindness---'twas most truly agreeable to be within a mile and a half of an amiable family, who were ever cordial friends. In the year 1760, I took a house at York for your mother and yourself, and went up to London to publish t my two first volumes of

<sup>\*</sup> It hath however been infinuated, that he for some time wrote a periodical electioneering paper at York, in defence of the Whig interest. Monthly Review, vol. 53, p. 344.

interest. Monthly Review, vol. 53, p. 344.

+ A specimen of Mr. Sterne's abilities in the art of designing,
may be seen in Mr. Wodhul's poems, 8vo. 1772.

The first edition was printed in the preceding year at York.

Shandy\*. In that year Lord Falconbridge presented me with the curacy of Coxwold -a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton. In fixty-two I went to France before the peace was concluded, and you both followed me. I left you both in France, and in two years after, I went to Italy for the recovery of my health-and when I called upon you, I tried to engage your mother to return to England, with me -fhe + and yourfelf are at length come -and I have the inexpressible joy of seeing my girl every thing I wished her.

I have fet down these particulars relating to my family, and self, for my Lidia, in case bereafter she might have a curiosity, or kinder

motive to know them.

\* The following is the order in which Mr. Sterne's publications appeared:

1747. The Case of Elijah and the Widow of Zerephath considered: A charity-fermon preached on Good-Friday, April 17,

1747, for the support of two charity-schools in York.

1750. The Abuses of Conscience: Set forth in a sermon preached in the cathedral church of St. Peter's, York, at the summer affizes, before the Hon. Mr. Baron Clive, and the Hon. Mr. C

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Baron Smythe, on Sunday, July 29, 1750.
1759. Vol. 1 and 2, of Triftram Shandy.
1760. Vol. 2 and 4, of Triftram Shandy.
1761. Vol. 3 and 4, of Triftram Shandy.
1762. Vol. 5 and 6, of Triftram Shandy.
1765. Vol. 7 and 8, of Triftram Shandy.
1766. Vol. 3 and 4, of Sermons.
1767. Vol. 9, of Triftram Shandy.
1768. The Sentimental Journey.
The remainder of his works were published.

The remainder of his works were published after his death. + From this passage it appears that the present account of Mr. Sterne's Life and Family was written about fix months only been his death.

As Mr. Sterne, in the foregoing narrative, hath brought down the account of himself untill within a few months of his death, it remains only to mention that he left York about the end of the year 1767, and came to London in order to publish The Sentimental Journey, which he had written during the preceding summer at his fafourite living at Coxwold. His health had been for some time declining, but he continued to visit his friends, and retained his usual flow of spirits. In February, 1768, he began to perceive the approaches of death, and with the concern of a good man, and the solicitude of an affectionate parent, devoted his attention to the future welfare of his daughter. His letters at this period reflect fo much credit to his character, that it is to be lamented fome others in the collection were permitted to fee the the light. After a short struggle with his disorder, his debilitated and worn out frame submitted to fate on the 18th day of March, 1768, at his lodgings in Bond-street. He was buried at the new burying-ground, belonging to the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, on the 22d of the same month, in the most private manner; and hath fince been indebted to strangers for a monument very unworthy of

# [ xxiv ]

of his memory; on which the following lines are inscribed:

"Near to this Place
Lies the Body of
The Reverend Laurence Sterne, A. M.
Died September 13th, 1768\*,
Aged 53 Years.
"Ah! molliter offa quiescant."

If a found Head, warm Heart, and Breast humane, Unsullied Worth, and Soul without a Stain; If mental Powers could ever justly claim The well-won Tribute of immortal Fame, Sterne was the Man, who with gigantic Stride, Mowed down luxuriant Follies far and wide. Yet what, though keenest Knowledge of Mankind Unseal'd to him the Springs that move the Mind; What did it cost him? ridicul'd, abus'd, By Fools insulted, and by Prudes accus'd. In his, mild Reader, view thy suture Fate, Like him despise, what 'twere a Sin to hate.

This monumental stone was erected by two brother masons; for although he did not live to be a member of their society, yet as his all incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and square, they rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages.

W. & S."

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It is scarcely necessary to observe that this date is erroneous.



#### THE

## BEAUTIES OF STERNE.

#### ON WRITING.

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RITING, when properly managed, (as you may be fure I think mine is) is but a different name for conversation. As no one, who knows what he is about in good company, would venture to talk all;—so no author, who understands the just cundaries of decorum and good-breeding, would resume to think all: The truest respect which you an pay to the reader's understanding, is to halve this natter amicably, and leave him something to imagine, a his turn, as well as yourself.

For my own part, I am eternally paying him ompliments of this kind, and do all that lies in my ower to keep his imagination as bufy as my own.

#### SPECIMENS OF

# STERNE'S EPISTOLARY WRITING, or, FAMILIAR LETTERS.

TO MY WITTY WIDOW, MRS. F-

MADAM,

Coxwould, Aug. 3, 1760.

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X7HEN a man's brains are as dry as a squeez'd Orange-and he feels he has no more conceit in him than a mallet, 'tis in vain to think of fitting down, and writing a letter to a lady of your wit, unless in the honest John-Trot-Stile of, yours of the 15th instant came safe to hand, &c. which, by the bye, Tooks like a letter of business; and you know very well, from the first letter I had the honour to write to you, I am a man of no business at all. This vile plight I found my genius in was the reason I have told Mr. - I would not write to you till the next post-hoping by that time to get fome recruit, at least of vivacity, if not wit, to fet out with; - but upon fecond thoughts, thinking a bad letter in feafon-to be better than a good one out of it—this fcrawl is the consequence, which, if you will burn the momen you get it - I promise to send you a fine set essay in the flyle of your female epistolizers, cut and trim's at all points.—God defend me from fuch, who neve yet knew what it was to fay or write one premeditate word in my whole life-for this reason I fend yo with pleasure, because wrote with the careless int gularit

gularity of an eafy heart.—Who told you, Garrick wrote the medley for Beard?—'Twas wrote in his house, however, and before I lest town.—I deny it—I was not lost two days before I lest town.—I was lost all the time I was there, and never found 'till I got to this Shandy-castle of mine.—Next winter I intend to sojourn amongst you with more decorum, and will neither be lost or found any where.

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Now I wish to God, I was at your elbow—I have just finished one volume of Shandy, and I want to read it to some one who I know can taste and relish humour—this by the way, is a little impudent in me—for I take the thing for granted, which their high mightinesses the world have yet to determine—but I mean no such thing—I could wish only to have your opinion—shall I, in truth, give you mine?—I dare not—but I will; provided you keep it to yourself—know then, that I think there is more laughable humour,—with equal degree of Cervantic satire—if not more than in the last—but we are bad Judges of the merit of our children.

I return you a thousand thanks for your friendly congratulations upon my habitation—and I will take care, you shall never wish me but well, for I am, Madam,

With great esteem and truth, Your most obliged,

L. STERNE.

P. S. I have wrote this so vilely and so precipitately, I fear you must carry it to a decypherer—
I beg you'll do me the honour to write—otherwise you draw me in, instead of Mr. — drawing you into a scrape—for I should sorrow to have a taste of so agreeable a correspondent—and no more.

Adieu.

#### To Mr. GARRICK.

Bath, April 6, 1765.

SCALP you! - my dear Garrick! my dear friend! - foul befal the man who hurts a hair of your head !- and fo full was I of that very fentiment, that my letter had not been put into the post-office ten minutes, before my heart fmote me; and I fent to recal it-but failed-You are fadly to blame, Shandy! for this, quoth I, leaning with my head on my hand, as I recriminated upon my false delicacy in the affair. Garrick's nerves (if he has any left) are as fine and delicately spun as thy own-his fentiments as honest and friendly—thou knowest, Shandy, that he loves thee-why wilt thou hazard him a moment's pain? Puppy! fool, coxcomb, jack-ass, &c. &c. - and so I balanced the account to your favour, before I received it drawn up in your way --- I fay your way --- for it is not stated so much to your honour and credit, as I had passed the account before - for it was a most lamentable truth, that I never received one of the letters

letters your friendship meant me, except whilst in Paris.—Oh! how I congratulate you for the anxiety the world has, and continues to be under, for your return.—Return, return to the few who love you, and the thousands who admire you.—The moment you set your foot upon your stage—mark! I tell it you—by some magic, irresisted power, every sibre about your heart shall vibrate asresh, and as strongly and feelingly as ever—Nature, with glory at her back, will light up the torch within you—and there is enough of it lest, to heat and enlighten the world these many, many, many years.

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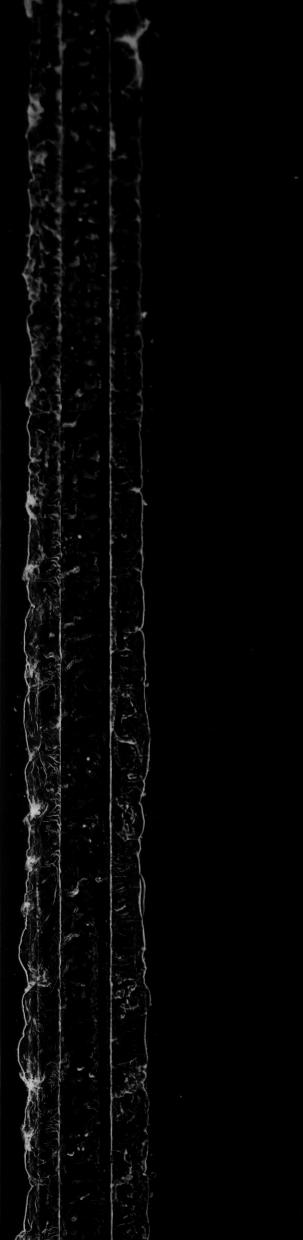
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Heaven be praifed! (I utter it from my foul) that your lady, and my Minerva, is in a condition to walk to Windfor—full rapturously will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple, where I will facrifice with the purest incense to her—but you may worship with me, or not—'twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion—still (after all I have seen) I still maintain her peerless.

Powel! good Heaven!—give me fome one with less smoke and more sire—There are who, like the Pharisees, still think they shall be heard for much speaking—Come—come away, my dear Garrick, and teach us another lesson.

Adieu!—I love you dearly—and your lady better—not hobbihorfically—but most sentimentally and affectionately—for I am yours (that is, if you never say another word about—) with all the sentiments of love and stiendship you deserve from me,

B 3





P. S. I have wrote this so vilely and so precipitately, I fear you must carry it to a decypherer—
I beg you'll do me the honour to write—otherwise you draw me in, instead of Mr. — drawing you into a scrape—for I should sorrow to have a taste of so agreeable a correspondent—and no more.

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Adieu!—I love you dearly—and your lady better—not hobbihorfically—but most sentimentally and affectionately—for I am yours (that is, if you never say another word about ——) with all the sentiments of love and friendship you deserve from me,

B 3

L. STERNE.

#### To MR. W.

Coxwould, May 23, 1765.

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T this moment I am fitting in my fummerhouse with my head and heart-full, not of my uncle Toby's amours with the widow Wadman, but my fermons - and your letter has drawn me out of a penfive mood-the spirit of it pleaseth me-but in this solitude, what can I tell or write to you but about myfelf -- I am glad you are in love -- 'twill cure you at least of the spleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman --- I myself must ever have some Dulcinea in my head-it harmonifes the foul--and in those cases I first endeavour to make the lady believe fo, or rather I begin first to make myself believe that I am in love-but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way -- "l'amour" (fay they) " n'est rien sans fentiment" --- Now notwithstanding they make such a pother about the word, they have no precise idea annexed to it .-- And fo much for that same subject called love .-- I must tell you how I have just treated a French gentleman of fortune in France, who took a liking to my daughter --- Without any ceremony (having got a letter from my wife's banker) he wrote me word that he was in love with my daughter, and defired to know what fortune I would give her at present, and how much at my death --- by the bye, I think there was very little fentiment on his fide-My answer was, "Sir, I shall give her ten thousand pounds the day of marriage - my calculation is as follows

follows-fhe is not eighteen, you are fixty-twothere goes five thousand pounds—then, Sir, you at least think her not ugly - she has many accomplishments, speaks Italian, French, plays upon the guittar, and as I fear you play upon no instrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms, fo here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds"-I do not suppose but he will take this as I mean, that is-a flat refufal. I have had a parfonage house burnt down by the carelessness of my curate's wife - as foon as I can I must rebuild it, I trow - but I lack the means at present-yet I am never happier than when I have not a shilling in my pocket-for when I have I can never call it my own. -Adieu, my dear friend - may you enjoy better health than me, tho' not better spirits, for that is impossible.

Yours fincerely,

L. STERNE.

My compliments to the Col.

FROM IGNATIUS SANCHO, \* TO MR. STERNE.

REVEREND SIR,

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IT would be an infult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologize for the liberty I am taking—I am one of those people whom the vul-

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<sup>\*</sup> IGNATIUS SANCHO was a black, and born in 1729, on board a ship in the slave trade, a few days after she had quitted the Coast of Guinea for the Spanish West Indies. He was a very sensible man, and was many years in the service of the late Duke of MANCHESTER, who left him an annuity.

gar and illiberal call negroes. - The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience.-A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application. - The latter part of my life has been, thro' God's bleffing, truly fortunate-having spent it in the service of one of the best and greatest families in the kingdom-my chief pleasure has been books - Philanthropy I adore - How very much, good Sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby! - I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog-days, to shake hands with the honest Corporal.-Your sermons have touch'd me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point-In your tenth discourse, is this passage-" Consider how great a part of our species in all ages down to this-have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries nor pity their distresses. - Consider, slavery - what it is -how bitter a draught - and how many millions are made to drink of it."-Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miserable black brethren-excepting yourself, and the humane author of Sir Geo. Ellison. - I think you will forgive me; I am fure you will applaud me for befeeching you to give one half-hour's attention to flavery, as it is this day practifed in our West-Indies. - That subject handled in your striking manner would ease the yoke (perhaps) of many - but if only of one-gracious God!

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God! what a feast for a benevolent heart! and sure I am, you are an epicurean in acts of charity.—You who are universally read, and as universally admired —you could not fail.— Dear Sir, think in me you behold the uplisted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief (you pathetically observe) is eloquent: figure to yourself their attitudes; hear their supplicating addresses!—alas! you cannot refuse.—Humanity must comply—in which hope I beg permission to subscribe myself,

Reverend Sir, &c.

I. S.

# FROM MR. STERNE TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

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Coxwould, July 27, 1766.

THERE is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world: for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro-girl, and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it, when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters, came to me—but why her brethren? or yours, Sancho? any more than mine? It is by the finest tints, and most insensible gradations, that nature descends from the fairest face about St. James's, to the sootiest complexion in Africa:—at which tint of these is it, that the ties of blood are to sease? and how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them?

B 5

But .

But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make 'em fo .-- For my own part, I never look westward (when I am in a pensive mood at least) but I think of the burthens which our brothers and fifters are there carrying, and could I eafe their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would fet out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their fakes--which by the bye, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the same proportion that a visit of humanity should one of mere form .- However if you meant my Uncle Toby, more he is your debtor .- If I can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about---'tis at the fervice of the afflicted--- and a much greater matter; for in ferious truth, it casts a sad shade upon the world, that so great a part of it are, and have been follong bound in chains of darkness, and in chains of misery; and I cannot but both respect and felicitate you, that by so much laudable diligence you have broke the one--- and that by falling into the hands of fo great and merciful family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

And so, good-hearted Sancho, adieu! and believe me I will not forget your letter.

Yours

L. STERNI

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### To ELIZA.

MY DEAR ELIZA!\*

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I BEGAN a new journal this morning; you shall see it; for if I live not till you return to England, I will leave it you as a legacy. Tis a sorrowful page; but I will write cheerful ones; and could I write letters to thee, they should be cheerful ones too: but few, I fear, will reach thee! However, depend upon receiving something of the kind by every post; till when, thou wavest thy hand, and bid'st me write no more.

Tell me how you are; and what fort of fortitude Heaven inspires you with. How are you accommodated, my dear? Is all right? Scribble away, any thing, and every thing to me. Depend upon seeing me at Deal, with the James's, should you be detained there by contrary winds.—Indeed, Eliza, I should with pleasure sly to you, could I be the means of rendering you any service, or doing you any kindness. Gracious and merciful Gop! consider the anguish of a poor girl!—Strengthen and preserve her in all the shocks her frame must be exposed to. She is now without a protector, but thee! Save her from all accidents of a dangerous element, and give her comfort at the last.

B. 6

My

<sup>\*</sup> This Lady's name was Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, Efq;. of Bombay.

My prayer, Eliza, I hope, is heard; for the fky feems to smile upon me, as I look up to it. I am just returned from our dear Mrs. James's, where I have been talking of thee for three hours.—She has got your picture, and likes it: but Martiot, and some other judges, agree that mine is the better, and expressive of a sweeter character, but what is that to the original? yet I acknowledge that her's is a picture for the world, and mine is calculated only to pleafe a very fincere friend, or fentimental philosopher. - In the one, you are dreffed in fmiles, and with all the advantages of filks, pearls, and ermine; -in the other, fimple as a vestal-appearing the good girl nature made you; -which, to me, conveys an idea of more unaffected sweetness, than Mrs. Draper, habited for conquest, in a birth-day suit, with her countenance animated, and her dimples visible.-If I remember right, Eliza, you endeavoured to collect every charm of your person into your face, with more than common care, the day you fat for Mrs. James-Your colour, too, brightened; and your eyes shone with more than usual brilliancy. I then requested you to come simply and unadorned when you fat for meknowing (as I fee with unprejudiced eyes) that you could receive no addition from the filk-worm's aid, or jeweller's polish. Let me now tell you a truth, which, I believe, I have uttered before.-When I first saw you, I beheld you as an object of compassion, and as a very plain woman. The mode of your dress, (tho' fashionable) disfigured you. - But nothing now

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now could render you fuch, but the being folicitous to make yourfelf admired as a handsome one.-You are not handsome, Eliza, nor is your's a face that will please the tenth part of your beholders, -but are something more; for I scruple not to tell you, I never saw fo intelligent, fo animated, fo good a countenance; nor was there (nor ever will be) that man of fense, tenderness, and feeling, in your company three hours, that was not (or will not be) your admirer, or friend, in consequence of it; that is, if you assume, or assumed, no character foreign to your own, but appeared the artiefs being nature defigned you for. A fomething in your eyes and voice, you possess in a degree more persuasive than any woman I ever faw, read, or heard of. But it is that bewitching fort of nameless excellence, that men of nice sensibility alone can be touched with.

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Were your husband in England, I would freely give five hundred pounds (if money could purchase the acquisition), to let you only sit by me two hours in a day, while I wrote my Sentimental Journal. I am sure the work would sell so much the better for it, that I should be reimbursed the sum more than seven times told.—I would not give nine pence for the picture of you, the Newnhams have got executed—It is the resemblance of a conceited, made-up coquet. Your eyes, and the shape of your face (the latter the most perfect oval I ever saw,) which are perfections that must strike the most indifferent judge, because they are equal to any of God's works in a similar

fimilar way, and finer than any I beheld in all my travels, are manifestly injured by the affected leer of the one, and strange appearance of the other; owing to the attitude of the head, which is a proof of the artist's, or your friend's false taste. The \*\*\*\*'s who verify the character I once gave of teazing, or sticking like pitch, or birdlime, fent a card that they would wait on Mrs. \*\*\*\* on Friday.-She fent back, she was engaged.—Then to meet at Ranelagh, to-night. -She answered, she did not go. -She says, if she allows the least footing, she never shall get rid of the acquaintance; which she is resolved to drop at once. She knows they are not her friends, nor yours; and the first use they would make of being with her, would be to facrifice you to her (if they could) a fecond time. Let her not then; let her not, my dear, be a greater friend to thee, than thou art to thyself. She begs I will reiterate my request to you, that you will not write to them. It will give her, and thy Bramin, inexpressible pain. Be assured, all this is not without reason on her side. I have my reasons too; the first of which is, that I should grieve to excess, if Eliza wanted that fortitude her Yorick has built fo high upon. I faid I never more would mention the name to thee; and had I not received it, as a kind of charge, from a dear woman that loves you, I should not have broke my word. I will write again to-morrow to thee, thou best and most endearing of girls! A peaceful night to thee. My spirit will be with thee through every watch of it.

Adieu

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#### TO THE SAME.

# MY DEAREST ELIZA!

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H! I grieve for your cabin .- And the fresh painting will be enough to destroy every nerve about thee. Nothing fo pernicious as white leads Take care of yourfelf, dear girl; and fleep not in it too foon. It will be enough to give you a stroke of an epilepfy. I hope you will have left the ship; and that my Letters may meet, and greet you, as you get out of your post-chaise, at Deal. When you have got them all, put them, my dear, into some order. The first eight or nine are numbered: but I wrote the rest without that direction to thee; but thou wilt find them out, by the day or hour, which, I hope, I have generally prefixed to them. When they are got together, in chronological order, few them together in a cover. I trust they will be a perpetual refuge to thee, from time to time; and that thou wilt (when weary of fools, and uninteresting discourse) retire, and converse an hour with them, and me.

I have not had power, or the heart, to aim at enlivening any one of them, with a fingle stroke of wit or humour; but they contain something better; and what you will feel more suited to your situation—a long detail of much advice, truth, and knowledge. I hope, too, you will perceive loose touches of an honest heart, in every one of them; which speak more than the most studied periods; and will give thee more ground of trust and confidence upon Yo-

rick,

rick, than all that laboured eloquence could supply. Lean then thy whole weight, Eliza, upon them and upon me. "May poverty, distress, anguish, and shame, be my portion, if ever I give thee reason to repent the knowledge of me!"—With this asseveration, made in the presence of a just God, I pray to him, that so it may speed me, as I deal candidly, and honourably with thee! I would not mislead thee, Eliza; I would not injure thee, in the opinion of a single individual, for the richest crown the proudest monarch wears.

Remember, that while I have life and power, whatever is mine, you may style, and think, your's—Though forry should I be, if ever my friendship was put to the test thus, for your own delicacy's sake.—Money and counters are of equal use in my opinion; they both serve to set up with.

I hope you will answer me this letter, but if thou art debarred by the elements, which hurry thee away, I will write one for thee; and knowing it is such a one as thou would'st have written, I will regard it as my Eliza's.

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Honour, and happiness, and health, and comforts of every kind, sail along with thee, thou most worthy of girls! I will live for thee, and my Lydia—be rich for the children of my heart—gain wisdom, gain same, and happiness, to share with them—with thee—and her, in my old age.—Once for all, adieu. Preserve thy life; steadily pursue the ends we proposed; and

and let nothing rob thee of those powers Heaven has given thee for thy well-being.

What can I add more, in the agitation of mind I am in, and within five minutes of the last postman's bell, but recommend thee to Heaven, and recommend myself to Heaven with thee, in the same fervent ejaculation, "that we may be happy, and meet again; if not in this world, in the next."—Adieu.—I am thine, Eliza, affectionately, and everlastingly,

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YORICK.

# THE PRECEPTOR.

YOU see 'tis high time, said my father, addressing himself equally to my uncle Toby and Yorick, to take this young creature out of these women's hands, and put him into those of a private governor.

Now as I consider the person who is to be about my son, as the mirror in which he is to view himself from morning to night, and by which he is to adjust his looks, his carriage, and perhaps the inmost lentiments of his heart;—I would have one, Yorich, if possible, polished at all points, fit for my child to look into.

There is, continued my father, a certain mein and motion of the body and all its parts, both in acting and speaking, which argues a man well within. There are a thousand unnoticed openings, continued my sather, which let a penetrating eye at once into a man's

man's foul; and I maintain it, added he, that a man of sense does not lay down his hat in coming into a room,—or take it up in going out of it, but some thing escapes, which discovers him.

I will have him, continued my father, cheerful faceté, jovial; at the same time, prudent, attentive to business, vigilant, acute, argute, inventive, quick in refolving doubts and speculative questions;-he shall be wife and judicious, and learned :- And why not humble, and moderate, and gentle tempered, and good? faid Yorick: - And why not, cried my uncle Toby, free, and generous, and bountiful and brave?-He shall, my dear Toby, cried my father, getting up and shaking him by his hand .-Then, brother Shandy, answered my uncle Toby raising himself off the chair, and laying down hi pipe to take hold of my father's other hand,humbly beg I may recommend poor Le Fevre's for to you; -a tear of joy of the first water sparkled in my uncle Toby's eye, -and another, the fellow toil in the Corporal's, as the proposition was made; you will fee why, when you read Le Feure's story.

# THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

I was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the Allies when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small side board,—I say sitting—for in consideration of the Constant.

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poral's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquifite pain)—when my uncle Toby dined or supped
alone he would never suffer the Corporal to stand;
and the poor fellow's veneration was such, that with
a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken
Dendermond itself, with less trouble than he was able
to gain this point over him; for many a time when
my uncle Toby supposed the Corporal's leg was at
rest, he would look back, and detect him standing
behind him with the most dutiful respect: this bred
more little squabbles betwixt them, than all other
causes for sive-and-twenty years together—But this
is neither here nor there—why do I mention it?—
Ask my pen,—it governs me,—I govern not it.

He was one evening fitting thus at supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack: 'Tis for a poor gentleman,—I hink of the army, said the landlord, who has been aken ill at my house four days ago, and has never teld up his head since, or had a desire to taste any hing, 'till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of lack and a thin toast:—" I think," says he, taking his land from his forehead, "it would comfort me."—

—If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a hing,—added the landlord,—I would almost steal it or the poor gentleman, he is so ill.—I hope in God he will still mend, continued he,—we are all of us oncerned for him.

as boild and and remond uses so Thou

Thou art a good-natured foul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle *Toby*; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thysels, and take a couple of bottles with my service, and to him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a doze more if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassional sellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining a hig opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host—And of his whole family, added the Corporal, so they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do, Trim, and ask if he knows him name.

—I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord coming back into the parlour with the Corporal, but I can ask his son again.—Has he a son with his then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the land lord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his so ther; he does nothing but mourn and lament for his night and day:—He has not stirred from the bed-sid these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gat him the account; and Trim, without being ordered took away, without saying one word, and in a see minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

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Trim! faid my uncle Toby, I have a project in my read, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm n my roquelaure, and paying a vifit to this poor entleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the Corporal, has not once been on, fince the night beore your honour received your wound, when we nounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Vicholas;—and besides, it is so cold and rainy a light, that what with the roquelaure, and what with he weather, it will be enough to give your honour our death, and bring on your honour's torment in our groin, I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I m not at rest in my mind, Trim, fince the account he landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known b much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby,—or hat I had known more of it:---How shall we maage it? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, uoth the Corporal; -I'll take my hat and stick, and o to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; nd I will bring your honour a full account in an our .- Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, nd here's a shilling for thee to drink with his fervant. -I shall get it all out of him, said the Corporal, nutting the door.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked his ashes ut of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned om the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired, at first, said the Corporal, of being ble to bring back your honour any intelligence coneming the poor fick Lieutenant-Is he in the army, 1/2 1

then?

And in what regiment? faid my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the Corporal, every thing straight forward, as I learnt it —Then, Trim, I will fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again. The Corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—Your honour is good: And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the Lieutenant and his son; for when I asked when his fervant was, from whom I made myself sure d knowing every thing which was proper to be asked -That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Tob -I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no fervant with him ;-that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came.- If I go better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his fon to pay the man, we can hire horses from hence -But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, faid the landlady to me, for I heard the death-watch all night long; and when he dies, the youth, his fon, will certainly die with him; for he's broken-hearted already. State and room and grine

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I was hearing this account, continued the Corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up an instant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his cars like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.

—I never in the longest march, said the Corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company: —What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, — but that thou art a good natured sellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the Corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely forry for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby,)—he was heartly welcome to it:—He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour,) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so

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he went up stairs with the toast;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorich's curate was smoaking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but said not a word good nor bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong, added the Corporal—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the Lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, faid the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never faid your prayers at all.-I heard the poor gentleman fay his prayers last night, faid the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it -Are you fure replied the curate.—A foldier, an' please your reverence, faid I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; -and when he is fighting for his king, and for his life, and for his honour too; he has the most reason to pray to God, of any one in the whole world .- 'Twas well faid of thee, Trim, faid my uncle Toby.-But when a foldier, faid I, an' please your reverence, has been flanding for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, -or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous

dangerous marches; harraffed, perhaps, in his rear to day ;-haraffing others to morrow ;-detached here ; -countermanded there; -resting this night out upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints; - perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; must say his prayers how and when he can.—I believe, faid I,—(for I was piqued, quoth the Corporal, for the reputation of the army) I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson,—though not with all his fuls and hypocrify. Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby, -for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not :- At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the day of Judgment, (and not till then)—it will be feen who have done their duties in this world,—and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the Scripture, faid my uncle Toby; and I will shew it thee to-morrow:—In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, faid my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,-it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one :- I hope not, faid the Corporal.-but go on, Trim, faid my uncle Toby, with the story.

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When I went up, continued the Corporal, into the Lieutenant's room, which I did not do 'till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed.

bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white handker chief beside it:—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling;—the book was laid upon the bed;—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. Let it remain there, my dear, said the Lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side: If you are Captain Shandy's fervant, faid he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's along with them, for his courtefy to me; -if he was of Levens's-faid the Lieu tenant,—I told him your honour was,—Then, faid he, I ferved three campaigns with him in Flander, and remember him,-but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. - You will tell him, how ever, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a Lieutenant in Angus's-but he knows me not,-faid he, a second time, musing; -possible he may my story, -added he -pray tell the Captain, I was the Enfign at Breds whose wife was most unfortunately killed with musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent. remember the story, an't please your honor, said very well.—Do you so? faid he, wiping his eyo with his handkerchief; then well may I.-faying this, he drew a little ring out of his boson which 1001

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which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiss'd it twice—Here, Billy, said he,—the boy slew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiss'd it too,—then kiss'd his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh,—I wish, Trim, I was asseep.

Your honor, replied the Colonel, is too much concerned;—fhall I pour your honor out a glass of sack to your pipe? Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

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I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the Ensign and his wife,—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what,) was universally pitied by the whole regiment; but finish the story thou art upon:

—'Tis sinished already, said the Corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honor a good night; young Le Feure rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. But alas! said the Corporal,—the Lieutenant's last day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honor, that he fet aside every other concern, and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor Lieutenant and his son.

That

That kind BEING, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompence thee for this!

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor Lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honor knows, said the Corporal, I had no orders.—True, quoth my uncle Toby,—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an't please your honor, in this world, said the Corporal:—He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe

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off:— An't please your honor, said the Corporal, he will never march, but to his grave:—He shall march, eried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the Corporal:—He shall be supported said my uncle Toby:—He'll drop at last, said the Corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly. A-well-o'day—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die: He shall not die, by G-, cried my uncle Toby.

The ACCUSING SPIRIT, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in,—and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

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— My uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright, the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death press'd heavy on his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the Lieutenant's room, and without presace or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain

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in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him:—and without giving him time to answer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal the night before for him.——

—Yon shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the Corporal shall be your nurse;—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby, -not the effect of familiarity, --- but the cause of it, --- which let you at once into his foul, --- and shewed you the goodness of his nature: to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, fuperadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and to take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the fon infenfibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breaft of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. --- The blood and spirits of Le Feure, which were waxing cold and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,---rallied back; --- the film forfook his eyes for a moment;--he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face,then cast a look upon his boy, --- and that ligament, fine as it was, --- was never broken.-

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Nature instantly ebb'd again,—the film returned to its place,—the pulse sluttered—stopp'd—went on —throbb'd—stopp'd again—moved—stopp'd—shall I go on?—No.

All that is necessary to be added is as follows——
That my uncle *Toby*, with young *Le Feure* in his hand, attended the poor Lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

When my uncle Toby had turned every thing into money, and fettled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and Le Feure, and betwixt Le Feure and all mankind,—there remained nothing more in my uncle Toby's hands, than an old regimental coat and a fword; fo that my uncle Toby found little opposition from the world, in taking administration. The coat my uncle Toby gave the Corporal: -Wear it, Trim, faid my uncle Toby, as long as it will hold together, for the fake of the poor Lieutenant—And this, faid my uncle Toby, taking up the fword in his hand, and drawing it out of the scabbard as he spoke—and this, Le Fevre, I'll fave for thee—'tis all the fortune, my dear Le Fevre, which God has left thee; but if he has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world, - and thou doest it like a man of honor, - 'tis enough' for us.

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As foon as my uncle Toby had laid a foundation, he fent him to a public school, where, except Whit-funtide and Christmas, at which times the Corporal was punctually dispatched for him,—he remained to the spring of the year, seventeen; when the stories

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against the Turks, kindling a spark of fire in his bosom, he left his Greek and Latin without leave, and throwing himself upon his knees before my uncle Toby, begged his father's sword, and my uncle Toby's leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under Eugene.—Twice did my uncle Toby forget his wound, and cry out, Le Fevre! I will go with thee, and thou shalt fight beside me—And twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in sorrow and disconsolation.—

My uncle Toby took down the sword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever since the Lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the Corporal to brighten up;—and having detained Le Fevre a single fortnight to equip him, and contract for his passage to Leghorn,—he put the sword into his hand:
—If thou art brave, Le Eevre, said my uncle Toby, this will not fail thee;—but Fortune, said he, (musing a little)—Fortune may—And if she does, added my uncle Toby, embracing him, come back again to me, Le Fevre, and we will shape thee another course.

The greatest injury could not have oppressed the heart of Le Fevre, more than my uncle Toby's paternal kindness;—he parted from my uncle Toby, as the best of sons from the best of fathers—both dropped tears—and as my uncle Toby gave him his last kiss, he slipped sixty guineas, tied up in an old purse of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand, and bid God bless him.

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Le Fevre got up to the Imperial army just time enough to try what metal his sword was made of, at the deseat of the Turks before Belgrade; but a series of unmerited mischances had pursued him from that moment, and trod close upon his heels for four years together after: he had withstood these buffetings to the last, 'till sickness overtook him at Marseilles; from whence he wrote my uncle Toby word, he had lost his time, his services, his health, and, in short, every thing but his sword;—and was waiting, for the first ship to return back to him.

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Le Feure was hourly expected, and was uppermost. in my uncle Toby's mind all the time my father was giving him and Yorick a description of what kind of a person he would choose for a preceptor to me: but as my uncle Toby thought my father at first somewhat fanciful in the accomplishments he required, he forbore mentioning Le Fevre's name, - till the charafter, by Yorick's interpolition, ending unexpectedly, in one, who should be gentle-tempered, and generous, and good, it impressed the image of Le Fevre and his interest upon my uncle Toby, so forcibly, he rose infantly off his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands-I beg, prother Shandy, faid my uncle Toby, I may recomhend poor Le Fevre's son to you-I beseech you, do, dded Yorick - He has a good heart, faid my uncle Toby - And a brave one too, an't please your honor, aid the Corporal.—The best hearts, Trim, are ever he bravest, replied my uncle Toby.

T, SHANDY, VOL. III. CHAP. 49.

#### THE PULSE.

#### PARIS.

HAIL, ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty which beget inclinations to love at first sight: 'tis ye who open this door, and let the stranger in.

—Pray, Madam, faid I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the Opera Comique:—Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, laying aside her work—

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops, as I came along, in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption; 'till at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pain of ruffles as fhe fat in a low chair on the far fide of the shop, facing the door—

—Très-volontiers, most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair, next her, and rising up from the sow chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement, and so cheerful a look, that had I been laying out sifty louis-d'ors with her, I should have said—"This woman is grateful."

You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take—you must turn first to your left hand—mais prenez garde—there are two turns;

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and be so good as to take the second—then go down a little way and you'll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the Pont neuf, which you must cross—and there any body will do himself the pleasure to shew you—

She repeated her instructions three times over to me with the same good-natured patience the third time as the first;—and is tones and manners have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out—she seemed really interested, that I should not lose myself.

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I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest Grisset, I think, I ever saw, which had much do with the sense I had of her courtesy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes,—and that I repeated my thanks, as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said; —so looking back, and seeing her still standing at the door of the shop, as if to look whether I went right or not—I returned back to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left—for that I had absolutely forgot.—Is it possible? said she, half laughing.—'Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth—fhe took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a flight courtefy.

arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back shop to get ready a parcel of gloves— I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into that quarter; and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place.—So I walked in with her to the far side of the shop, and taking up the russe in my hand which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her.

——He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a moment —— And in that moment, replied I, most willingly would I say something very civil to you sow all these courteses. Any one may do a casual act of good-nature, but a continuation of them shews it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, is it is the same blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the extremes (touching her wrist), I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world—Feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her singers in one hand, and applied the two fore-singers of the other to the artery.

— Would to heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadft passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-day-sical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her sever—How wouldst thou have laugh'd and

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moralized upon my new profession!——And thouse should'st have laugh'd and moralized on ——Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said, "There are worse occupations in this world, than feeling a woman's pulse."——But a Grisset's! thou wouldst have said—and in an open shop! Yorich——

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— So much the better; for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world faw me feel it.

I had counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband coming unexpected from a back parlour into the shop, put me a little out of my reckoning.—'Twas nobody but her husband, she said,—so I began a fresh score—Monsieur is so good, quoth she, as he passed by us, to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse—

The husband took off his hat, and making me a bow, said I did him too much honor—and having said that, he put on his hat and walked out.

Good God! faid I to myself, as he went out and can this man be the husband of this woman?

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London, a shop-keeper and a shop-keeper's wife seem to be one bone and one sless: in the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, sometimes the other has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different: for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there—in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits, commerceless, in his thrum night-cap; the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is falique, having ceded this department, with fundry others, totally to the women—by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook long together in a bag, by amicable collisions they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant—Monsieur Le Marki is little better than the stone under your foot.

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—Surely—furely, man! it is is not good for thee to fit alone — thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings; and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

—And how does it beat, Monsieur? faid she—With all the benignity, said I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected—She was going to say something civil in return—but the lad came into the shop with the gloves—A propos, said I, I want a couple of pair myself.

The beautiful Grislet rose up when I said this, and going behind the counter, reached down a parcel and untied it: I advanced to the side over-against her:

they were all too large. The beautiful Griffet meafured them one by one across my hand—It would not alter the dimensions—She begged I would try a single pair, which seemed to be least—She held it open—my hand slipped into at once—It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little—No, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety—where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense are so blended, that all the languages of Babel set loose together could not express them—they are communicated and caught so instantaneously, that you can scarce say which party is the insector. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it—it is enough in the present to say again, the gloves would not do; so folding our hands within our arms, we both holl'd upon the counter—it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lie between us.

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The beautiful Griffet looked fometimes at the gloves, then fideways to the window, then at the gloves—and then at me. I was not disposed to break filence—I followed her example. So I looked at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her—and so on alternately.

I found I lest considerably in every attack—she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eye-lashes with such penetration, that she looked into my very heart and reins—It may seem strange, but I could actually seel she did—

It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful Grisset had not ask'd above a single livre above the price—I wish'd she had had ask'd a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about—Do you think, my dear Sir, said she; mistaking my embarrassment; that I could ask a four too much of a stranger—and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honor to lay himself at my mercy?—M'en vroyez capable?—Faith! not I, said I; and if you were, you are welcome—So counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

SENT. JOURNEY, PAGE 95.

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# THE PIE MAN.

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SEEING a man standing with a basket on the other side of a street, in Versailles, as if he had something to sell, I bid La Fleur go up to him and enquire for the Count de B\*\*\*'s hotel.

La Fleur returned a little pale: and told me it was a Chevalier de St. Louis felling pâtés—It is impossible, La Fleur! faid I.— La Fleur could no more account! for the phænomenon than myself; but persisted in his story:

ftory: he had feen the croix, fet in gold, with its red ribband, he faid, tied to his button-hole—and had looked into his basket, and seen the pâtés which the Chevalier was selling; so could not be mistaken in that.

Such a reverse in man's life awakens a better principle than curiosity: I could not help looking for some time at him as I sat in the remise—the more I looked at him, his croix, and his basket, the stronger they wove themselves into my brain—I got out of the remise, and went towards him.

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He was begirt with a clean linen apron which fell below his knees, and with a fort of a bib which went half way up his breast; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his croix. His basket of little pâtés was covered over with a white damask napkin; another of the same kind was spread at the bottom; and there was a look of propreté and neatness throughout; that one might have bought his pâtés of him, as much from appetite as sentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but stood till with them at the corner of an hotel, for those to buy who chose it, without solicitation.

He was about forty-eight—of a sedate look, somehing approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.—I went up rather to the basket than him, and having afted up the napkin and taken one of his pâtes into my hand—I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me. He told me in a few words, that the best part of his life had passed in the service, in which, after spending a small patrimony, he had obtained a company and the croix with it; but that, at the conclusion of the last peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with those of some other regiments, lest without any provision,—he sound himself in a wide world without friends, without a livre—and indeed, said he, without any thing but this—(pointing, as he said it, to his croix):—the poor Chevalier won my pity, and he sinished the scene with winning my esteem too.

The King, he faid, was the most generous of Princes; but his generosity could neither relieve nor reward every one, and it was only his missortune to be amongst the number. He had a little wise, he faid, whom he loved, who did the pátisserie; and added, he felt no dishonour in desending her and himself from want in this way—unless Providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to withhold a pleasure from the good, in passing over what happened to this poor Chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It feems, he usually took his stand towards the iron gates which lead up to the palace; and as his croix had caught the eyes of numbers, numbers had made the same enquiry which I had done—He had told them the same story, and always with so much modesty and good sense, that it had reached at last

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the King's ears—who hearing the Chevalier had been a gallant officer, and respected by the whole regiment as a man of honor and integrity—he broke up his little trade by a pension of fifteen hundred livres a year.

SENT. JOURNEY, PAGE 148.

# THE SWORD.

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WHEN states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is—I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house d'E\*\*\*\* in Britanny into decay. The Marquis d'E\*\*\*\* had fought up against his condition with great firmness; wishing to preserve, and still shew to the world some little fragments of what his ancestors had been—their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough lest for the little exigencies of obscurity—But he had two boys who looked up to him for light—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword—it could not open the way—the mounting was too expensive—and simple economy was not a match for it—there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France, save Britanny, this was finiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wished to see re-blossom—But in Britanny there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it; and taking an occasion when the States were affembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two boys, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, tho feldom claimed, he said, was no less in force, he took his sword from his side—Here, said he, take it; and be trusty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The President accepted the Marquis's sword—he staid a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house, and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked for bequests from distant branches of his house—returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller but a fentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition—I call it solemn—it was so to me.

The Marquis entered the court with his whole family: he supported his lady—his eldest son supported his fister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother—He put his handkerchief to his face twice—

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had approached within fix paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family—he reclaimed his sword.—His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almost out of the scabbard—'twas the shining sace of a friend he had once given up—he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same—when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I think I saw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

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" I shall find," said he, " some other way, to get it off."

When the Marquis had faid this, he returned his fword into his scabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it—and with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walked out.

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O how I envied him his feelings!

S. JOURNEY, PAGE 153.

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#### ASS. THE

WAS stopped at the gate of Lyons by a poor als who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemofynary turnip tops, and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the infide of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as no knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

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Now 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may)! cannot bear to strike—there is a patient endurance of fufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads to mightily for him, that always difarms me; and to that degree, that I do no like to speak unkindly to him: on the contrary meet him where I will-whether in town or county -in cart or under panniers - whether in liberty bondage - I have ever fomething civil to fay to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if h has as little to do as I) - I generally fall into conver fation with him; and furely never is my imagination to busy, as in framing his responses from the etching of his countenance—and where those carry me n deep enough—in flying from my own heart into hi and feeing what is natural for an afs to think-as we as a man, upon the occasion.—In truth, it is the on creature of all the classes of beings below me, will bitte whom I can do this:—for parrots, jackdaws, &c. for i Dev

never exchange a word with them-nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the same reason; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me filent; nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both-(and for my dog, he would speak if he could) - yet some how or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation-I can make nothing of a discourse with them.

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But with an als I can commune for ever. Come. Honesty! faid I,-feeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate-art thou for coming in, or going out?

The ass twisted his head round to look up the ftreet-

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver.

-He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wiftfully the opposite way -

I understand thee perfectly, answered I - if thou takest a wrong Step in the affair he will cudgel thee to death-Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it laves a fellow creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill spent. He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and the little peevish hing contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unfavorito his ness, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen as we times, and picked it up again-God help thee, Jack! ne on faid I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a e, wil bitter day's labor - and many a bitter blow, I fear, &c. for its wages—'tis all—all bitterness to thee, whatnew ever life is to others. And

And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare fay, as foot—(for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.—In saying this, I pulled out a paper of them, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit, of seeing how an ass would eat a macaroon—than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the as had eaten his macaroon, I present him to come in—the poor beast was heavy loaded-his legs seemed to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and as I pulled at his halter, it brokes short in my hand—he looked up pensive in my face—"Don't thrash me with it but if you will you may"—If I do, said I, I'll be d——d. The word was but one half of it pronounced, when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony. Out upon it! cried I.

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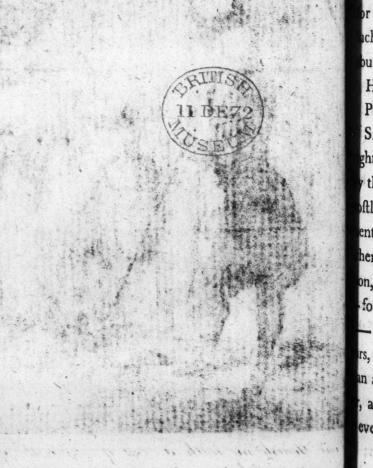
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- TRISTRAM SHANDY, VOL. IV. CHAP. 13

we will be to the case.

IT don't liber - sed mens a better blow, I feet,

ok m vill Th per pol the char TH Son't thrush me with it , but if you will , you \_ If I do , said I, Ill be D\_d". nd as the Art directs, Octo 20.1707, by G. Kearly, N. a. Fleet Street, Landon .



# THE ABUSES OF CONSCIENCE;

mit bed theil W -

## A SERMON.

## HEBREWS XIII. 18.

For we TRUST we have a good Conscience.

TRUST!-Trust we have a good conscience!"

[Certainly, Trim, quoth my Father, interrupting im, you give that fentence a very improper Accent; or you curl up your nose, man, and read it with ich a sneering tone, as if the Parson was going to buse the Apostle.

He is, an't please your honor, replied Trim.

Pugh! said my Father, smiling.

Sir, quoth Doctor Slop, Trim is certainly in the ght; for the Writer (who I percieve is a Protestant the snappish manner in which he takes up the Abostle,) is certainly going to abuse him;—if this treatent of him has not done it already. But from hence, replied my Father, have you concluded so on, Doctor Slop, that the Writer is of our Church? for aught I can see yet,—he may be of any Church—Because, answered Doctor Slop, if he was of st,—he durst no more take such a license,—m a bear by his beard;—If in our communion, a man was to insult an apostle,—a faint,—even the paring of a saint's nail,—he would have

his eyes scratched out. - What, by the faint? quoth my uncle Toby. No, replied Doctor Slop, he would have an old house over his head. Pray, is the Inquifition an ancient building, answered my uncle Toby. or is it a modern one? - I know nothing of Architecture, replied Doctor Slop. - An't please your honors, quoth Trim, the Inquisition is the vilest-Prithee spare thy Description, Trim, I hate the very name of it, faid my father. - No matter for that, answered Doctor Slop, - it has its uses; for though I'm no great Advocate for it, yet, in such a case as this, he would foon be taught better manners; and I can tell him, if he went on at that rate, would be flung into the Inquisition for his pains. God help him then, quoth my uncle Toby. Amen, added Trim; for Heaven above knows, I have a poor Brother who has been fourteen years a captive in it - I never heard one word of it before, faid my uncle Toby, hastily: How came he there, Trim? -O, Sir! the Story will make your Heart bleed, - as it has made mine a thousand times; — the short of the story is this; -That my brother Tom went over a fervant to Lifton-and married a 7ew's widow, who kept a small thop, and fold faufages, which, fome how or other, was the cause of his being taken in the middle of the night out of his bed, where he was lying with his wife and two small Children, and carried directly to the Inquisition, where, God help him, continued Trim, fetching a figh from the bottom of his heart, - the poor honest lad lies confined at this hour; he

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man Which was as honest a soul, added Trim, (pulling out his handkerchief) as ever blood warmed.

The Tears trickled down Trim's cheeks faster than he could well wipe them away,—A dead silence in the room ensued for some minutes.—Certain proof of pity! Come, Trim, quoth my father, after he saw the poor fellow's grief had got a little vent,—read on,—and put this melancholy story out of thy head—I grieve that I interrupted thee: but prithee begin the Sermon again;— for if the first sentence in it is matter of abuse, as thou sayest, I have a great defire to know what kind of provocation the Apostle has given.

Corporal Trim wiped his face, and returned his handkerchief into his pocket, and, making a bow she did it,—he began again.]

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# ABUSES OF CONSCIENCE;

## A SERMON

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HEBREWS XIII, 18.

- For we TRUST we have a good Conscience. -

Surely, if there is any thing in this life which a man may depend upon, and to the knowledge of which he is capable of arriving upon the most in-

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" disputable evidence, it must be this very thing, " whether he has a good confcience or no." [I am positive I am right, quoth Dr. Slop. ] " If a man thinks at all, he cannot well be a ftran-" ger to the true state of this account; - he must " be privy to his own thoughts and defires -he " must remember his past pursuits, and know cerstainly the true fprings and motives which in ge-" neral, have governed the actions of his life." [ defy him, without an affiftant, quoth Dr. Slop. " In other matters we may be deceived by falle "appearances; and, as the wife man complains " hardly do we guess aright at the things that are upon " the earth, and with labor do we find the things that an " before us. But here the mind has all the evidence " and facts within herfelf; is confeious of the we " fhe has wove; - knows its texture and finenels " and the exact share which every passion has ha " in working upon the feveral defigns which virtu " or vice has planned before her." A A U A A [The language is good, and I declare Trim real very well, quoth my father.] " Now, - as conscience is nothing else but the knowledge which the mind has within herfelf " this; and the judgment, either of approbation

" censure, which it unavoidably makes upon the fuccessive actions of our lives; 'tis plain, you will from the very terms of the proposition,—whenever this inward testimony goes against a man, and

" stands self-accused, — that he must necessarily b

" guilty man.—And, on the contrary, when the report is favorable on his fide, and his heart condemns him not; — that it is not a matter of trust, as the Apostle intimates, but a matter of certainty and fact, that the conscience is good, and that the man must be good also."

[Then the Apostle is altogether in the wrong, I suppose, quoth Dr. Slop, and the Protestant divine is in the right. Sir, have patience, replied my father; for I think it will presently appear that Saint Paul and the Protestant divine are both of an opinion.— As nearly so, quoth Dr. Slop, as east is to west;—but this, continued he, lifting both hands, comes from the liberty of the press.

It is no more, at the worst, replied my uncle Toby, than the liberty of the pulpit, for it does not appear that the sermon is printed, or ever likely to be.

Go on, Trim, quoth my father.]

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"At first sight this may seem to be a true state of the case; and I make no doubt but the knowledge of right and wrong is so truly impressed upon the imind of man,—that did no such thing ever happen, as that the conscience of a man, by long habits of sin, might (as the scripture assures it may) insensibly become hard;—and like some tender parts of his body, by much stress and continual hard usage, lose, by degrees, that nice sense and perception with which God and nature endowed it;—Did this never happen;—or was it certain that self-slove could never hang the least bias upon the judg-

ment; - or that the little interests below could " rife up and perplex the faculties of our upper re-" gions, and encompass them about with clouds and " thick darkness: - Could no such thing as favour " and affection enter this facred COURT : - Did Wit " disdain to take a bribe in it: - or was ashamed to fhow its face as an advocate for an unwarrantable " enjoyment: Or, lastly, were we assured that in-"TEREST flood always unconcerned whilft the " cause was hearing, and that passion never got into the judgment feat, and pronounced fentence " in the stead of reason, which is always supposed " to prefide and determine upon the case: - Was " this truly so, as the objection must suppose; -no " doubt then the religious and moral state of a man " would be exactly what he himself esteemed it:-" and the guilt or innocence of every man's life " could be known, in general, by no better measure, " than the degrees of his own approbation and " censure.

"I own, in one case, whenever a man's conscience does accuse him (as it seldom errs on that side) that he is guilty; and unless in melancholy and hypochondriac cases, we may safely pronounce upon it, that there is always sufficient grounds for the accusation.

But the converse of the Proposition will not hold true;—namely, that whenever there is guilt, the conscience must accuse: and if it does not, that

" man is therefore innocent.—This is not fact - So

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" that the common consolation which some good " christian or other is hourly administering to him-" felf,-that he thanks God his mind does not misgive " him; and that, confequently, he has a good con-" science, because he has a quiet one,—is fallacious;— " and as current as the inference is, and as infallible " as the rule appears at first fight, yet when you " look nearer to it, and try the truth of this rule " upon plain facts, - you fee it liable to fo much " error from a falle application; - the principle "upon which it goes so often perverted; - the " whole force of it loft, and fometimes fo vilely " cast away, that it is painful to produce the com-" mon examples from human life, which confirm " the account.

" A man shall be vicious and utterly debauched " in his principles; - exceptionable in his conduct " to the world; shall live shameless, in the open " commission of a sin, which no reason or pretence " can justify,—a sin by which, contrary to all the " workings of humanity, he shall ruin for ever the " deluded partner of his guilt;-rob her of her "best dowry; and not only cover her own head "with dishonor, - but involve a whole virtuous " family in shame and sorrow for her sake. Surely, the you will think conscience must lead such a man a "troublesome life; — he can have no rest night or day from its reproaches.

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" Alas! Conscience had fomething else to do "all this time, than break in upon him; as Elija

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" reproached the god Baal, - this domestic god was " either talking, or pursuing, or was in a journey, or perad-" venture he flept and could not be awoke. Perhaps Hi " was going out in company with HONOR to " fight a duel; to pay off some debt at play;-" or dirty annuity, the bargain of his lust: Perhaps " Conscience all this time was engaged at home, " talking aloud against petty larceny, and executing " vengeance upon some such puny crimes as his for-"tune and rank of life fecured him against all temptation of committing; fo that he lives as mer-" rily,"—— If he was of our church, though, quoth Dr. Slop, he could not - " fleeps as foundly in " his bed; and at last meets death as unconcernedly, er \_\_\_ perhaps much more so, than a much better " man."

[All this is impossible with us, quoth Dr. Slop, turning to my father, — the case could not happen in our church——It happens in ours, however, replied my father, but too often. —— I own, quoth Dr. Slop, (struck a little with my father's frank acknowledgment) that a man in the Romish church may live as badly; —— but then he cannot easily die so. —— 'Tis little matter, replied my father, with an air of indifference,—how a rascal dies. —— I mean, answered Dr. Slop, he would be denied the benefits of the last sacraments.——Pray how many have you in all? said my uncle Toby,—for I always forget.——Seven, answered Dr. Slop.——Humph!—said my uncle Toby; tho not accented as a note of acquiescence,—but as an interjection

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terjection of that particular species of surprise, when a man in looking into a drawer finds more of a thing than he expected. — Humph! replied my uncle Toby. Dr. Slop, who had an ear, understood my uncle Toby as well as if he had wrote a whole volume against the seven facraments. — Humph! replied Dr. Slop (stating my uncle Toby's argument over again to him) — Why, Sir, are there not seven cardinal virtues?—Seven mortal sins?—Seven golden candlesticks?—Seven heavens?—'Tis more than I know, replied my uncle Toby.—Are there not seven wonders of the world? — Seven days of the creation? — Seven planets? — Seven plagues? — That there are, quoth my father, with a most affected gravity. But prithce, continued he, go on with the rest of thy characters, Trim.]

"Another is fordid, unmerciful," (here Trim wav"ed his right hand) "a strait-hearted, selfish wretch,
"incapable either of private friendship, or public
"spirit. Take notice how he passes by the widow
"and orphan in their distress, and sees all the miseries
"incident to human life without a sigh or a prayer."
[An't please your honors, cried Trim, I think this
a viler man than the other.]

"Shall not Conscience rise up and sting him on up such occasions?—— No; thank God, there is no occasion. I pay every man his own;——I have no formication to answer to my conscience;—— no faithless wows or promises to make up;——I have debauched no man's wife or child; thank God, I am not as other

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et men, adulterers, unjust, or even as this libertine, who " ftands before me. A third is crafty and defigning in "his nature. View his whole life, -- 'tis nothing " but a cunning contexture of dark arts and unequi-" table fubterfuges, basely to defeat the true intent of " all laws, --- plain-dealing, and the fafe enjoyment " of our feveral properties. You will fee fuch a " one working out a frame of little defigns upon the " ignorance and perplexities of the poor and needy -shall raise a fortune upon the inexpe-" rience of a youth, or the unsuspecting temper of his " friend, who would have trusted him with his life. "When old age comes on, and repentance calls him " to look back upon this black account, and state it " over again with his conscience—Conscience looks " into the STATUTES at LARGE; finds no express " law broken by what he has done; \_\_\_\_perceives no " penalty or forfeiture of goods and chattels incur-" red; \_\_\_ fees no fcourge waving over his head, or " prison opening his gates upon him: - What is " there to affright his conscience? \_\_\_\_ Conscience has " got fafely entrenched behind the Letter of the Law, " his there invulnerable, fortified with Cafes and Re-" ports fo strongly on all sides ; that it is not preach " ing can disposses it of its hold."

[The character of this last man, said Dr. Slop, interrupting Trim, is more detestable than all the rest;—and seems to have been taken from some petitions amongst you:—amongst us, a man conscience could not possibly continue so long blinded—three

three times in a year, at least, he must go to confession. Will that restore it to sight? quoth my uncle Toby.—Go on, Trim, quoth my father. 'Tis very short, replied Trim.—I wish it was longer, quoth my uncle Toby, for I like it hugely.—Trim went on.]

" A fourth man shall want even this refuge; shall "break through all the ceremony of flow chicane; "-fcorns the doubtful workings of fecret plots and " cautious trains to bring about his purpose: \_\_\_ See "the bare-faced villain, how he cheats, lies, perjures, "robs, murders! -- Horrid! -- But indeed much "better was not to be expected, in the present case "--- the poor man was in the dark! --- his Priest "had got the keeping of his conscience; and all "he would let him know of it, was, That he must "believe in the Pope; go to Mass; cross him-"felf; — tell his beads; — be a good Catholic; "and that this, in all conscience, was enough to carry " him to Heaven. What; -if he perjures! --- Why; "-he had a mental refervation in it. - But if "he is so wicked and abandoned a wretch as you "represent him; ——if he robs, ——if he stabs, will "not conscience, on every such act, receive a wound "itself?—Aye, but the man has carried it to a con-"fession; —the wound digests there, and will do well enough, and in a short time be quite healed up by absolution. O Popery! what hast thou to answer "for?—When, not content with the too many natural and fatal ways, through which the heart of D 6 66 man

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"man is every day thus treacherous to itself above all things;—thou hast wilfully set open the wide gate of deceit before the face of this unwary traveller, too apt, God knows, to go astray of himself; and considently speak peace to himself, when there is no peace.

"Of this the common instances which I have drawn out of life are too notorious to require much evidence. If any man doubts the reality of them, or thinks it impossible for a man to be such a bubble to himself, — I must refer him a moment to his own reslections, and will then venture to trust my appeal with his own heart.

"Let him confider in how different a degree of detestation, numbers of wicked actions stand there, tho' equally bad and vicious in their own natures; —he will soon find, that such of them as strong inclination and custom have prompted him to commit, are generally dressed out and painted with all the false beauties, which a soft and a stattering hand can give them; — and that the others, to which he feels no propensity, appear, at once, naked and defermed, surrounded with all the true circumstances of folly and dishonor.

"When David surprised Saul sleeping in the cave, and cut off the skirt of his robe — we read his heart smote him for what he had done: —But is the matter of Uriah, where a faithful and gallant fervant, whom he ought to have loved and honored fell to make way for his lust, — where conscience

"had so much greater reason to take the alarm, his heart smote him not. A whole year had almost passed from the first commission of that crime, to the time Nathan was sent to reprove him; and we read not once of the least sorrow or compunction of heart which he testified, during all that time, for what he had done.

"Thus conscience, this once able monitor,—placed on high as a judge within us, and intended by our Maker as a just and equitable one too,—by an unhappy train of causes and impediments, takes often fuch imperfect cognizance of what passes,—does its office so negligently, sometimes so corruptly, —that it is not to be trusted alone; and therefore we find there is a necessity, an absolute necessity of joining another principle with it, to aid, if not govern, its determinations.

"So that if you would form a just judgment of what is of infinite importance to you not to be missible in,—namely, in what degree of real merit you stand either as an honest man, an useful citizen, a faithful subject to your king, or a good servant to your God,—call in religion and morality.—
"Look, what is written in the law of God?—How readest thou?—Consult calm reason and the un"changeable obligations of justice and truth;—
"what say they?

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"Let Conscience determine the matter upon these reports;—and then if thy heart condemns thee not, which is the case the Apostle supposes,—
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"the rule will be infallible," — [Here Dr. Slop fell asleep]—"thou wilt have confidence towards God;—that is, have just grounds to believe the judgment thou hast passed upon thyself, is the judgment of God;— and nothing else but an anticipation of that righteous sentence, which will be pronounced upon thee hereaster by that Being, to whom thou art finally to give an account of thy actions.

"Bleffed is the man, indeed, then, as the author of the book of Ecclefiasticus expresses it, who is not pricked with the multitude of his sins: Bleffed is the man whose heart hath not condemned him; whether he be rich, or whether he be poor, if he have a good heart (a heart thus guided and informed) he shall at all times rejoice in a cheerful countenance; his mind shall tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above upon a tower on high.—[A tower has no strength, quoth my uncle Toby, unless 'tis slank'd.]

" \_ In the darkest doubts it shall conduct him

" fafer than a thousand casuists, and give the state he

" lives in, a better fecurity for his behaviour than all

"the clauses and restrictions put together, which lawmakers are forced to multiply: — Forced, I say,
as things stand; human laws not being a matter of
original choice, but of pure necessity, brought in to
fence against the mischievous effects of those confeiences which are no law unto themselves; well

"intending, by the many provisions made, that in all fuch corrupt and misguided cases, where principles

" and the checks of conscience will not make us up-

"right,—to supply their force, and, by the terrors of gaols and halters, oblige us to it.

[I fee plainly, said my father, that this sermon has been composed to be preached at the Temple,—or at some Assize.—I like the reasoning, and am sorry that Dr. Slop has fallen asseep before the time of his conviction:—for it is now clear, that the Parson, as I thought at first, never insulted St. Paul in the least;—nor has there been, brother, the least difference between them. A great matter, if they had differed, replied my uncle Toby,—the best friends in the world may differ sometimes.—True,—brother Toby, quoth my father, shaking hands with him—we'll fill our pipes, brother, and then Trim shall go on.—

He read on as follows.]

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"To have the fear of God before our eyes, and, in our mutual dealings with each other, to govern our actions by the eternal measures of right and wrong: — The first of these will comprehend the duties of religion; — the second, those of morality, which are so inseparably connected together, that you cannot divide these two tables, even in imagination, (though the attempt is often made in practice) without breaking and mutually destroying them both.

"I faid the attempt is often made; and so it is;—
"there being nothing more common than to see a
"man who has no sense at all of religion, and indeed
"has so much honesty as to pretend to none, who
"would take it as the bitterest affront, should you
"but

"but hint at a suspicion of his moral character, or—
"imagine he was not conscientiously just and scrupu"lous to the uttermost mite.

"When there is some appearance that it is so,—
"tho' one is unwilling even to suspect the appearance
of so amiable a virtue as moral honesty, yet were
we to look into the grounds of it, in the present
case, I am persuaded we should find little reason
to envy such a one the honor of his motive.

"Let him declaim as pompoully as he chooses upon the subject, it will be found to rest upon no better foundation than either his interest, his pride, his ease, or some such little and changeable passion as will give us but small dependance upon his actions in matters of great distress.

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"I will illustrate this by an example.

"I know the banker I deal with, or the physician "I usually call in,"——

[There is no need, cried Dr. Slop, (waking) to call in any physician in this case]

"Igion; I hear them make a jest of it every day, and treat all its fanctions with so much scorn as to put the matter past doubt. Well;—notwithstand ing this, I put my fortune into the hands of the one;—and what is dearer still to me, I trust my is life to the honest skill of the other.

"Now let me examine what is my reason for this great confidence. Why, in the first place, I believe there is no probability that either of them will emerge the play

"ploy the power I put into their hands to my disad"vantage; — I consider that honesty serves the pur"poses of this life: — I know their success in the
"world depends upon the fairness of their characters.
"In a word, I am persuaded that they cannot hurt
"me, without hurting themselves more.

"But put it otherwise, namely, that interest lay, " for once, on the other fide: that a case should hap-" pen wherein the one, without stain to his reputation, "could fecrete my fortune, and leave me naked in "the world; -or that the other could fend me out of "it, and enjoy an estate by my death, without dis-"honor to himself or his art: - In this case, what "hold have I of either of them? - Religion, the " strongest of all motives, is out of the question; -"Interest, the next most powerful motive in the "world is strongly against me: - What have I left "to cast into the opposite scale to balance this temp-"tation? --- Alas! I have nothing, -- but what is " lighter than a bubble - I must lie at the mercy of "Honor, or some such capricious principle—Strait " fecurity for two of the most valuable blessings !-" my property, and myfelf.

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"As, therefore, we can have no dependance upon morality without religion;—so, on the other hand, there is nothing better to be expected from religion without morality, nevertheless, 'tis no prodigy to see a man whose real moral character stands very low, who yet entertains the highest notion of himfelf, in the light of a religious man.

"He shall not only be covetous, revengeful, im"placable,—but even wanting in points of common
"honesty; yet inasmuch as he talks aloud against
"the insidelity of the age,—is zealous for some points
"of religion,—goes twice a-day to church,—attends
"the sacraments,—and amuses himself with a few
"instrumental parts of religion,—shall cheat his conscience into a judgment, that for this he is a religious man, and has discharged truly his duty to
"God: And you will find that such a man, through
force of this delusion, generally looks down with
"spiritual pride upon every other man who has less
"affectation of piety,—though, perhaps, ten time
"more real honesty than himself.

"This likewise is a fore evil under the sun: and

"This likewife is a fore evil under the fun: and I believe, there is no one mistaken principle which, for its time, has wrought more serious mischiefs.

"——For a general proof of this,—examine the history of the Romish church:"—

[Well, what can you make of that? cried Discourse.]—"fee what scenes of cruelty, murder, raping bloodshed,"—[They may thank their own obstructions, cried Dr. Slop]—"have all been sanctified by

"religion not strictly governed by morality.

"In how many kingdoms of the world has the crusading sword of this misguided Saint-errand for spared neither age, or merit, or sex, or condition?"

"and, as he fought under the banners of a religion which set him loose from justice and humanity, he

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" shewed none; mercilessly trampled upon both,—
" heard neither the cries of the unfortunate, nor pitied
" their distresses."

Il have been in many a battle, an't please your honor, quoth Trim, fighing, but never in so melancholy a one as this.—I would not have drawn a trigger in it against these poor souls,—to have been made a general officer. - Why? what do you understand of the affair? faid Dr. Slop, (looking towards Trim, with something more of contempt than the Corporal's honest heart deserved)— What do you know, friend, about this battle you talk of? - I know, replied Trim, that I never refused quarter in my life to any man who cried out for it; - but to a woman, or a child, continued Trim, before I would level my musket at them, would lose my life a thousand times. — Here's a rown for thee, Trim, to drink with Obadiah to-night, uoth my uncle Toby. God bless your honor, relied Trim, — I had rather these poor women and hildren had it. - Thou art an honest fellow, quoth by uncle Toby. - My father nodded his head, -as nuch as to fay,—and so he is.

But prithee, Trim, faid my father, make an end; or I see thou hast but a leaf or two left.

Corporal Trim read on.]

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"If the testimony of past centuries in this matter is not sufficient,—consider, at this instant, how the votaries of that religion are every day thinking to do service and honor to God, by actions which are a dishonor and scandal to themselves.

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"To be convinced of this, go with me for a mo " ment into the prisons of the Inquisition." - God "help my poor brother Tom!] - "Behold Religion, " with Mercy and Justice chained down under her " feet, - there fiting ghaftly upon a black Tribunal, " propped up with racks and instruments of torment, "Hark! hark! what a piteous groan!" - [Here Trim's face turned as pale as ashes - " See the me " lancholy wretch who uttered it!"- Here the team began to trickle down ] - " just brought forth to un-" dergo the anguish of a mock trial, and endure the "utmost pains that a studied system of cruelty has " been able to invent! [D\_n them all, quoth Trim, his color returning into his face as red as blood.] -"Behold this helpless victim delivered up to his tor-"mentors, - his body fo wasted with forrow and "confinement." - [Oh! 'tis my brother, cried poor Trim in a most passionate exclamation, dropping the fermon upon the ground, and clapping his hand together - I fear 'tis poor Tom. My father's and my uncle Toby's hearts yearned with sympathy for the poor fellow's distress; even Slop himself acknow ledged pity for him. - Why, Trim, faid my father, this is not a history, - 'tis a sermon thou art read ing; prithee begin the fentence again.]- " Behold "this helpless victim delivered up to his tormentors " -his body so wasted with forrow and confinement " you will see every nerve and muscle as it suffers. " Observe the last movement of that horrid engine! - [ I would rather face a cannon, quoth Tris cc stamp

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" stamping. ]-" See what convulsions it has thrown " him into ! - Consider the nature of the posture in " which he now lies stretched, - what exquisite tor-" tures he endures by it! - 'Tis all nature can bear! "Good God! fee how it keeps his weary foul hang-"ing upon his trembling lips!" - [I would not read another line of it, quoth Trim, for all this world ;-I fear, an't please your honors, all this is in Portugal, where my poor brother Tom is. I tell thee, Trim, again, quoth my father, 'tis not an historical account, - 'tis a description. "Tis only a description, honest man, quoth Slop, there's not a word of truth in it .- That's another story, replied my father. However, as Trim reads it with fo much concern, - 'tis cruelty to force him to go on with it. - Give me hold of the fermon, Trim, - I'll finish it for thee, and thou may'st go.-I must stay and hear it too, replied Trim, if your honor will allow me; - though I would not read it myself for a Colonel's pay.-Poor Trim! quoth my uncle Toby .- My father went on. ]-

"Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched, — what exquisite torture he en"dures by it!—'Tis all nature can bear! Good God!

"See how it keeps his weary soul hanging upon his 
"trembling lips,—willing to take its leave,—but not 
"fuffered to depart!—Behold the unhappy wretch 
"led back to his cell!"

Then, thank God, however, quoth Trim, they have not killed him.

"See him dragged out of it again to meet the " flames, and the infults in his last agonies, which this of principle,—this principle, that there can be religion without mercy, has prepared for him. The furest 66 way to try the merit of any disputed notion is, to es trace down the consequences such a notion has pro-"duced, and compare them with the spirit of chiss tianity; -- 'tis the short and decisive rule which our "Saviour hath left us, for these and such like cases, and it is worth a thousand arguments - By their s fruits ye shall know them.

" I will add no farther to the length of this fermon, " than by two or three short and independent rules " deducible from it.

" First, Whenever a man talks loudly against re " ligion, always suspect that it is not his reason, but "his passions, which have got the better of his "CREED. A bad life and a good belief are difagree-" able and troublesome neighbours, and where they

" separate, depend upon it, 'tis for no other cause " but quietness sake.

" Secondly, When a man thus represented, tells you " in any particular instance,-That such a thing goe " against his conscience, - always believe he means " exactly the same thing, as when he tells you such a thing goes against his stomach;—a present want " of appetite being generally the true cause of both,

In a word,—trust that man in nothing, who has " not a Conscience in every thing. 208 H

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"And, in your own case, remember this plain distinction, a mistake in which has ruined thousands, that your conscience is not a law:—No, God and reason made the law, and have placed conscience within you to determine,—not like an Asiatic Cadi, according to the ebbs and slows of his own passions, but like a British Judge, in this land of liberty and good sense, who makes no new law, but faithsfully declares that law which he knows already written."

END OF THE SERMON.

T. SHANDY, V. 1. C. 40.

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## STORY OF TRIM'S BROTHER.

A S Tom's place, an't please your honor, was easy—and the weather warm—it put him pon thinking seriously of settling himself in the orld; and as it fell out about that time, that a Jew ho kept a sausage-shop in the same street, had the luck to die of a strangury, and leave his widow in offession of a rousing trade—Tom thought (as every ody in Lisbon was doing the best he could devise for imself) there could be no harm in offering her his rvice to carry it on: so without any introduction to be widow, except that of buying a pound of sausages

at her shop—— Tom set out —— counting the matter thus within himself, as he walked along, that let the worst come of it that could, he should at least get a pound of sausages for their worth—but, if things went well, he should be set up; inasmuch as he should get not only a pound of sausages—but a wise—and a sausage shop, an't please your honor, into the bargain.

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Every fervant in the family, from high to low, wished Tom success; and I can fancy, an't please your honor, I see him this moment, with his white dimity waistcoat and breeches, and hat a little o'one side, passing jollily along the street, swinging his stick, with a smile and a cheerful word for every body he met.

But, alas! Tom! thou smilest no more, cried the Corporal, looking on one side of him upon the ground, as if he apostrophised him in his dungeon.

Poor fellow! faid my uncle Toby, feelingly.

He was an honest, light-hearted lad, an't please your honor, as ever blood warm'd ——

Then he resembled thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby,

The Coporal blushed down to his singers ends—A tear of sentimental bashfulness—another of gratitude to my uncle Toby—and a tear of sorrow for his brother's missortunes, started into his eye, and ran sweetly down his cheek together: my uncle Toby's kindled as one lamp does at another; and taking hold of the breast of Trim's coat (which had been that of Le Fevre's), as if to ease his lame leg, but in reality to gratify a finer feeling—he stood silent for a minute and a half; at the

the end of which he took his hand away; and the Corporal making a bow, went on with his story of his brother and the Jew's widow.

When Tom, an't please your honor, got to the shop, there was nobody in it, but a poor negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers slightly tied to the end of a long cane, slapping away slies—not killing them.

'Tis a pretty picture, faid my uncle Toby, — she had suffered persecution, Trim, and had learnt mercy—

—She was good, an't please your honor, from nature, as well as from hardships: and there are circumstances in the story of that poor friendless slut, that would melt a heart of stone, said Trim: and some dismal winter's evening, when your honor is in the humour, they shall be told you with the rest of Tom's story, for it makes a part of it.

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Then do not forget, Trim, faid my uncle Toby.

A negro has a foul? an't please your honor, said the Corporal, (doubtingly.)

I am not much versed, Corporal, quoth my uncle Toby, in things of that kind; but I suppose, God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me.

It would be putting one fadly over the head of mother, quoth the Corporal.

It would be fo, faid my uncle Toby.

Why then, an't please your honor, is a black wench to be used worse than a white one?

I can give no reason, said my uncle Toby-

Only, cried the Corporal, shaking his head, because she has no one to stand up for her-

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'Tis that very thing, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby,—which recommends her to protection, and her brethren with her; 'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands now — where it may be hereafter, heaven knows!—but be it where it will, the brave, Trim, will not use it unkindly.

-God forbid, faid the Corporal.

Amen, responded my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon his heart.

The Corporal returned to his story, and went onbut with an embarrassment in doing it, which here and there a reader in this world will not be able to comprehend; for by the many sudden transitions all along, from one kind and cordial passion to another, in getting thus far on his way, he had lost the sportable key of his voice, which gave sense and spirit to his tale: he attempted twice to resume it, but could not please himself; so giving a stout hem! to rally back the retreating spirits, and aiding nature at the same time with his left arm a-kimbo on one side, and with his right a little extended, supported her on the other—the Corporal got as near the note as he could; and in that attitude, continued his story.

As Tom, an't please your honor, had no business at that time with the Moorish girl, he passed on into the room beyond, to talk to the Jew's widow about love—and being, as I have told your honor, an open, cheary-hearted lad, with his character wrote in his looks

looks and carriage, he took a chair, and without much apology, but with great civility at the same time, placed it close to her at the table, and sat down.

Now a widow, an't please your honor, always chooses a second husband as unlike the first as she can: so the affair was settled in her mind before Tom mentioned it.

She figned the capitulation — and Tom fealed it; and there was an end of the matter.

T. SHANDY, V. IV. C. 64.

### THE BEGUINE.

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Must here inform you, that this servant of my uncle Toby's, who went by the name of Trim, had been a Corporal in my uncle's own company, — his real name was James Butler, — but having got the nick-name of Trim in the regiment, my uncle Toby, unless when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been disabled for the service, by a wound on his left knee by a musket bullet, at the battle of Landen, which was two years before the affair of Namur;—and as the fellow was well-beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my uncle Toby took him for his servant; and of an excellent use was he, attending my uncle Toby in the

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camp and in his quarters as a valet, groom, barber, cook, sempster, and nurse; and indeed, from first to last, waited upon him and served him with great sidelity and affection.

My uncle Toby loved the man in return, and what attached him more to him still, was the similitude of their knowledge.—For Corporal Trim, (for so, for the future, I shall call him) by four years occasional attention to his master's discourse upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually into his master's plans, &c. exclusive and besides what he gained Hobby-Horsically, as a body servant, Non Hobby Horsical per se;—had become no mean proficient in the science; and was thought, by the cook and chamber-maid, to know as much of the nature of strong-holds as my uncle Toby himself.

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I have but one more stroke to give to finish Corporal Trim's character, — and it is the only dark line in it.—The fellow loved to advise, — or rather to hear himself talk; his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful, 'twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so; but set his tongue a-going,—you had no hold of him—he was voluble;—the eternal interlardings of your Honor, with the respectfulness of Corporal Trim's manner, interceding so strong in behalf of his elocution,—that though you might have been incommoded,—you could not well be angry. My uncle Toby, was seldom either the one or the other with him,—or, at least, this fault, in Trim, broke no squares with them. My uncle Toby

as I said, loved the man;—and besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant,—but as an humble friend,—he could not bear to stop his mouth.—
Such was Corporal Trim.

So, thou wast once in love, Trim! faid my uncle

Souse! replied the Corporal—over head and ears! an't please your honor. Prithee when? where?—and how came it to pass?—I never heard one word of it before, quoth my uncle Toby. — I dare say, answered Trim, that every drummer and serjeant's son in the regiment knew of it — It's high time I should—said my uncle Toby.

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Your honor remembers with concern, said the Corporal, the total rout and confusion of our camp, and the army, at the affair of Landen; every one was lest to shift for himself; and if it had not been for the regiments of Wyndham, Lumley and Galway, which covered the retreat over the bridge of Neerspeeken, the \*King himself could scarce have gained it—he was pressed hard, as your honor knows, on every side of him—

Gallant mortal! cried my uncle Toby, caught up with enthusiasm—this moment, now that all is lost, I see him galloping across me, Corporal, to the lest, to bring up the remains of the English horse along with him, to support the right, and tear the laurel from Luxembourg's brows, if yet 'tis possible—I see

\* King William.

him with the knot of his scarf, just shot off, insuling fresh spirits into poor Galway's regiment — riding along the line — then wheeling about, and charging Conti at the head of it — Brave! brave, by heaven! cried my uncle Toby, he deserves a crown—as richly as a thief a halter, shouted Trim.

My uncle Toby knew the Corporal's loyalty; otherwise the comparison was not at all to his mind it did not altogether strike the Corporal's fancy when he had made it—but it could not be recalled—so he had nothing to do, but proceed.

As the number of wounded was prodigious, and no one had time to think of any thing, but his own fafety-Though Talmash, said my uncle Toby, brought off the foot with great prudence-But I was left upon the field, faid the Corporal. Thou wast so, poor fellow! replied my uncle Toby-So that it was noon the next day, continued the Corporal, before I was exchanged, and put into a cart with thirteen or fourteen more, in order to be conveyed to our hospital.—The anguish of my knee, continued the Corporal, was excessive in itself; and the uncasiness of the cart, with the roughness of the roads which were terribly cut up-making bad still worse-every step was death to me: so that with the loss of blood, and the want of care-taking of me, and a fever I felt coming on besides. -(Poor foul! faid my uncle Toby) all together, an't please your honor, was more than I could sustain.

I was telling my fufferings to a young woman at a peafant's house, where our cart, which was the last



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was laid acrofs the Bal, which and the young Word

of the line, had halted; they had he the young woman had taken a compocket and dropped it upon some so that cheer'd me, she had given it a third time.—So I was telling her honor, the anguish I was in, and so intolerable to me, that I had much upon the bed, turning my face towwas in the corner of the room—and—when, upon her attempting to fainted away in her arms. She way your honor, said the Corporal, we will hear.

I thought love had been a joyous uncle Toby.

'Tis the most serious thing, an't re

'Tis the most serious thing, an't p (sometimes) that is in the world. By the persuasion of the young w

the Corporal, the cart with the work without me: she had assured them immediately if I was put into the corcame to myself—I found myself in tage, with no one but the young work ant and his wife. I was laid acrocorner of the room, with my wound thair, and the young woman beside corner of her handkerchief dipp'd nose with one hand, and rubbing my

I took her at first for the daughte

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had helped me in, and a cordial out of her ome fugar, and feeing wen it me a fecond and ing her, an't please your and was saying it was a much rather lie down are towards one which mand die, than go on the mand die, than go on the was a good foul! as oral, wiping his eyes,

oyous thing, quoth my

an't please your honor d.

ung woman, continued

them I should expire the cart. So when I self in a still, quiet coting woman, and the pead across the bed in the wounded leg upon the beside me, holding the dipp'd in vinegar to my ing my temples with the

aughter of the peafant;

(for it was no inn)—so had offered her a little purse with eighteen florins, which my poor brother Tom (here Trim wip'd his eyes) had sent me as a token, by a recruit, just before he set out for Lisbon.——

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The young woman called the old man and his wift into the room, to show them the money, in order to gain me credit for a bed, and what little necessaries! should want, till I should be in a condition to be got to the hospital—Come then! said she, tying up the little purse,—I'll be your banker—but as that office alone will not keep me employ'd, I'll be your nurse too.

I thought by her manner of speaking this, as well as by her drefs, which I then began to confider mon attentively-that the young woman could not be the daughter of the peafant. She was in black down to her toes, with her hair concealed under a cambri border, laid close to her forehead: she was one of those kind of Nuns, an't please your honor, of which your honor knows there are a great many in Flander, which they let loofe-By the description, Trim, faid my uncle Toby, I dare fay the was a young Beguine,d which there are none to be found any where but in the Spanish Netherlands—except at Amsterdam—the differ from Nuns in this, that they can quit their cloister if they choose to marry; they visit and take care of the fick by profession-I had rather, for my own part, they did it out of good-nature.

The young Beguine, continued the Corporal, has fearce given herself time to tell me "she would be

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my nurse," when she hastily turned about to begin the office of one, and prepare fomething for me-and in a fhort time-though I thought it a long one-fhe came back with flannels, &c. &c. and having fomented my knee foundly for a couple of hours, and made me a thin bason of gruel for my supper-she wished me rest, and promised to be with me early in the morning \_\_\_\_She wish'd me, an't please your honor, what was not to be had. My fever ran very high that night—her figure made fad disturbance within me-I was every moment cutting the world in two-to give her half of it—and every moment was I crying, that I had nothing but a knapfack and eighteen florins to share with her—The whole night long was the fair Beguine, like an angel, close by my bed-fide, holding back my curtain and offering me cordials—and I was only awakened from my dream by her coming there at the hour promised, and giving them in reality. In ruth the was scarce ever from me; and so accustomed was I to receive life from her hands, that my heart ickened, and I lost color when she left the room. Love, an't please your honor, is exactly like war, n this; that a foldier, though he has escaped three vecks complete o' Saturday night—may nevertheless e shot through his heart on Sunday morning-It appened so here, an't please your honor, with this ifference only—that it was on Sunday in the afteroon, when I fell in love all at once with a fifferara-. had burst upon me, an't please your honor, like a bomb -scarce giving me time to say, "God bless me." ald be

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I thought, Trim, faid my uncle Toby, a man never fell in love so very suddenly.

Yes, an't please your honor, if he is in the way of it—replied Trim.

I prithee, quoth my uncle Toby, inform me how this matter happened.

-With all pleasure, said the Corporal, making a bow. I had escaped, continued the Corporal, all that time from falling in love, and had gone on to the end of the chapter, had it not been predestined otherwise—there is no resisting our fate. It was on a Sunday, in the afternoon, as I told your honor. The old man and his wife had walked out—Every thing was still and hush as midnight about the house.—

There was not fo much as a duck or a duckling about the yard; when the fair Beguine came to fee me.

My wound was then in a fair way of doing well—the inflammation had been gone off for some time; but it was succeeded with an itching both above and below my knee, so insufferable, that I had not shuf my eyes the whole night for it. Let me see it, said she, kneeling down upon the ground parallel to my knee, and laying her hand upon the part below it it only wants rubbing a little, said the Beguine; so covering it with the bed-clothes, she began with the fore-singer of her right hand to rub under my knee, guiding her fore-singer back wards and forwards by the edge of the slannel which kept on the dressing.

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In five or fix minutes I felt slightly the end of her second singer—and presently it was laid flat with the other; and she continued rubbing in that way round and round for a good while: it then came into my head that I should fall in love—I blushed when I saw how white a hand she had—I shall never, an't please your honor, behold another hand so white whilst I live.—

The young Beguine, continued the Corporal, perceiving it was of great fervice to me—from rubbing, for fome time, with two fingers—proceeded to rub at length with three—till by little and little she brought down the fourth, and then rubbed with her whole hand: I will never say another word, an't please your honor, upon hands again—but it was softer than sattin.

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Prithee, Trim, commend it as much as thou wilt, faid my uncle Toby; I shall hear thy story with the more delight—The Corporal thanked his master most unseignedly; but having nothing to say upon the Beguine's hand but the same thing over again—he proceeded to the effects of it.

The fair Beguine, faid the Corporal, continued rubbing with her whole hand under my knee—till I. feared her zeal would weary her—"I would do a shoufand times more," faid she, "for the love of Christ." As she continued rubbing—I felt it spread from under her hand, an't please your honor, to wery part of my frame.—

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The more she rubbed, and the longer strokes she took—the more the fire kindled in my veins—till at length, by two or three strokes longer than the rest—my passion rose to the highest pitch—I seized her hand—and then thou clapped'st it to thy lips, Trim, said my uncle Toby—and madest a speech.

Whether the Corporal's amour terminated precifely in the way my uncle *Toby* described it, is not material; it is enough that it contained in it the elsence of all the love-romances which ever have been wrote since the beginning of the world.

T. SHANDY, VOL. IV. CHAP. 49

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### The HOBBY-HORSE.

NAY, if you come to that, Sir, have not the wifest of men in all ages, not excepting Solomor himself,—have they not had their Hobby-Horses; their running horses,—their coins and their cockle shells, their drums and their trumpets, their siddle their pallets,—their maggots and their butterslies?—and so long as a man rides his Hobby-Horse pead ably and quietly along the King's highway, and not ther compels you or me to get up behind him,—pro Sir, what have either you or I to do with it?

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De gustibus non est disputandum;—that is, there is no disputing against HOBBY-HORSES; and for my part, I feldom do; nor could I with any fort of grace, had I been an enemy to them at the bottom; for happening, at certain intervals and changes of the moon, to be both fiddler and painter, according as the fly stings:-Be it known to you, that I keep a couple of pads myself, upon which, in their turns, (nor do I care who knows it) I frequently ride out and take the air; -though sometimes, to my shame be it spoken, I take somewhat longer journies than what a wife man would think altogether right.-But the truth is,-I am not a wife man;-and besides am a mortal of fo little consequence in the world, it is not much matter what I do: fo I seldom fret or sume at all about it: nor does it much disturb my rest, when I see such great Lords and tall personages as hereafter follow; - fuch, for instance, as my Lord A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, and fo on, all of a row, mounted upon their feveral horses ;- fome with large stirrups, getting on in a more grave and fober pace ;-others, on the contrary, tucked up to their very chins, with whips across their mouths, fcouring and fcampering it away like fo many little party-colored devils aftride a mortgage,-and as if fome of them were resolved to break their necks.— So much the better—fay I to myself; for in case the worst should happen, the world may make a shift to do excellently well without them; and for the rest,why God speed them e'en let them ride on withwithout opposition from me; for were their Lord. Thips unhorsed this very night—'tis ten to one but that many of them would be worse mounted by one half before to-morrow morning.

Not one of these instances therefore can be said to break in upon my rest.—But there is an instance, which I own puts me off my guard, and that is, when I see one born for great actions, and what is still more for his honor, whose nature ever inclines him to good ones; when I behold fuch a one, my Lord, like yourlelf, whose principles and conduct are as generous and noble as his blood, and whom, for that reason, a corrupt world cannot spare one moment; -when I fee fuch a one, my Lord, mounted, though it is but for a minute beyond the time which my love to my country has prescribed to him, and my zeal for his glory wishes, -then, my Lord, I ceale to be a philosopher, and in the first transport of an honest impatience, I wish the Hobby-Horse, with all his fraternity, at the Devil.

T. SHANDY, V. 1, CHAP. 7 &&

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#### MARIA.

THEY were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to tear them more distinctly—'Tis Maria, said the ostillion, observing I was listening—Poor Maria, ontinued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us,) is sitting pon a bank, playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I aftantly made a vow, I would give him a four-andwenty sous piece, when I got to Moulines.

And who is poor Maria? faid I.

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I A.

The love and pity of all the villages around us, aid the postillion—it is but three years ago, that the un did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and miable a maid; and better fate did Maria deserve, han to have her banns sorbid by the intrigues of the turate of the parish, who published them—

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a hort pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the ir again—they were the same notes;—yet were ten imes sweeter: it is the evening service to the Virgin, aid the young man—but who has taught her to play to how she came by her pipe, no one knows: we think that heaven has assisted her in both; for ever

ever fince she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that fervice upon it almost night and day.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sisted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting; she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves, twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if ever I selt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her.

-----God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around, for her;—but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin will at last restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, Maria made a cadence formelancholy, so tender and querelous, that I sprang out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

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Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and so on, alternately—

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\_Well, Maria, faid I, foftly—What refemblance

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a beast man is,—that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered—and yet I own my heart smote me, and that I so smarted at the very dea of it, that I swore I would set up for Wisdom, and utter grave sentences the rest of my days—and never—never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longest day I had to live.

As for writing nonsense to them—I believe, there

was a referve—but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor haples damsel! some ime, but not now, I may hear thy forrows from thy

own lips—but I was deceived; for that moment the

ook her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe with t, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular

leps, walk'd foftly to my chaife.

T. SHANDY. VOL. IV. C. 83.

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e velt, to enquire after her.

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MARIA.

## MARIA.

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# MOULINES.

I NEVER felt what the distress of plenty was in any one shape till now—to travel it through the Bourbonnois, the sweetest part of France—in the key day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring he abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is listed up—a journey through each step of which, Must beats time to Labor, and all her children are no joicing as they carry in their clusters—to put through this with my affections slying out, and kindling at every group before me—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

Just heaven!——it would fill up twenty volumes——and alas! I have but a few small page of this to croud it into——and half these must be taken up with the poor Maria my friend Mr. Shand met with near Moulines.

The story he had told of that disordered maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when I go within the neighbourhood where she lived, it is turned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parent dwelt, to enquire after her.

'Tis going, I own, like the Knight of the Woeld Countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures-

at I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly micious of the existence of a soul within me, as hen I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door; her looks told e the story before she opened her mouth-She had ft her husband; he had died, she said, of anguish r the loss of Maria's senses, about a month beforehe had feared at first, she added, that it would have undered her poor girl of what little understanding as left-but, on the contrary, it had brought her ore to herfelf-fill she could not rest-her poor ughter, she said, crying, was wandering somehere about the road-

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-Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this? d what made La Fleur, whose heart seemed ly to be tuned to joy, to pass the back of his hand ice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it? beckoned to the postillion to turn back into the ad-

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, a little opening of the road leading to a thicket, I covered poor Maria fitting under a poplar-fhe is fitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head ning on one fide within her hand;—a fmall brook at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postillion go on with the chaise to Mous, and La Fleur to bespeak my supper-and that I uld walk after him.

oeful the was dreffed in white, and much as my friend cribed her, except that her hair hung loofe, which

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before was twifted within a filk net.—She had, superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale-green ribband,
which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end
of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as
faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in
lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to
her girdle: as I looked at her dog, she drew him to
wards her with the string—"Thou shalt not leave
"me, Sylvio," said she. I looked in Maria's eyes
and saw she was thinking more of her father than of
her lover or her little goat; for, as she uttered them,
the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I fat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away, as they fell, with my handkerchief.— I then steep'd it in my own—and then in her's—and then in mine—and then I wip'd her's again—and a I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from an combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a foul; nor can all the book with which materialists have pestered the world eve convince me to the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herfelf, I alke her if she remembered a pale thin person of a may who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled must at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts that, ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchie and she had beat him for the thest—she had washe

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it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket, to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me fee it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril on opening it, I faw an S mark'd in one of the corners. The bas each and beat

She had fince that, she told me, strayed as far as' Rome, and walk'd round St. Peter's once- and return'd back—that she found her way alone across the Appennines-had travelled over all Lambardy without money-and through the flinty roads of Savoy without hoes—how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell-but God tempers the wind, faid Maria, TO THE SHORN LAMB.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick; faid I; and wast hou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee: thou shouldst ok at of my own bread, and drink of my own cupwould be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weaknesses nd wanderings I would feek after thee, and bring hee back—when the fun went down, I would fay by prayers; and when I had done, thou shouldst play ly evening fong upon thy pipe, nor would the incenfe f my facrifice be worfe accepted for entering heaven nts-long with that of a broken heart.

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Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and laria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that was steep'd too much already to be of use, would needs

meeds go wash it in the stream—and where will you dry it, Maria? said I—I will dry it in my bosom, said she—'twill do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? faid I.

I touch'd upon the string on which hung all he sorrows—she look'd with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing took her pipe and play'd her service to the Virgin—The string I had touch'd ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? faid I.—She faid, to Moulines.—Let us'go, faid I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the ftring to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate falutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, floop'd to take my last look and last farewell of Market

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the fine order of fine forms—affliction had touch'd her look with something that was scarce earthly—fill she was feminine—and so much was there about her of a that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should not on eat of my bread and drink of my own cup, but Marshould lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter

Adieu, poor luckless maiden!——imbibe the

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journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds the Being who has twice bruifed thee can only bind hem up for ever. I would resolve the Liftage.

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SENT. JOURNEY, PAGE 217.

### THE PARSON'S HORSE.

Profile and of the too bloom for her accomes with E it known then, that, for about five years before the date of the midwife's licence, of which you ve had fo circumstantial an account,—the parson have to do with had made himfelf a country-talk a breach of all decorum, which he had committed inst himself, his station, and his office; and that sin never appearing better, or otherwise mounted, n upon a lean, forry, jackais of a horse, value about pound fifteen shillings; who, to shorten all deption of him, was full brother to Rofmante, as far ook militude congenial could make him; for he answer-Wa his description to hair-breadth in every thing,ept that I do not remember 'tis any where faid, man Rofinante was broken winded; and that, morebrain , Rofinante, as is the happiness of most Spanish ot on es, fat or lean,—was undoubtedly a horse at all Mar caring a basic busheaft, he bud here of the

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for the contrary opinion: But it is as certain at the same time, that Rosinante's continency (as may be demonstrated from the adventure of the Yanguesian carriers) proceeded from no bodily defect or cause whatsoever, but from the temperance and orderly current of his blood.—And let me tell you, madam, there is a great deal of very good chastity in the world, in behalf of which you could not say more for your life,

Let that be as it may, as my purpose is to do exact justice to every creature brought upon the stage of this dramatic work,—I could not stifle this distinction in favor of Don Quixote's horse;—in all other point the parson's horse, I say, was just such another,—for he was as lean, and as lank, and as forry a jade, a HUMILITY herself could have bestrode.

In the estimation of here and there a man of weat judgment, it was greatly in the parson's power to have helped the figure of this horse of his,—for he was master of a very handsome demi-peak'd saddle, quilt on the seat with green plush, garnished with a double row of silver headed stude, and a noble pair of shining brass stirrups, with a housing altogether suitable, grey superfine cloth, with an edging of black latterminating in a deep, black, filk fringe, poudre the all which he had purchased in the pride and pride of his life, together with a grand embossed bridle, namented at all points as it should be.—But caring to banter his beast, he had hung all these behind his study door:—and, in lieu of them, seriously besitted him with just such a bridle and seriously besitted him with just such a bridle and seriously besitted him with just such a bridle and seriously besitted him with just such a bridle and seriously besitted him with just such a bridle and seriously besitted him with just such a bridle and seriously besitted him with just such a bridle and seriously besitted him with just such a bridle and seriously besitted him with just such a bridle and seriously besitted him with just such a bridle and seriously besit as a bridle and seriously bridle

a faddle, as the figure and value of fuch a steed might well and truly deserve.

In the leveral fallies about his parish, and in the neighbouring visits to the gentry, who lived around him,-you will eafily comprehend, that the parson, so appointed, would both hear and fee enough to keep his philosophy from rusting. To speak the truth, he never could enter a village, but he caught the attention of both old and young. Labor flood still as he pass'd—the bucket hung suspended in the midlle of the well, — the fpinning wheel forgot its ound, -even chuck-farthing and shufle-cap themelves stood gaping till he had got out of fight; and s his movement was not of the quickest, he had geerally time enough upon his hands to make his obervations,—to hear the groans of the serious,—and he laughter of the light-hearted;—all which he bore ith excellent tranquillity.—His character was,—he ved a jest in his heart—and as he saw himself in the ubl ue point of ridicule, he would fay, he could not be gry with others for seeing him in a light, in which nin fo strongly saw himself: So that to his friends, le, no knew his foible was not the love of money, and lao ë di no therefore made the less scruple in bantering the print travagance of his humor,—instead of giving the e cause,—he chose rather to join in the laugh against le Butt nfelf; and as he never carried one fingle ounce of h upon his own bones, being altogether as spare a are as his beast,—he would sometimes insist upon m, hat the horse was as good as the rider deserved; nd la F that

that they were, centaur-like,—both of a piece. At other times, and in other moods, when his spirits were above the temptation of false wit,—he would say, he found himself going off fast in a consumption; and, with great gravity, would pretend, he could not bear the sight of a fat horse, without a dejection of heart, and a sensible alteration in his pulse; and that he had made choice of the lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himself in countenance, but in spirits

At different times he would give fifty humorous and apposite reasons for riding a meek-spirited jade of broken-winded horse, preferably to one of mettle;for on such a one he could fit mechanically, and me ditate as delightfully de vanitate mundi et fuga facul as with the advantage of a death's-head before him -that, in all other exercitations, he could fpend his time, as he rode flowly along,-to as much account as in his fludy; -that he could draw up an argumen in his fermon,—or a hole in his breeches, as steadil on the one as in the other;—that brisk trotting an flow argumentation, like wit and judgment, were two incompatible movements.—But that upon his steam -he could unite and reconcile every thing,could compose his fermon—he could compose h cough, and, in case nature gave a call that wa he could likewise compose himself to sleep .- In short the parson upon such encounters would affign a cause but the true cause, -and he with-held the tr one, only out of a nicety of temper, because he thoug it did honor to him.

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#### SENSIBILITY.

EAR Sensibility! fource inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our forrows! thou chainest thy martyr down upon the bed of straw-and 'tis thou who liftest him up to HEAVEN—eternal fountain of our feelings!—'tis here I trace thee and this is thy " divinity which flirs within me"-not, that in some sad and sickening moments, " my foul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at "destruction"-mere pomp of words!-but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself -all comes from thee, great-great SENSORIUM of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but fall upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation .- Touch'd with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish-hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou giv'st a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains -he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock-This moment I beheld him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it!-Oh! had I come one moment fooner!-it bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it—

Peace to thee, generous swain! I see thou walkest off with anguish—but thy joys shall balance it—for happy is the cottage—and happy is the sharer of it—and happy are the lambs which sport about you.

SENT. JOUR. P. 226.

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#### THE SUPPER.

A SHOE coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of mount Taurira, the postillion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket: as the ascent was of sive or six miles, and that horse our main dependance, I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again, as well as we could; but the postillion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaise-box, being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil loft a fecond fhoe, and from off his other fore foot. I then got out of the chaife in good earnest; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the lesthand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed upon the postillion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, foon reconciled me to the difaster. It was a little farmhouse surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn-and close to the house, on one fide, was a potagerie of an acre and an half full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peafant's house-and on the other side was a little wood which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the er. Journands. house-

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house—so I left the postillion to manage his point as he could—and for mine, I walked directly into the house.

The family confifted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or fix fons and fons-in-law, and their feveral wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all fitting down together to their lentilfoup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flaggon of wine at each end of it promifed joy through the stages of the repast—'twas a feast of love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me fit down at the table: my heart was set down the moment I entered the room; so I sat down at once like a son of the family; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knise, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mix'd with thanks that I had not seem'd to doubt it.

Was it this; or tell me, Nature, what else it was that made this morfal so sweet—and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flaggon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

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If the supper was to my taste—the grace which followed was much more so.

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#### GRACE.

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The family, conduct X7HEN supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the fignal was given, the women and girls ran all together into the back apartment to tie up their hair—and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their fabots: and in three minutes every foul was ready upon a little efplanade before the house to begin-The old man and his wife came out last, and placing me betwixt them, fat down upon a fopha of turf by the door.

The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the vielle-and, at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife fung now and then a little to the tune-then intermitted-and joined her old man again, as their children and grand-children danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, for some pauses in the movement wherein they all seem'd to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity.-In a word, I thought I beheld Religion mixing in the dance—but as I had never feen her fo engaged, I should have look'd upon it now as one of the illufions of an imagination which is eternally misleading

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me, had not the old man, as foon as the dance ended, faid that this was their conftant way: and that all his life long, he made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice! believing, he faid, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best fort of thanks to heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay.—

-Or a learned prelate either, faid I.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 227.

#### ILLUSION.

SWEET pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!—Long—long since had ye number'd out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground; when my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it to some smooth velvet path which sancy has scattered over with rose-buds of delight; and having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthen'd and refresh'd—When evils press fore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in the world, then I take a new course—I leave it—and as I have a clearer idea of the Elysian fields than I have of heaven, I force myself, like

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Eneas, into them—I fee him meet the pensive shade of his forsaken Dido—and wish to recognize it—I fee the injured spirit wave her head, and turn off silent from the author of her miseries and dishonors—I lose the feelings for myself in her's—and those affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at school.

Surely this is not walking in a vain shadow—nor does man disquiet himself in vain by it—he oftner does so in trusting the issue of his commotions to reason only—I can safely say for myself, I was never able to conquer any one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively, as by beating up as fast as I could for some kindly and gentle sensation to sight it upon its own ground.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 165.

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### LE DIMANCHE.

IT was Sunday; and when La Fleur came in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himself fo gallantly arrayed, I scarce knew him.

I had covenanted at Montriul to give him a new hat with a filver button and loop, and four Louis-d'ors pour s'adonifer, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him justice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good scarlet coat; and a pair of breeches of the same—They were not a crown worse, he said, for the wearing—I wish'd him hang'd for telling me.—They look'd so fresh, that I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have imposed upon my fancy, with thinking I had bought them new for the sellow, than that they had come out of the Rue de Fripperie.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart fore at

He had purchased moreover a handsome blue satting waistcoat, fancifully enough embroidered—this was indeed something the worse for the service it had done, but 'twas clean scour'd—the gold had been touch'd up, and upon the whole was rather showy than otherwise—and as the blue was not violent, it suited with the coat and breeches very well: he had squeez'd out of the money, moreover, a new bag and solitaire; and had insisted with the Frippier upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches knees—He had purchased muslin russes, bien bordées, with four livres of his own money,—and a pair of white silk stockings for sive more—and, to top all, nature had given him a handsome figure, without costing him a sous.

He entered the room thus set off, with his hair drest in the first style, and with a handsome bouquet in his breast—in a word, there was that look of sestivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday—and, by combating both together, it instantly struck me, that the favor he wish'd to ask

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me the hight before, was to spend the day as every one in Paris spent it besides. I had scarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur, with infinite humility, but with a look of trust, as if I should not resule him, begged I would grant him the day, pour faire le galant vis-à-vis de sa Maitresse.

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Now it was the very thing I intended to do myfelf vis-à-vis Madame de R\*\*\*——I had retained the
remise on purpose for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a servant so well dress'd
as La Fleur was, to have got up behind it: I never
could have worse spared him.

But we must feel, not argue in these embarrassments—the sons and daughters of service part with liberty, but not with Nature, in their contracts; they are sless and blood, and have their little vanities and wishes in the midst of the house of bondage, as well as their task-masters—no doubt, they have set their self-denials at a price—and their expectations are so unreasonable, that I would often disappoint them, but that their condition puts it so much in my power to do it.

Behold, Behold, I am thy fervant—difarms me at once of the powers of a master.

-Thou shalt go, La Fleur ! faid I.

And what mistress, La Fleur, said I, canst thou have picked up in so little a time at Paris? La Fleur laid his hand upon his breast, and said 'twas a petite Demoiselle at Monsseur le Comte de B\*\*\*\* La Fleur had a heart made for society; and, to speak the truth

of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master—
fo that, some how or other,—but how—heaven
knows—he had connected himself with the demoiselle
upon the landing of the stair-case, during the time I
was taken up with my passport; and as there was
time enough for me to win the Count to my interest,
La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the
maid to his.—The family, it seems, was to be at Paris
that day; and he had made a party with her, and two
or three more of the Count's household upon the
boulevards.

Happy people! that once a week at least are sure to lay down all your cares together, and dance and sing, and sport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the spirit of other nations to the earth.

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SENT. JOURNEY, P. 190.

#### THE MONK.

#### CALAIS.

A POOR Monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his Convent. No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies—or one man may be generous as another man is puissant—sed non quoad hanc—or be it as tmay—for there is no regular reasoning upon the F 6 ebbs

upon the same causes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themselves—'twould oft be no discredit to us, to suppose it was so: I'm sure at least for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied to have it said by the world, "I had had an "affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin "nor shame," than have it pass altogether as my own ast and deed, wherein there was so much of both.

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But be this as it may: the moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a single sous, and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—button'd it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him; there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonfure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples,
being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—
but from his eyes, and that sort of fire that was in them,
which seemed more temper'd by courtesy than years,
could be no more than sixty—Truth might lie be
tween—He was certainly sixty-sive; and the gene
ral air of his countenance, notwithstanding something
seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before
their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking down

downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd, as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, heaven above, who let it fall upon a Monk's shoulders, best knows: but it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had reverenced it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant or otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure—but it was the attitude of Intreaty; and as it now stands present to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

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When he had entered the room three paces, he flood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast, (a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and sigure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it.

—A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

—'Tis very true, faid I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and heaven be their source who have no other but the charity of the world, the

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flock of which, I fear, is no way fufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it.

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As I pronounced the words great claims, he gave a flight glance with his eye downwards upon the fleeve of his tunic \_\_\_ I felt the full fource of the appeal\_ I acknowledge it, faid 1, - a coarfe habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet-are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm—the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the order of Mercy, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you, for the ranfom of the unfortunate-The Monk made me a bow-but of all others, refumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, furely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore-The Monk gave a cordial wave with his head-as much as to fay, No doubt, there is mifery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent-But we diftinguish, faid I, laying my hand upon the fleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labor-and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through

through it in floth and ignorance, for the love of God.

The poor Franciscan made no reply; a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him; he shewed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he press'd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door — Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do: every ungracious syllable I had utter'd, crouded back into my imagination: I reslected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I considered his grey hairs—his courteous figure seem'd to re-enter, and gently ask me what injury he had done me?—and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along.

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### THE MONK.

as the idea of him cross'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no.—He stopp'd, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness; and having a horn snushbox in his hand, he presented it opened to me—You shall taste mine—said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one)—putting it into his hand—'Tis most excellent, said the Monk: Then do me the favor, I replied, to accept of the box and all, and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recolled it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor Monk blush'd as red as scarlet. Mon Diral said he, pressing his hands together—you never used me unkindly.—I should think, said the lady, he is not likely. I blush'd in my turn; but from what movements, I leave to the sew who feel to analyse—Excuse me, Madam, replied I—I treated him most unkindly; and from no provocation. 'Tis impossible said the lady—My God! cried the Monk with a warmth of asseveration which seem'd not to belong to him—the sault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal—the lady opposed it, and I joined with her in maintaining it was impossible that a spirit segulated as his, could give offence to any.

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I knew not that contention could be rendered for fweet and pleafurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it.—We remained filent, without any fensation of that foolish pain which takes place, when in such circle you look for ten minutes in one another's aces without faying a word. Whilst this lasted, the Monk rubbed his horn-box upon the sleeve of his unic; and as foon as it had acquired a little air of rightness by the friction—he made a low bow, and id, 'twas too late to fay whether it was the weakness goodness of our tempers which had involved us this contest—but be it as it would—he begg'd we ight exchange boxes—in faying this he presented to me with one hand, as he took mine from me th the other: and having kis'd it—with a stream sed. good-nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom and took his leave.

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I guard this box as I would the instrumental parts my religion, to help my mind on to fomething betin truth, I feldom go abroad without it; and oft many a time have I called up by it the courteous t of its owner to regulate my own in the justlings he world; they had found full employment for as I learnt from his story, 'till about the fortyyear of his age, when upon some military sersill requited, and meeting at the same time with sappointment in the tenderest of passions, he doned the fword and the fex together, and took pirit fo uary, not so much in his convent as in himself.

I feel

I feel a damp upon my spirits, as I am going to add, that in my last return through Calais, upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off: I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him—when upon pulling out his little horn-box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a slood of tears—but I am as weak as woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me

SEN. JOURNEY, P. 34

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### FELLOW-FEELING.

HERE is something in our nature which engages us to take part in every accident to which man is subject, from what cause soever it may have happened; but in such calamities as a man has fallen into through mere missortune, to be charged upon no fault or indiscretion of himself, there is some thing then so truly interesting, that at the first sight we generally make them our own, not altogether from a reslection that they might have been or may be so but oftener from a certain generosity and tenderness of nature which disposes us for compassion, abstraction

ed from all confiderations of felf: fo that without any observable act of the will, we suffer with the unfortunate, and feel a weight upon our spirits we know not why, on feeing the most common instances of their distress. But where the spectacle is uncommonly tragical, and complicated with many circumstances of misery, the mind is then taken captive at once, and were it inclined to it, has no power to make refistance, but surrenders itself to all the tender emotions of pity and deep concern. So that when one confiders this friendly part of nature, without looking farther, one would think it impossible for man to look upon misery without finding himself in some measure attached to the interest of him who suffers it—I say, one would think it impossible—for there are some empers-how shall I describe them?-formed either of fuch impenetrable matter, or wrought up by habitual selfishness to such an utter insensibility of what becomes of the fortunes of their fellow-creatures, as f they were not partakers of the same nature, or had to lot or connection with the species.

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SERMON 111, P. 43.

### THE MERCIFUL MAN.

hold a fordid wretch,—whose strait heart is pen to no man's affliction, taking shelter behind an ppearance of picty, and putting on the garb of religion,

have a title to wear! Take notice with what fanctity he goes to the end of his days, in the same selfish track in which he at first set out—turning neither to the right-hand nor the lest—but plods on—pores all his life long upon the ground, as if asraid to look up, lest peradventure he should see aught which might turn him one moment out of that strait line where interest is carrying him;—or if, by chance, he stumbles upon a hapless object of distress, which threatens such a disaster to him—devoutly passing by on the other side, as if unwilling to trust himself to the impressions of nature, or hazard the inconveniences which pity might lead him into upon the occasion.

SERMON 111. P. 46.

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In benevolent natures, the impulse to pity is so sudden, that, like instruments of music, which obey the touch—the objects which are fitted to excite such impressions, work so instantaneous an effect, that you would think the will was scarce concerned, and that the mind was altogether passive in the sympathy which her own goodness has excited. The truth is—the soul is generally in such cases so busily taken up, and wholly engrossed by the object of pity, that she does not attend to her own operations or take leisure to examine the principles upon which she acts.

SERMON III. P. 51.

### SLANDER.

OF the many revengeful, covetous, false, and illnatured persons which we complain of in the world, though we all join in the cry against them, what man amongst us singles out himself as a criminal, or ever once takes it into his head that he adds to the number?—or where is there a man so bad, who would not think it the hardest and most unfair imputation, to have any of those particular vices laid o his charge?

If he has the fymptoms never fo strong upon him, which he would pronounce infallible in another, hey are indications of no fuch malady in himfelfe sees what no one else sees, some secret and flatering circumstances in his favor, which no doubt hake a wide difference betwixt, his case, and the for sarties which he condemns.

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What other man speaks so often and vehemently ainst the vice of pride, sets the weakness of it in a ore odious light, or is more hurt with it in another, an the proud man himself? It is the same with the affionate, the defigning, the ambitious, and fome her common characters in life; and being a conquence of the nature of fuch vices, and almost inparable from them, the effects of it are generally fo of and abfurd, that where pity does not forbid, it pleasant to observe and trace the cheat through the feveral

feveral turnings and windings of the heart, and detect it through all the shapes and appearances which it puts on.

SERMON IV. P. 71

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### HOUSE OF MOURNING.

ET us go into the house of mourning, made in by fuch afflictions as have been brought in merely by the common cross accidents and disaster to which our condition is exposed, -where, perhaps, the aged parents fit broken-hearted, pierced to the fouls with the folly and indifcretion of a thankled child—the child of their prayers, in whom all the hopes and expectations centered :- perhaps a mon affecting scene-a virtuous family lying pinche with want, where the unfortunate support of it have ing long struggled with a train of misfortunes, and bravely fought up against them,—is now piteoul borne down at the last-overwhelmed with a crue blow which no forecast or frugality could have pre vented.—O God! look upon his afflictions—Behol him distracted with many forrows, surrounded with the tender pledges of his love, and the partner his cares—without bread to give them, unable, from the remembrance of better days, to dig;-to be ashamed. Whe

When we enter into the house of mourning such as this—it is impossible to insult the unfortunate even with an improper look-Under whatever levity and diffipation of heart, such objects catch our eyes,they catch likewife our attentions, collect and call home our scattered thoughts, and exercise them with wildom. A transient scene of distress, such as is here sketched, how soon does it furnish materials to fet the mind at work! how necessarily does it engage it to the confideration of the miferies and misfortunes. the dangers and calamities to which the life of man issubject! By holding up such a glass before it, it forces the mind to fee and reflect upon the vanitythe perishing condition, and uncertain tenure of every thing in this world. From reflections of this ferious cast, how insensibly do the thoughts carry us farther!-and from confidering what we are-what kind of world we live in, and what evils befall us in it, how naturally do they fet us to look forwards at what possibly we shall be, for what kind of world we are intended—what evils may befall us there-and what provision we should make against them here, whilst we have time and opportunity! If these lessons are so inseparable from the house of mourning here supposed—we shall find it a still more instructive school of wisdom when we take a view of the place in that more affecting light in which the wife man feems to confine it in the text, in which, by the house of mourning, I believe he means that particular scene of sorrow, where there is lamentation

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tion and mourning for the dead. Turn in hither, I befeech you, for a moment. Behold a dead man ready to be carried out, the only fon of his mother, and she a widow! Perhaps a more affecting spectacle, a kind and indulgent father of a numerous family, lies breathless-fnatched away in the strength of his agetorn in an evil hour from his children and the bolom of a disconsolate wife! Behold much people of the city gathered together to mix their tears, with settled forrow in their looks, going heavily along to the house of mourning, to perform the last melancholy office, which, when the debt of nature is paid, we are called upon to pay each other! If this fad occafion which leads him there, has not done it already, take notice to what a serious and devout frame of mind every man is reduced, the moment he enters this gate of affliction. The bufy and fluttering spirits, which in the house of mirth were wont to transport him from one diverting object to another—fee how they are fallen! how peaceably they are laid! In this gloomy mansion full of shades and uncomfortable damps to feize the foul-fee, the light and early heart, which never knew what it was to think before, how pensive it is now, how soft, how susceptible, how full of religious impressions, how deeply it is fmitten with sense and with a love of virtue! Could we, in this criss, whilst the empire of reason and religion lasts, and the heart is thus exercised with wildom, and busied with heavenly contemplations-could we fee it naked as it is-stripped of its passions, un**fpotted** 

we might then safely rest our cause upon this single evidence, and appeal to the most sensual, whether solomon has not made a just determination here, in favour of the house of mourning? not for its own sake, but as it is fruitful in virtue, and becomes the occation of so much good. Without this end, sorrow, I own, has no use but to shorten a man's days—nor can gravity, with all its studied solemnity of look and carriage, serve any end but to make one half of the world merry, and impose upon the other.

SERM. 11. P. 33.

### FRAILTY.

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THE best of men appear sometimes to be strange compounds of contradictory qualities: nd, were the accidental oversights and folly of the visest man,—the failings and impersections of a regious man,—the hasty acts and passionate words of meek man; were they to rise up in judgment gainst them,—and an ill-natured judge be suffered o mark, in this manner, what has been done amiss—what character so unexceptionable as to be able to and before him?

SERM. XXXI. P. 33.

#### INSENSIBILITY.

IT is the fate of mankind, too often, to seem insenfible of what they may enjoy at the easiest rate.

SERM. XLII. P. 126.

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### UNCERTAINTY.

HERE is no condition in life fo fixed and permanent as to be out of danger, or the reach of change: and we all may depend upon it, that we shall take our turns of wanting and defiring. By how many unforeseen causes may riches take wing!-The crowns of princes may be shaken, and the greatest that ever awed the world have experienced what the turn of the wheel can do .- That which hath happened to one man, may befall another; and, therefore, that excellent rule of our Saviour's ought to govern us in all our actions,-Whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you also to them likewife.—Time and chance happen to all ;-and the most affluent may be stript of all, and find his worldly comforts like so many withered leaves dropping from him.

SERM. XLI, P. 209.

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or d nave taken, to old and poor a men in

### THE DEAD ASS.

A ND this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—and this should have been thy portion, said he, had st thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead on the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was fitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—look'd at them—and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—look'd wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-thaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

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—He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seem'd desirous to know what business

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could

could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was asraid of being berest of them all; and made a vow, if heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Jago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopp'd to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He faid heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had fet out from his cottage, with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about, heard the poor sellow with concern—La Fleur offered him money—the mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him.—The ass, he said, he was affured, loved him—and upon this, to them a long story of a mischance upon their passay over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separate them from each other three days: during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and they had neither scarce eat or drank they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least the loss of thy poor beast; I'm sure thou hast been merciful master to him.—Alas! said the mourner,

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thought so, when he was alive—but now he is dead, I think otherwise.—I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.—Shame on the world! said I to myself—Did we love each other as this poor soul but lov'd his ass—'twould be something.

wo wird your the worker, bousent. Journey, p. 74.

## HUMOURING IMMORAL APPETITES.

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THE humouring of certain appetites, where morality is not concerned, seems to be the means by which the Author of nature intended to sweeten this journey of life,—and bear us up under the many shocks and hard jostlings, which we are sure to meet with in our way. And a man might, with as much reason, mustle up himself against sunshine and fair weather,—and at other times expose himself naked to the inclemencies of cold and rain, as debar himself of the innocent delights of his nature, for affected referve and melancholy.

It is true, on the other hand, our passions are apt to grow upon us by indulgence, and become exorbitant, if they are not kept under exact discipline, that by way of caution and prevention, 'twere better, at certain times, to affect some degree of needless reserve, than hazard any ill consequences from the other extreme.

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# I have chervilled I feat the cight of myfelf and walking ber nave been too much for him.

anought to, which he was above but rope he is dead.

OOK into private life—behold how good and pleafant a thing it is to live together in unity;it is like the precious ointment poured upon the head of Auron, that run down to his skirts; importing that this balm of life is felt and enjoyed, not only by governors of kingdoms, but is derived down to the lowest rank of life, and tafted in the most private recesses;all, from the king to the peafant, are refreshed with its bleffings, without which we can find no comfort in any thing this world can give. It is this bleffing gives every one to fit quietly under his vine, and reap the fruits of his labor and industry: in one word, which bespeaks who is the bestower of it-it is that only which keeps up the harmony and order of the world, and preferves every thing in it from ruin and confusion undirect straigs followed our officer quality

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THERE are secret workings in human affairs, which over-rule all human contrivance, and counterplot the wisest of our councils, in so strange and unexpected a manner, as to cast a damp upon our best schemes and warmest endeavours.

HAMON XXXVII. 2, 19,

SERMON XXXIX. P. 170.

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Captain Shandy's Justification of his own Principles and Conduct in Wishing to continue the War.

Written to his Brother.

I AM not insensible, brother Shandy, that when a man, whose profession is arms, wishes, as I have done, for war,—it has an ill aspect to the world;—and that, how just and right soever his motives and intentions may be,—he stands in an uneasy posture in vindicating himself from private views in doing it.

For this cause, if a soldier is a prudent man, which he may be, without being a jot the less brave, he will be fure not to utter his wish in the hearing of an enemy; for, fay what he will, an enemy will not believe him.—He will be cautious of doing it even to a friend, -lest he may suffer in his esteem:-But if his heart is overcharged, and a fecret figh for arms must have ... its vent, he will referve it for the ear of a brother, who knows his true character to the bottom, and what his true notions, dispositions, and principles of honor are: What, I hope, I have been in all these, brother Shandy, would be unbecoming in me to fay: much worse, I know, have I been than I ought,and something worse, perhaps, than I think:—but uch as I am, you, my dear brother Shandy, who have uck'd the same breasts with me,—and with whom I lave been brought up from my cradle,—and from those knowledge, from the first hours of our boyish

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pastimes, down to this, I have concealed no one action of my life, and scarce a thought in it-fuch as I am, brother, you must by this time know me, with all my vices, and with all my weaknesses too, whether of my age, my temper, my passions, or my understanding.

Tell me then, my dear brother Shandy, upon which of them it is, that when I condemned the peace of Utrecht, and grieved the war was not carried on with vigor a little longer, you should think your brother did it upon unworthy views; or that in wishing for war, he should be bad enough to wish more of his fellow creatures flain, -more flaves made, and more families driven from their peaceful habitations, merely for his own pleafure: Tell me, brother Shandy, upon what one deed of mine do you ground it?

If when I was a school-boy, I could not hear a drum beat, but my heart beat with it-was it my fault? Did I plant the propenfity there? Did I found the alarm within, or Nature?

When Guy, Earl of Warwick, and Parismus and Parismenus, and Valentine and Orson, and the Seven Champions of England were handed around the school, -were they not all purchased with my own pocket money?-Was that felfish, brother Shandy? When we read over the fiege of Troy, which lasted ten years and eight months, -though with fuch a train of artillery as we had at Namur, the town might have been carried in a week-was I not as much concerned for the Greeks and Trojans as any boy of the whole school? Had I not three strokes of a ferula given me, two on

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my right hand, and one on my left, for calling Helena a bitch for it? Did any one of you shed more tears for Hellor? And when king Priam came to the camp to beg his body, and returned weeping back to Troy without it,—you know, brother, I could not eat my dinner.

—Did that bespeak me cruel? Or because, brother shandy, my blood slew out into the camp, and my heart panted for war,—was it a proof it could not ach for the distresses of war too?

O brother! tis one thing for a foldier to gather laurels,—and tis another to scatter cypress.

—'Tis one thing, brother Shandy, for a foldier to hazard his own life—to leap first down into the trench, where he is sure to be cut in pieces:—'Tis one thing, from public spirit and a thirst of glory, to enter the breach the first man,—to stand in the foremost rank, and march bravely on with drums and trumpets, and colours slying about his ears:—'tis one thing, I say, brother Shandy, to do this;—and 'tis another thing to reslect on the miseries of war,—to view the desolations of whole countries, and consider the intolerable satigues and hardships which the soldier himself, the instrument who works them, is forced (for six-pence a-day, if he can get it) to undergo.

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Need I be told, dear Yorick, as I was by you, in Lie Fevre's funeral fermon, That fo foft and gentle a creature, born to love mercy and kindness, as man is, was not shaped for this? But why did you not add, Yorick, —if not by NATURE,—that he is so by NECESSITY?

-For

—For what is war? what is it, Yorick, when fought as ours has been, upon principles of Liberty, and upon principles of Honor—what is it, but the getting together of quiet and harmless people, with their swords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds? And heaven is my witness, brother Shandy, that the pleasure I have taken in these things,—and that infinite delight, in particular, which has attended my sieges in my bowling-green, has rose within me, and I hope in the Corporal too, from the consciousness we both had, that in carrying them on, we were answering the great end of our creation.

T. SHANDY, VOL. III. CHAP. 75.

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Name of Toby was a man patient of injuries;—
not from want of courage,—where just occafions presented, or called it forth,—I know no man
under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter;—
nor did this arise from any infensibility or obtuseness of
his intellectual parts;—he was of a peaceful, placid
nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up
so kindly with him; my uncle Toby had scarce a heart
to retaliate upon a fly:—Go,—says he one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about
his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner time,
—and

—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last—as it slew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the sly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape;—go, poor devil,—get thee gone; why should I hurt thee?—This world surely is wide enough to hold thee and me.

\*\* This is to ferve for parents and governors, inflead of a whole volume upon the subject.

T. SHANDY, VOL. I. CHAP. 37.

### INDOLENCE.

Inconsistent foul that man is!—languishing under wounds which he has the power to heal!—his whole life a contradiction to his knowledge!—his reason, that precious gift of God to him—(instead of pouring in oil) serving but to sharpen his sensibilities,—to multiply his pains, and render him more melancholy and uneasy under them!—Poor unhappy creature, that he should do so!—are not the necessary causes of misery in this life enow, but he must add voluntary ones to his stock of sorrow;—struggle against evils which cannot be avoided, and submit to others, which a tenth part of the trouble they create him, would remove from his heart for ever?

T. SHANDY, VOL. 11. CHAP. 14.

### CONSOLATION.

BEFORE an affliction is digested,—consolation ever comes too soon;—and after it is digested—it comes too late: there is but a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at.

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 22.

### THE STARLING.

BESHREW the fombre pencil! faid I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with fo hard and deadly a coloring. The mind fits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened; reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Bastille is not an evil to be despised—but strip it of its towers—fill up the softe—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

with a voice which I took to be of a child which complained " it could not get out,"—I looked "

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and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I hav it was a starling hung in a little cage—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage it ran sluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity—" I can't get out," said the starling—God help thee! said I, but I will let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open, without pulling it to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient—I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty—"No," said the starling—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling,

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I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened: nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the diffipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastille; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying twery word I had said in going down them.

Difguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! faid I -fill thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to LIBERTY. whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be fo, 'till NATURE herfelf shall change—no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron -with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled --- Gracious heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent -Grant me but health, thou great bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion - and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 134.

### THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

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of tur I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow creatures born to no inheritance but flavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of fad groups in it did but distract me—

I took a fingle captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deserr'd. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and severish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once sann'd his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice:—his children—

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

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He was fitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small slicks were laid at the head, notch'd all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of those little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he listed up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle

—He gave a deep figh—I faw the iron enter into his foul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

SENT. JOURNEY. P. 138.

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### THE DWARF.

I WAS walking down that lane which leads from the Caroufal to the Palair Royal, and observing a little boy in some distress at the side of the gutter, which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and help'd him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty—Never mind, said I; some good body will do as much for me when I am ninety.

I feel some little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards the poor blighted part of my species, who have neither fize or strength to get on in the world.—I cannot bear to see one of them trodupon; and had scarce got seated beside an old French officer at the Opera Comique, ere the disgust was exercised, by seeing the very thing happen under the box we sat in.

At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small esplanade lest, where when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the parterre, you pay the same price as in the orchestra. A poor defenceless

fenceless being of this order had got thrust, somehow or other, into this luckless place—the night was hot, and he was furrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on both sides; but the thing which incommoded him most was a tall corpulent German, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt him and all possibility of seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by feeking for some little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying first one side, then the other; but the German stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined—the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in Paris; so he civilly reached up his hand to the German's sleeve, and told him his distress -The German turn'd his head back, look'd down upon him as Goliah did upon David-and unfeelingly refumed his posture.

I was just then taking a pinch of snuff out of my Monk's little horn-box—And how would thy meek and courteous spirit, my dear Monk! so temper'd to bear and forbear!—how sweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor soul's complaint!

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deles The old French officer feeing me lift up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apostrophe, took the liberty to ask me what was the matter—I told him the story in three words; and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his first transports, which are generally unreafonable, had told the German he would cut off his long queu with his knife—The German look'd back cooly, and told him he was welcome, if he could reach it.

An injury sharpened by an insult, be it to who it will, makes every man of sentiment a party; I could have leaped out of the box to have redressed it.—The old French officer did it with much less confusion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a sentinel, and pointing at the same time with his singer to the distress—the sentinel made his way to it.—There was no occasion to tell the grievance—the thing told itself; so thrusting back the German instantly with his musket—he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him—This is nobles said I, clapping my hands together—And yet you would not permit this, said the old officer, in England.

In England, dear Sir, faid I, we all fit at our eafe.

The old French officer would have fet me at unity with myself, in case I had been at variance,—by saying it was a bon mot—and as a bon mot is always worth something at Paris, he offered me a pinch of snuff.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 113

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### CHARITY.

WHEN all is ready, and every article is disputed and paid for in the inn, unless you are a little sour'd by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaise, and that is with the sons and daughters of poverty, who surround you. Let no man say, "Let them go to the devil"—'tis a cruel journey to send a sew miserables, and they have had sufferings enow without it: I always think it better to take a few sous out in my hand; and I would counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise; he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them—they will be registered elsewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives so little is I do; for few that I know have so little to give: but as this was the first public act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it.

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A well-a-day! faid I, I have but eight fous in the world, shewing them in my hand, and there are ight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tatter'd foul without a shirt on, instantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of the itcle, and making a disqualifying bow, on his part. and the whole parterre cried out Place aux dames! ith one voice, it would not have conveyed the interest of a deserence for the sex with half the sect.

Just heaven! for what wife reason hast thou ordered it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this?

I infifted upon presenting him with a fingle sous, merely for his politesse.

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A poor little dwarfish, brisk fellow, who stood over-against me in the circle, putting something first under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his fnuff-box out of his pocket, and generously offered a pinch on both fides of him: it was a gift of confequence, and modestly declined-The poor little fellow press'd it upon them with a nod of welcome ness-Prenez-en-prenez, said he, looking another way; fo they each took a pinch.—Pity thy box should ever want one, faid I to myself; so I put a couple of fous into it—taking a small pinch out of his box, to enhance the value, as I did it-He felt the weight of the fecond obligation more than that of the first-'twas doing him an honor-the other was only doing him a charity-and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

—Here! faid I to an old foldier with one hand, who had been campaign'd and worn out to death in the fervice—here's a couple of four for thee. Vin le Roi! faid the old foldier.

I had then but three fous left; so I gave one simply pour l'amour de Dieu, which was the footing of which it was begg'd—The poor woman had a dillo cate

cated hip; fo it could not be well upon any other motive.

Mon cher & tres charitable Monsieur-There's no opposing this, said I.

My Lord Anglois-the very found was worth the money-fo I gave my last four for it. But in the eagerness of giving, I overlook'd a pauvre honteux, who had no one to ask a sous for him, and who, I believed, would have perished ere he could have asked one for himself: he stood by the chaise, a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had feen better days-Good God! faid I-and I have not one fingle fous left to give him-But you have a thousand! cried all the powers of nature, stirring within me-fo I gave him -no matter what-I am ashamed to say how much, now-and was ashamed to think how little, then; so if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as these two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the precise fum.

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I could afford nothing for the rest, but Dieu vous bénisse—Et le bon Dieu vous bénisse encore—said the old soldier, the dwarf, &c. The pauvre honteux could say nothing—he pull'd out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away—and I thought he thanked me more than them all.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 66

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### REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

THE Corporal\_\_\_

Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius,—for he was your kinsman:

Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness,—for he was your brother.—Oh Corporal! had I thee but now,—now, that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection,—how would I cherish thee! thou should it wear thy Montero-cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week,—and when it was worn out, I would purchase thee a couple like it:—but alas! alas! alas! now that I can do this in spite of their reverences—the occasion is lost—for thou art gone;—thy genius sled up to the stars from whence it came;—and that warm heart of thine, with all its generous and open vessels, compressed into a clod of the vall'y!

But what is this—what is this, to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military enfigns of thy master—the first—the foremost of created beings; where I shall see thee, faithful servant! laying his sword and scabbard with a trembling hand across his cossin, and then turning pale as ashes to the door, to take his mourning horse by the bridle, to follow his hearse, as he directed thee;—where—all my father's systems shall be bassled by his forrows; and, in spite of his philosophy.

fophy, I shall behold him, as he inspects the lackered plate, twice taking his spectacles from off his nose, to wipe away the dew which nature had shed upon them—when I see him cast the rosemary with an air of disconsolation, which cries through my ears,—O Toby! in what corner of the world shall I seek thy fellow?

—Gracious powers! which erst have opened the lips of the dumb in his distress, and made the tongue of the stammerer speak plain—when I shall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a stinted hand.

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T. SHANDY, VOL. III. C. 68.

#### PLEASURES OF

### OBSERVATION AND STUDY.

be grasped within this little span of life, yhim who interests his heart in every thing, and tho, having eyes to see what time and chance are espetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on is way, misses nothing he can fairly lay his hands n!

-If this won't turn out something—another will no matter—'tis an essay upon human nature—I get my

my labor for my pains—'tis enough—the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses, and the best part of my blood awake, and laid the gross to sleep.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beer Sheba, and cry, 'Tis all barren—And so it is; and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that were I in a defart, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections—If I could do no better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to—I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection—I would carry name upon them, and swear they were the lovelies trees throughout the defart: if their leaves withered I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 51

### FEELING AND BENEFICENCE.

WAS it Mackay's regiment, quoth my und Toby, where the poor grenadier was so a mercifully whipp'd at Bruges about the ducats?—O Christ! he was innocent! cried Trim, with a defigh.—And he was whipp'd, may it please you honor, almost to death's door.—They had bette have shot him outright, as he begged, and he had

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gone directly to heaven, for he was as innocent as your Honor.-I thank thee, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby. I never think of his, continued Trim, and my poor brother Tom's misfortunes, for we were all three school-fellows, but I cry like a coward.—Tears are no proof of cowardice, Trim; I drop them oft imes myself, cried my uncle Toby-I know your honor does, replied Trim, and so am not ashamed of it myself.—But to think, may it please your nonor, continued Trim,—a tear stealing into the corher of his eye as he spoke—to think of two virnous lads, with hearts as warm in their bodies, and shonest as God could make them—the children of onest people, going forth with gallant spirits to seek ed heir fortunes in the world—and fall into fuch evils! no our Tom ! to be tortured upon a rack for nothingut marrying a 7ew's widow who fold faufagesonest Dick Johnson's soul to be scourged out of his 51 ody, for the ducats another man put in his knapfack! -0!—these are misfortunes, cried Trim, pulling out is handkerchief,—these are misfortunes,—may it lease your honor, worth laying down and crying Ē. ver.

—'Twould be a pity, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, ou should'st ever feel sorrow of thy own—thou elest it so tenderly for others. Alack-a-day, reied the Corporal, brightening up his face—your nor knows I have neither wife or child—I can we no sorrows in this world. As few as any man, olied my uncle Toby; nor can I see how a fellow

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of thy light heart can fuffer, but from the diftress of poverty in thy old age-when thou art past all fer. vices, Trim, and hast outlived thy friends. An't please your honor, never fear, replied Trim, cheerily -But I would have thee, never fear, Trim, replied my uncle Toby; and therefore, continued my uncle Toby, throwing down his crutch, and getting upon his legs as he uttered the word therefore—in recompence, Trim, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodness of thy heart I have had such proofs ofwhilst thy master is worth a shilling-thou shalt never ask elsewhere, Trim, for a penny. Trim at tempted to thank my uncle Toby, but had not powerteers trickled down his cheeks faster than he could wipe them off-he laid his hands upon his breaftmade a bow to the ground, and shut the door.

—I have left *Trim* my bowling-green, cried my uncle *Toby*—My father fmiled—I have left him moreover, a pension, continued my uncle *Toby*—My father looked grave.

T. SHANDY, V. 11. C. 39

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# SLAVERY.

CONSIDER flavery,—what it is,—how bitter draught, and how many millions have been made to drink it;—which if it can poison all earth happiness when exercised barely upon our bodies.

what must it be, when it comprehends both the slavery of body and mind? To conceive this, look into the history of the Romish church and her tyrants (or rather executioners), who feem to have taken pleafure in the pangs and convulfions of their fellow creatures. -Examine the Inquifition, hear the melancholy notes founded in every cell.—Consider the anguish of mock trials, and the exquisite tortures consequent thereupon, mercilessly inflicted upon the unfortunate, where the racked and weary foul has fo often wished to take its leave, -but cruelly not fuffered to depart \_Consider how many of these helpless wretches have been hauled from thence in all periods of this tyrannic usurpation, to undergo the massacres and flames to which a false and bloody religion has condemned them.

-Let us behold him in another light-

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If we consider man as a creature full of wants and necessities (whether real or imaginary), which he is not able to supply of himself, what a train of disappointments, vexations and dependences are to be seen, sliving from thence to perplex and make his way untaly!—How many justlings and hard struggles do we undergo in making our way in the world!—How parbarously held back!—How often and basely over-hrown, in aiming only at getting bread!—How many of us never attain it—at least not comfortably,—but from various unknown causes—eat it all our lives ong in bitterness!

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THAVE not been a furlong from Shandy-hall, fince I wrote to you last but why is my pen to perverse? I have been to \*\*\*\*\*, and my errand was of fo peculiar a nature, that I must give you an account of it .- You will scarce believe me, when I tell you it was to out-juggle a juggling attorney; to put craft and all its power to defiance; and to obtain justice from one-who has a heart full enough to take advantage of the mistakes of honest simplicity, and who has raifed a confiderable fortune by artifice and injustice. However, I gained my point !- it was a star and garter to me; the matter was as follows.

" A poor man, the father of my Vestal, having by " the sweat of his brow, during a course of many labo-" rious years, faved a small sum of money, applied to this scribe to put it out to use for him: this was " done, and a bond given for the money. - The " honest man, having no place in his cottage which " he thought sufficiently secure, put it in a hole in " the thatch, which had ferved instead of a strong " box to keep his money. In this fituation the bond remained till the time of receiving his interest " drew nigh. But alas! the rain which had done " no mischief to his gold, had found out his pape " fecurity, and had rotted it to pieces!" It would be a difficult matter to paint the distress of the old ultifiab countryma

countryman upon this discovery; -he came to me weeping, and begged my advice and affiftance !-it cut me to the heart!

Frame to yourfelf the picture of a man upwards of fixty years of age-who having with much penury and more toil, with the addition of a small legacy, scraped together about fourscore pounds to support him in the infirmities of old age, and to be a little portion for his child when he should be dead and gone-lost his little hoard at once-and to aggravate his misfortune—by his own neglect and incaution.— " If I was young, Sir, (faid he) my affliction would " have been light—and I might have obtained it " again !---but I have lost my comfort when I most " wanted it! my staff is taken from me when I " cannot go alone; and I have nothing to expect in " future life, but the unwilling charity of a parish-" officer." Never in my whole life did I wish to be rich, with fo good a grace, as at this time! What a uxury would it have been to have faid to this afflicted ellow-creature, "There is thy money—go thy ways and be at peace.

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But alas! the Shandy family were never much enumbered with money; and I (the poorest of them ll) could only affift him with good counsel:—but I lid not stop here.

I went myself with him to \*\*\*\*\*, where by peruation, threats, and some art, which (by the bye) in wha cause, and with such an opponent, was very Affinable—I fent my poor client back to his home, with

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with his comfort and his bond restored to him, Bravo! Bravo!

If a man has a right to be proud of any thing,—it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

LETTER VI. TO HIS FRIENDS.

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# FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

To is the mild and quiet half of the world, who are generally outraged and borne down by the other half of it; but in this they have the advantage; whatever be the sense of their wrongs, that pride stands not so watchful a centinel over their for giveness, as it does in the breasts of the sierce and so ward; we should all of us, I believe, be more sor giving than we are, would the world but given leave; but it is apt to interpose its ill offices in so missions, especially of this kind: the truth is, it has its laws, to which the heart is not always a party and acts so like an unseeling engine in all calculated without distinction, that it requires all the summer of the most settled humanity to bear up against it.

Little to the proposition of the state of

SERMON XV111, P. 6

### HAPPINESS.

THE great pursuit of man is after happiness: it is the first and strongest desire of his nature; -in every stage of his life, he searches for it as for hidden treasure; courts it under a thousand different shapes,—and though perpetually disappointed,—still perfists,-ruus after and enquires for it afresh-asks every passenger who comes in his way, Who will frew him any good? who will affift him in the attainment of it, or direct him to the discovery of this great end of all his wishes?

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P. 6

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He is told by one to fearch for it among the more gay and youthful pleasures of life, in scenes of mirth and sprightliness, where happiness ever presides, and is ever to be known by the joy and laughter which he will fee at once painted in her looks. A fecond, with a graver aspect, points out to the costly dwellings which pride and extravagance have erected:—tells the enquirer that the object he is in search of inhabits there,—that happiness lives only in company with the cale great, in the midst of much pomp and outward state, that he will eafily find her out by the coat of many colors she has on, and the great luxury and expence of equipage and furniture with which she always fits urrounded.

> The Mifer bleffes God!—wonders how any one would missead and wilfully put him upon so wrong, a

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fcent—convinces him that happiness and extravagance never inhabited under the same roof; that if he would not be disappointed in his fearch, he must look into the plain and thrifty dwellings of the prudent man, who knows and understands the worth of money, and cautiously lays it up against an evil hour: that it is not the prostitution of wealth upon the passions, or the parting with it at all that constitutes happiness—but that it is the keeping it together, and the having and holding it fast to him and his heirs for ever, which are the chief attributes that form this great idol of human worship, to which so much incense is offered up every day.

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The Epicure, though he easily rectifies so gross a mistake, yet at the same time he plunges him, if possible, into a greater; for hearing the object of his pursuit to be happiness, and knowing of no other happiness than what is seated immediately in his senseshe sends the enquirer there;—tells him 'tis vain to search elsewhere for it, than where nature herself has placed it—in the indulgence and gratification of the appetites, which are given us for that end: and in word—if he will not take his opinion in the matter—he may trust the word of a much wiser man, who has affured us—that there is nothing better in this world, than that a man should eat and drink and rejoice in his works, and make his soul enjoy good in his labor: for that is his portion.

To rescue him from this brutal experiment—Ambition takes him by the hand, and carries him into the world—

world,—shews him all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them,—points out the many ways of advancing his fortune, and raising himself to honor,—lays before his eyes all the charms and bewitching temptations of power, and asks if there can be any happiness in this world like that of being carefied, courted, flattered, and followed?

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To close all, the Philosopher meets him bustling in the full career of this pursuit—stops him—tells him, if he is in search of happiness, he is far gone out of his way. That this Deity has long been banished from noise and tumults, where there was no rest found for her, and was sled into solitude far from all commerce of the world; and, in a word, if if he would find her, he must leave this busy and intriguing scene, and go back to that peaceful scene of retirement and books, from which he first set out.

In this circle too often does a man run, tries all experiments, and generally fits down wearied and diffatisfied with them all at last—in utter despair of ever accomplishing what he wants—nor knowing what to trust to after so many disappointments; or where to lay the fault, whether in the incapacity of his own nature, or in the insufficiency of the enjoyments themselves.

SERMON I. P. 1.

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## TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

Y heart stops me to pay thee, my dear uncle Toby, once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodness;-here let me thrust my chair aside, and kneel down upon the ground, whilst I am pouring forth. the warmest sentiments of love for thee, and veneration for the excellency of thy character, that ever virtue and nature kindled in a nephew's bosom. Peace and comfort rest for evermore upon thy head! -Thou envieds no man's comforts, -insulteds no man's opinions.-Thou blackenedst no man's character,-devouredst no man's bread : gently, with faithful Trim behind thee, didst thou amble round the little circle of thy pleasures, jostling no creature in the way :- for each one's forrows thou hadft a tear,for each man's need thou hadft a shilling. Whilft I am worth one, to pay a weeder,-thy path from thy door to thy bowling-green shall never be grown up-Whilst there is a rood and a half of land in the Shandy family, thy fortifications, my dear uncle Toby, shall never be demolish'd

ALIE LE MOVES

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 27.

# YORICK'S DEATH A BROKEN HEART.

HE Mortgager, and Mortgagee differ the one from the other, not more in length of purse, than the Jester and Jestee do, in that of memory. But in this the comparison between them runs, as the scholiasts call it, upon all-fours; (which, by the bye, is upon one or two legs more than some of the best of Homer's can pretend to); -namely, That the one raifes a fum, and the other a laugh at your expence, and thinks no more about it. Interest, however, still runs on in both cases;—the periodical or accidental payments of it, just ferving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till, at length, in some evil hour,-pop comes the creditor upon each, and, by demanding principal upon the spot, together with full interest to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

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As the reader (for I hate your ifs) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not fay more to fatisfy him, that my Hero could not go on at this rate without some slight experience of these incidental mementos. To speak the truth, he had wantonly involved himself in a multitude of small book-debts of this stamp, which, notwithstanding Eugenius's frequent advice, he too much disregarded; thinking, that as not one of them was contracted through any malignancy,—but, on the contrary, from an honesty

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of mind, and a mere jocundity of humour, they would all of them be cross'd out in course.

Eugenius would never admit this; and would often tell him, that one day or other he would certainly be reckoned with; and he would often add, in an accent of forrowful apprehension,—to the uttermost mite. To which Yorick, with his usual carelesses of heart, would as often answer with a pshaw!—and if the subject was started in the fields,—with a hop, skip, and a jump at the end of it; but if close pent up in the social chimney-corner, where the culput was barricado'd in, with a table and a couple of armchairs, and could not so readily sly off in a tangent,—Eugenius would then go on with his lecture upon different in words to this purpose, though somewhat better put together.

Trust me, dear Yorick, this unwary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of.—In these sallies, too oft, I see, it happens, that a person laughed at, considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckons up his friends, his family, his kindred and allies,—and musters up with them the many recruits that will list under him from a sense of common danger;—'tis no extravagant arithmetick to say, that for every ten jokes,—thou hast got an hundred enemies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half

stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so.

I cannot suspect it in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen, or malevolence of intent in these fallies—I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive:—But consider, my dear lad, that sools cannot distinguish this,—and that knaves will not: and thou knowest not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other:—whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too.

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Revenge from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonor at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right. The fortunes of thy house shall totter,-thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it,thy faith questioned,—thy works belied—thy wit forgotten,-thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, CRUELTY and Cow-ARDICE, twin ruffians, hired and fet on by MALICE. in the dark, fhall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes: The best of us, my dear lad, lie open there,—and trust me,—trust me, Yorick, when to gratify a private appetite, it is once refolved upon, that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a sire to offer it up with.

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Yorick scarce ever heard this sad vaticination of his destiny read over to him, but with a tear stealing from his eye, and a promissory look attending it, that he was resolved, for the time to come, to ride his tit with more sobriety.—But, alas, too late!—a grand confederacy, with \*\*\*\*\* and \*\*\*\*\* at the head of it, was formed before the first prediction of it.—The whole plan of the attack, just as Eugenius had foreboded, was put in execution all at once,—with so little mercy on the side of the allies,—and so little suspicion in Yorick, of what was carrying on against him,—that when he thought, good easy man! full surely preferment was o' ripening,—they had smote his root, and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

Yorick, however, fought it out with all imaginable gallantry for some time; till, overpowered by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of the war,—but more so, by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on,—he threw down the sword; and though he kept up his spirits in appearance to the last, he died, nevertheless, as was generally thought, quite broken-hearted.

What inclined Eugenius to the same opinion, was as follows:

A few hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stept in with an intent to take his last sight and farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick looked up in his face, took hold of his hand,—and after thanking him

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him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he faid, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, -he would thank him again and again,-he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the flip for ever. I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheek, and with the tenderest. tone that ever man spoke.—I hope not, Yorick, said he.—Yorick replied with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand, and that was all,—but it cut Eugenius to his heart .- Come, -come, Yorick, quoth Engenius, wiping his eyes, and fummoning up the man within him,—my dear lad, be comforted, let not all thy spirits and fortitude forfake thee at this crisis when thou most wants them; —who knows what refources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head;—For my part, cried Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,-I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, chearing up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop, and that I may live to see it. I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,—his right hand being still grasped close in that of Eugenius, — I beseech thee to take a view of my head .- I fee nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that 'tis so bruised and mis-shapened with nking the blows which \*\*\*\*\* and \*\*\*\*\*, and some others have have fo unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Pança, that should I recover, and "Mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down "from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them "would sit it."—Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantick tone;—and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent sire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;—faint picture of those slashes of his spirit, which (as Shakespeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke: he squeezed his hand,—and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes, to the door,—he then closed them,—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in the corner of his church-yard, in the parish of ———, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors laid upon his grave, with no more than these words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy.

# Alas, poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorich's ghost the consolation to hear the monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general

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pity and esteem for him;—a footway crossing the church-yard close by the side of his grave,—not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it,—and sighing as he walks on,

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# Alas, poor YORICK!

T. SHANDY, VOL. 1. C. 12,

### POWER OF SLIGHT INCIDENTS.

IT is curious to observe the triumph of slight incidents over the mind;—and what incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things—that trisles light as air, shall wast a belief into the soul, and plant it immoveable within it, that Euclid's demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it.

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 62.

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# CROSSES IN LIFE.

MANY, many are the ups and downs of life, fortune must be uncommonly gracious to that mortal who does not experience a great variety of them:—though perhaps to these may be owing as much of our pleasures as our pains: there are scenes of delight in the vale as well as in the mountain; and the inequalities of nature may not be less necessary to please the eye—that the varieties of life to improve the heart. At best we are but a short-sighted race of beings, with just light enough to discern our way.—To do that is our duty, and should be our care;

care; when a man has done this, he is fafe; the rest is of little consequence—

Cover his head with a turf or a stone, It is all one, it is all one!

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LETTER IV. TO HIS FRIENDS.

#### THE CONTRAST.

THINGS are carried on in this world, sometimes fo contrary to all our reasonings, and the seeming probability of success,—that even the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;—nay, what is stranger still—nor yet bread to the wise, who should last stand in want of it,—nor yet riches to the men of understanding, whom you would think best qualified to acquire them,—nor yet favor to men of skill, whose merit and pretences bid the fairest for it;—but that there are some secret and unseen workings in human affairs, which basse all our endeavours, and turn aside the course of things in such a manner,—that the most likely causes disappoint and fail of producing for us the effect which we wished, and naturally expected from them.

You will see a man, of whom were you to form a conjecture from the appearance of things in his favor,—you would say was setting out in the world, with

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with the fairest prospect of making his fortune in it;
—with all the advantages of birth to recommend him, of personal merit to speak for him,—and of friends to push him forwards: you will behold him, not withstanding this, disappointed in every effect you might naturally have looked for, from them; every step he takes towards his advancement, something invisible shall pull him back, some unforeseen obstacle shall rise up perpetually in his way, and keep there.—In every application he makes—some untoward circumstance shall blast it.—He shall rise early,—late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness,—yet some happier man shall rise up, and ever step in before him, and leave him struggling to the end of his life, in the very same place in which he first began.

The history of a second shall in all respects be the contrast in this. He shall come into the world with the most unpromising appearance,—shall set forwards without fortune, without friends—without talents to procure him either the one or the other. Nevertheless you will see this clouded prospect brighten up infensibly, unaccountably before him; every thing presented in his way shall turn out beyond his expectations, in spite of that chain of unsurmountable difficulties which first threatened him,—time and chance shall open him a way,—a series of successful occurrences shall lead him by the hand to the summit of honor and fortune; and, in a word, without giving him the pains of thinking, or the credit of projecting

ing, it shall place him in a safe possession of all that ambition could wish for.

SERMON VIII. P. 152.

A special representation of the second

## DR. SLOP AND OBADIAH MEETING.

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IMAGINE to yourself a little squat, uncourtly sigure of a Dr. Slop, of about sour seet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back, and a susquipedality of belly, which might have done honor to a serjeant in the horse-guards.

Such were the outlines of Dr. Slop's figure, which—
if you have read Hogarth's analysis of beauty, (and if
you have not, I wish you would);—you must know,
may as certainly be caricatured, and conveyed to the
mind by three strokes as three hundred.

Imagine such a one,—for such, I say, were the outlines of Dr. Slop's sigure, coming slowly along, foot by soot, waddling through the dirt upon the vertebræ of a little diminutive pony, of a pretty color—but of strength,—alack! scarce able to have made an amble of it, under such a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition.—They were not.—Imagine to yourself, Obadiah mounted upon a strong monster of a coach-horse, pricked into a full gallop, and making all practicable speed the adverse way.

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Pray, Sir, let me interest you a moment in this description.

Had Dr. Slop beheld Obadiah a mile off, posting in a narrow lane directly towards him, at that monstrous rate,-fplashing and plunging like a devil through thick and thin, as he approached, would not such phænomenon, with fuch a vortex of mud and water moving along with it, round its axis, -have been subject of juster apprehension to Dr. Slop in his situation, than the worst of Whiston's comets?-To say nothing of the Nucleus; that is, of Obadiah and the coach-horse.-In my idea, the vortex alone of 'en was enough to have involved and carried, if not the doctor, at least the doctor's pony, quite away withit, What then do you think must the terror and hydrophobia of Dr. Slop have been, when you read (which you are just going to do) that he was advancing thus warily along towards Shandy Hall, and had approached to within fixty yards of it, and within five yards of a fudden turn, made by an acute angle of the garden wall, -and in the dirtiest part of a dirty Iane, -when Obadiah and his coach-horse turned the corner, rapid, furious, -pop, -full upon him!-No thing, I think in nature, can be supposed more terrible than fuch a rencounter, -fo imprompt! fo ill pre pared to stand the shock of it as Dr. Slop was!

What could Dr. Slop do?—he croffed himsel —Pugh!—but the doctor, Sir, was a Papist.—No matter; he had better have kept hold of the pummel.—He had so;—nay, as it happened, he had better

better have done nothing at all; for in crossing himfelf he let go his whip,—and in attempting to save his whip between his knee and his saddle's skirt, as it slipped, he lost his stirrup,—in losing which he lost his seat; and in the multitude of all these losses (which by the bye, shews what little advantage there is in crossing) the unfortunate doctor lost his presence of mind. So that without waiting for Obadiah's onset, he lest his pony to its destiny, tumbling off it diagonally, something in the style and manner of a pack of wool, and without any other consequence from the fall, save that of being lest (as it would have been) with the broadest part of him sunk about twelve inches deep in the mire.

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Obadiah pull'd off his cap twice to Dr. Slop;—once as he was falling,—and then again when he faw him feated.——Ill-timed complaifance;—had not the fellow better have stopped his horse, and got off and helped him?—Sir, he did all that his situation would allow;—but the Momentum of the coachhorse was so great, that Obadiah could not do it all at once; he rode in a circlethree times round Dr. Slop, before he could fully accomplish it any how;—and at last, when he did stop the beast, 'twas done with such an explosion of mud, that Obadiah had better have been a league off. In short, never was a Dr. Slop to beluted, and so transubstantiated, since that affair same into fashion.

TRISTRAM SHANDY, C. XXXV. P. 187.

SELFISHNESS

# SELFISHNESS AND MEANNESS.

\*HAT there is felfishness and meanness enough in the fouls of one part of the world, to hurt the credit of the other part of it, is what I shall not dispute against; but to judge of the whole from this bad fample, and because one man is plotting, and artful in his nature; -or, a fecond openly makes his pleafure or his profit the whole center of all his defigns; -or because a third strait-hearted wretch fits confined within himself,—feels no misfortunes, but those which touch himself; to involve the whole race without mercy under fuch detested characters, is a conclusion as false as it is pernicious; and were it in go neral to gain credit, could ferve no end, but the rooting out of our nature all that is generous, and planting in the stead of it such an aversion to each other, as must untie the bands of fociety, and rob us of one of the greatest pleasures of it, the mutual communications of kind offices; and by poisoning the fountain, rendering every thing suspected that flows through it.

SERM. VII. P. 137

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### VICE NOT WITHOUT USE.

THE lives of bad men are not without use, and whenever such a one is drawn, not with corrupt view to be admired,—but on purpose to be detested. letested—it must excite such a horror against vice, as will strike indirectly the same good impression. And hough it is painful to the last degree to paint a man in the shades which his vices have cast upon him, et when it serves this end, it carries its own excuse with it.

SERM. IX. P. 173.

### YORICK'S OPINION OF GRAVITY.

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OMETIMES, in his wild way of talking, he would say that gravity was an arrant scoundrel; d he would add, of the most dangerous kind too,cause a fly one; and that he verily believed, more nest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of eir goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, m by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, would fay there was no danger, but to itself: lereas the very efferice of gravity was defign, and fequently deceit;—'twas a taught trick to gain dit of the world for more sense and knowledge n a man was worth; and that, with all its pretenis,—it was no better, but often worse than what a nch wit had long ago defined it, viz .- A mistericarriage of the body to cover the defects of the nd.

TONY TO TOO TO SHANDY, YOL. 1. C. 2.

THE

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#### THE INTERRUPTION.

WHEN my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my brother Bobby's death, he was bufy calculating theex pence of his riding post from Calais to Paris, and son to Lyons.

'Twas a most inauspicious journey; my fathe having had every foot of it to travel over again, an his calculation to begin afresh, when he had almo got to the end of it, by Obadiah's opening the door acquaint him the family was out of yeast-and to whether he might not take the great coach-horsean in the morning and ride in fearch of fome.—Wi all my heart, Obadiah, faid my father (purfuing) journey)-take the coach-horfe, and welcome,he wants a shoe, poor creature! faid Obadiah.-Po creature! faid my uncle Toby, vibrating the note by again, like a string in unison. Then ride the So horse, quoth my father hastily.—He cannot bear faddle upon his back, quoth Obadiah, for the wh world.—The devil's in that horse; then take TRIOT, cried my father; and shut the door .-TRIOT is fold, faid Obadiah. Here's for you! my father, making a pause, and looking in my m Toby's face, as if the thing had not been a matter fact .- Your worship ordered me to sell him last # faid Obadiah .- Then go on foot for your pains,

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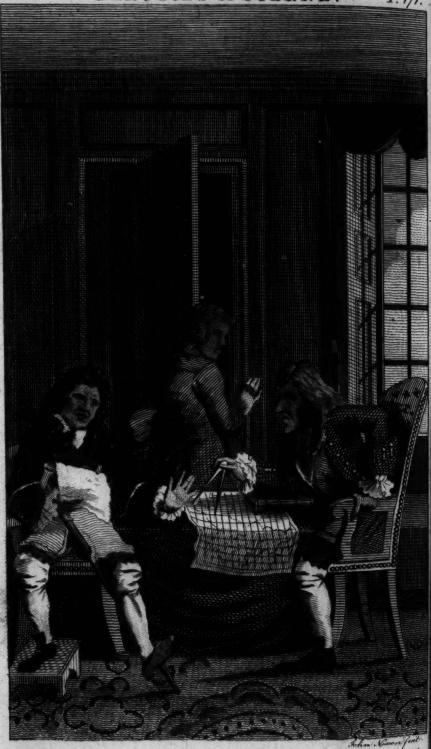
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BEAUTIES of STERNE.

P. 171.



What Plagues! cried my Father going on with his Calculation \_ but the Waters are out said Obadiah , \_ opining the Door again?

Published as the Art directs. May 1. 1787, by G. Kearrley, at N. 46, in Flort Street London.

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my father—I had much rather walk than ride, said Obadiah, shutting the door.

What plagues! cried my father, going on with his calculation.—But the waters are out, faid Obadiah, opening the door again.

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of Sanson's, and a book of the post-roads before him, had kept his hand upon the head of his compasses, with one foot of them fixed upon Nevers, the last stage he had paid for—purposing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as soon as Obadiah quitted the room: but this second attack of Obadiah's, in opening the door and laying the whole country under water, was too much.—He let go his compasses—or rather with a mixed motion between accident and anger, he threw them upon the table; and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to Calais (like many others) as wife as he had set out.

Lines tais of subolary are shanny, vol. 111. P. 13.

fenguation which we are fnortly to make.

# REFLECTION UPON MAN.

T. SRANDY, VOL. IV. CHAP. 07

WHEN I reflect upon man; and take a view of that dark fide of him which represents his life is open to so many causes of trouble—when I consider how off we can the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance—when one runs over the catalogue of all the cross

eross reckonings and forrowful items with which the heart of man is overcharged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden resources the mind is enabled to stand it out, and bear itself up as it does, against the impositions laid upon our nature.

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 42.

# EJACULATION.

with one form to them fixed upon More

TIME wastes too fast; every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity life follows my pen; the days and hours of it, more precious, my dear Jenny! than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more—every thing presses on—whilst thou art twisting that lock,—see! it grows grey; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are presudes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make.

T. SHANDY, VOL. IV. CHAP. 67.

### LIFE OF MAN.

WHAT is the life of man! is it not to shift from side to side!—from sorrow to sorrow?—to button up one cause of vexation;—and unbutton another!

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#### TRIM'S EXPLANATION

OF THE

## FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

PRY'THEE, Trim, quoth my father,—What do'ft thou mean, by "honoring thy father and mother?"

Allowing them, an please your honor, three halfpence a day out of my pay when they grew old.—
And didst thou do that, Trim? said Yorick.—He did,
indeed, replied my uncle Toby.—Then, Trim, said
Yorick, springing out of his chair, and taking the
Corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honor
thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst a
hand in the Talmud itself.

T. SHANDY, V. 111. C. 32.

# HE ALTH.

ICIOUS effence! bow refreshing art the

SIO :

OBleffed health! thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul,—and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue.—He that has thee has little more to wish for! and he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.

Y. SHANDY, V. 111. C. 33.
SOLITUDE.

# SOLITUDE.

CROWDED towns, and bufy focieties, may delight the unthinking, and the gay—but folitude is the best nurse of wisdom.

In folitude the mind gains strength, and learns to lean upon herself: in the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the seigned compassion of one—the slattery of a second—the civilities of a third—the friendship of a sourth—they all deceive, and bring the mind back to retirement, restlection, and books.

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## FLATTERY.

T. SHANDY, V. III. C. 93.

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DELICIOUS effence! how refreshing art thou to nature! how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart.

will for! and he that is to we etched as to want thee,

Created sold and said SENT. JOURNEY, P. 210.

-wants every thing with thee.

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### FORGIVENESS.

THE brave only know how to forgive;—it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at.—Cowards have done good and kind actions\*,—cowards have even fought, nay sometimes even conquered; but a coward never forgave.—It is not in his nature;—the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of foul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

SERMON X11. P. 244.

\* Christian Hero.

### FAVORS.

In returning favors, we act differently from what we do in conferring them: in the one case we simply consider what is best,—in the other what is most acceptable. The reason is, that we have a right to act according to our own ideas of what will do the party most good, in the case where we bestow a favor;—but where we return one, we lose this right, and act according to his conceptions, who has I 4 obliged

obliged us, and endeavour to repay in fuch a manner as we think it most likely to be accepted in discharge of the obligation.

SERMON XIII. P. 260,

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### RUSTIC FELICITY.

MANY are the filent pleasures of the honest peafant; who rifes cheerfully to his labor:look into his dwelling,-where the scene of every happinesschiefly lies:-he has the fame domestic endearments,-as much joy and comfort in his children, and as flattering hopes of their doing well, to enliven his hours and glad his heart, as you could conceive in the most affluent station .- And I make no doubt, in general, but if the true account of his joys and fufferings were to be balanced with those of his betters,—that the upshot would prove to be little more than this,-that the rich man had the more meat,but the poor man the better stomach; the one had more luxury,-more able physicians to attend and set him to rights; the other more health and foundness in his bones, and less occasion for their help ;-that, after these two articles betwixt them were balanced,in all other things they stood upon a level:-that the fun shines as warm,—the air blows as fresh,—and the earth breathes as fragrant upon the one as the other: and that they have an equal share in all the beauties and real benefits of nature.

SERNON XLIV. P. 160 DIFFERENCE

# DIFFERENCE IN MEN.

ber with Theat and the

DOVERTY, exile, loss of fame or friends, the death of children, the dearest of all pledges of a man's happiness, make not equal impressions upon every temper. You will fee one man undergo, with fcarce the expence of a figh, -what another, in the bitterness of his foul, would go mourning for all his life long:-nay, a hafty word, or an unkind look, to a foft and tender nature, will strike deeper than a fword to the hardened and fenfeless .- If those reflections hold true with regard to misfortunes,—they are the fame with regard to enjoyments:-we are formed differently, and have different taftes and perceptions of things; by the force of habit, education, or a particular cast of mind, it happens that neither the use or possession of the same enjoyments and advantages, produce the fame happiness and contentment; but that it differs in every man almost according to his temper and complexion: fo that the felf-fame happy accidents in life, which give raptures to the choleric or fanguine man, shall be received with indifference by the cold and phlegmatic; and fo oddly perplexed are the accounts of both human happiness and misery in this world,—that trifles, light as air, shall be able to make the hearts of some men fing for joy ;-at the same time that others, with real also do I 5

real bleffings and advantages, without the power of using them, have their hearts heavy and discontented. DIFFERENCE IN MEN

Alas! if the principles of contentment are not within us the height of flation or worldly grandeur will as foon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happinels, make not equal many floor slanings, danieger

frame the expence of a light, -what another; in the sid his tol grimmon og bluow , but aid to slamming the long: -nav, a hally word, or an unkind look, to

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a loft and tender nature, will fielde deeper than a

### AGAINST HASTY OPINION.

sections hold true with regard to misjortunes

HERE are numbers of circumstances which attend every action of a man's life, which can never come to the knowledge of the world, -yet ought to be known, and well weighed, before fentence with any justice can be passed upon him. A man may have different views and a different fense of things from what his judges have; and what he understands and feels, and what passes within him, may be a fecret treasured up deeply there for ever.—A man, through bodily infirmity, or fome complectional defect, which perhaps is not in his power to correct, may be fubject to inadvertences,-to starts,-and unhappy turns of temper; he may lay open to fnares he is not always aware of; or, through ignorance and want of information and proper helps, he may labor in the dark :- in all which cases he may do many

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may do many things which are wrong in themselves, and yet be innocent;—at least an object rather to be pitied, than censured with severity and ill-will.—

These are difficulties which stand in every one's way in the forming a judgement of the characters of others.

SERM. XLIV. P. 255.

### VANITY.

VANITY bids all her fons be generous and brave, and her daughters to be chaste and courteous.—
But why do we want her instructions?—Ask the comedian who is taught a part he feels not.—

SERMON XVII. P. 45.

### AFFECTED HONESTY.

LOOK out of your door,—take notice of that man: fee what disquieting, intriguing, and shifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain-dealing:—three grains of honesty would save him all this trouble—alas! he has them not,—

SERMON XVII. P. 45.

### AFFECTED PIETY.

BEHOLD a second, under a show of piety, hiding the impunities of a debauched life:—he is just entering the house of God: would he were more pure—or less pious:—but then he could not gain his point.

SERM. XVII. P. 46.

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### AFFECTED SANCTITY.

OBSERVE a third going on almost in the same track, with what an inflexible fanctitude of deportment he sustains himself as he advances—every line in his face writes abstinence;—every stride looks like a check upon his desires: see, I beseech you, how he is cloak'd up with sermons, prayers, and sacraments; and so bemussed with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose;—he has armour at least—Why does he put it on? Is there no serving God without all this? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide to the danger of its rending?—Yes truly, or it will not hide the secret—and what is that?—That the saint has no religion at all.

IBID. P. 46.

OSTEN-

#### OSTENTATIOUS GENEROSITY.

BUT here comes Generosity; giving—not to a decayed artist—but to the arts and sciences themselves.—See!—he builds not a chamber in the wall apart for the prophet; but whole schools and colleges for those who come after. Lord! how they will magnify his name! 'tis in capitals already; the first—the highest, in the gilded rent-roll of every hospital and asylum.—

—One honest tear shed in private over the unfortunate is worth it all.

SERM. XV11. P. 47.

### WIT AND JUDGEMENT.

HOW comes it to pass, that your men of least with are reported to be men of most judgment?—
But mark—I say, reported to be—for it is no more, my dear Sirs, than a report, and which, like twenty others taken up every day upon trust, I maintain to be a vile and a malicious report into the bargain.

I hate fet differtations—and above all things in the world, 'tis one of the filliest things in one of them, to darken your hypothesis by placing a number of tall, opake words, one before another, in a right line, betwixt your own and your reader's conception

-when

-when in all likelihood, if you had looked about, you might have feen fomething standing, or hanging up, which would have cleared the point at once-" for what hindrance, hurt, or harm doth the lauda-" ble defire of knowledge bring to any man, even " from a fot, a pot, a fool, a stool, a winter mittain, " a truckle for a pully, the lid of a goldsmith's cru-"cible, an oil bottle, an old slipper, or a cane "chair?"-I am this moment fetting upon one. Will you give me leave to illustrate this affair of wit and judgment, by the twok o bs on the top of the back of it?-they are fastened on, you see, with two pegs stuck slightly into two gimlet-holes and will place what I have to fay in fo clear a light, as to let you fee through the drift and meaning of my whole preface, as plainly as if every point and particle of it was made up of fun-beams.

I enter now directly upon the point.

Here stands wit—and there stands judgment, close beside it, just like the two knobs I'm speaking of, upon the back of this self-same chair on which I am sitting.

—You see, they are the highest and most ornamental parts of its frame—as wit and judgment are of ours—and like them too, indubitably both made and fitted to go together, in order, as we say in all such cases of duplicated embellishments—to answer one another.

Now for the fake of an experiment, and for the clearer illustrating this matter—let us for a moment take

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take off one of these two curious ornaments (I care not which) from the point or pinnacle of the chair it now stands on-nay, don't laugh at it,-but did you ever fee, in the whole course of your lives, fuch a ridiculous business as this has made of it?-Why, 'tis as miserable a fight as a fow with one ear; and there is just as much sense and symmetry in the one as in the other: \_\_\_do \_\_\_pray, get off your feats only to take a view of it !- Now would any man who valued his character a straw, have turned a piece of work out of his hand in fuch a condition?-nay, lay your hands upon your hearts, and answer this plain question, Whether this one fingle knob, which now stands here like a blockhead by itself, can serve any purpose upon earth, but to put one in mind of the want of the other?-and let me farther ask, in case the chair was your own, if you would not in your consciences think, rather than be as it is, that it would be ten times better without any knob at all?

Now these two knobs—or top ornaments of the mind of man, which crown the whole entablature—being, as I said, wit and judgment, which of all others, as I have proved it, are the most needful—the most priz'd—the most calamitous to be without, and consequently the hardest to come at—for all these reasons put together, there is not a mortal among us, so destitute of a love of good same or feeding—or so ignorant of what will do him good therein—who does not wish and steadfastly resolve in his own mind, to be, or to be thought at least, master of the one or the

the other, and indeed of both of them, if the thing feems any way feasible, or likely to be brought to pass.

Now your graver gentry having little or no kind of chance in aiming at the one-unless they lay hold of the other, pray what do you think would become of them?-Why, Sirs, in fpite of all their gravities, they must e'en have been contented to have gone with their infides naked:—this was not to be borne, but by an effort of philosophy not to be supposed in the case we are upon—so that no one could well have been angry with them, had they been fatisfied with what little they could have fnatched up and secreted under their cloaks and great perriwigs, had they not raised a hue and cry at the same time against the lawful owners.

I need not tell your worships, that this was done with fo much cunning and artifice—that the great Locke, who was seldom outwitted by false soundswas nevertheless bubbled here. The cry, it seems, was fo deep and folemn a one, and what with the help of great wigs, grave faces, and other implements of deceit, was rendered fo general a one against the poor wits in this matter, that the philosopher himself was deceived by it—it was his glory to free the world from the lumber of a thousand vulgar errors; but this was not of the number; so that instead of sitting down cooly, as fuch a philosopher should have done, to have examined the matter of fact before he philosophised upon it—on the contrary, he took the fact for 100 7

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for granted, and so joined in with the cry, and halloo'd it as boisterously as the rest.

This has been the Magna Charta of stupidity ever since—but your reverences plainly see, it has been obtained in such a manner, that the title to it is not worth a groat:—which by the bye is one of the many and vile impositions which gravity and grave solks have to answer for hereafter.

As for great wigs, upon which I may be thought to have spoken my mind too freely—I beg leave to qualify whatever has been unguardedly said to their dispraise or prejudice, by one general declaration—That I have no abhorrence whatever, nor do I detest and abjure either great wigs or long beards, any farther than when I see they are bespoke and let grow on purpose to carry on this self-same imposture—for any purpose—peace be with them!—IF mark only—

I write not for them.

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 13.

### OPINION.

WE are perpetually in fuch engagements and fituations, that 'tis our duties to speak what our opinions are—but God forbid that this should ever be done but from its best motive—the sense of what is due to virtue, governed by discretion and the utmost fellow-feeling: were we to go on other-

wife, beginning with the great broad cloak of hypocrify, and so down through all its little trimmings and facings, tearing away without mercy all that look'd seemly,—we should leave but a tatter'd world of it.

jon ein of old bald of the SERM. XV11. P. 50.

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# DEFAMATION.

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It is too late.

DOES humanity clothe and educate the unknown orphan?—Poverty, thou hast no genealogies:
—See! is he not the father of the child? Thus do we rob heroes of the best part of their glory—their virtue. Take away the motive of the act, you take away all that is worth having in it;—wrest it to ungenerous ends, you load the virtuous man who did it with infamy:—undo it all—I beseech you, give him back his honor,—restore the jewel you have taken from him—replace him in the eye of the world—

1B1D. P. 52.

### RELIGION.

THERE are no principles but those of religion to be depended on cases of real distress; and these are able to encounter the worst emergencies, and to bear us up under all the changes and chances to which our life is subject.

ELOQUENCE.

## ELOQUENCE.

Boll atoms, thanks obstact, alot a is a

GREAT is is the power of eloquence; but never is it so great as when it pleads along with nature, and the culprit is a child strayed from his duty, and returned to it again with tears.

SERMON XX. P. 101.

#### GENEROSITY.

Loridation of our being -as the root of a tree is the

District oil heat and modifine, quoin Doffer Co

GENEROSITY forrows as much for the overmatched, as Pity herfelf does.

the poor close continued Dr. Ses, pointing to

### CORPORAL TRIM'S DEFINITION OF RA-DICAL HEAT AND MOISTURE.

Infer, an' please your worship, replied Trim, that the radical moisture is nothing in the world but ditch-water—and that the radical heat, of those who can go to the expence of it, is burnt brandy—the radical heat and moisture of a private man, an' please your honors, is nothing but ditch-water—and a dram of geneva—and give us but enough of it, with a pipe of tobacco, to give us spirits, and drive away the vapors—we know not what it is to fear death.

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I am at a loss, Captain Shandy, quoth Doctor Slop, to determine in which branch of learning your servant shines most, whether in physiology, or divinity.
—Slop had not forgot Trim's comment upon the sermon.—

It is but an hour ago, replied Yorick, fince the corporal was examined in the latter, and pass'd muster with great honor.—

The radical heat and moisture, quoth Doctor Slop, turning to my father, you must know, is the basis and foundation of our being—as the root of a tree is the source and principle of its vegetation.—It is inherent in the seeds of all animals, and may be preserved sundry ways, but principally in my opinion by confubstantials, impriments, and occludents.—Now this poor fellow, continued Dr. Slop, pointing to the corporal, has had the misfortune to have heard some superficial empiric discourse upon this nice point.—That he has,—said my father.—Very likely said my uncle.—I'm sure of it, quoth Yorick.——I'm sure of it, quoth

T. SHANDY, VOL. 111. CHAP. 40.

### SOCIETY.

NOTWITHSTANDING all we meet with in books, in many of which, no doubt, there are a good many handsome things faid upon the sweets of retirement, &c.—yet still "it is not good for man to be alone:"

alone:" nor can all which the cold-hearted pedant stuns our ears with upon the subject, ever give one answer of satisfaction to the mind; in the midst of the loudest vauntings of philosophy, Nature will have her yearnings for society and friendship;—a good heart wants some object to be kind to—and the best parts of our blood, and the purest of our spirits, suffer most under the destitution.

Let the torpid Monk seek heaven comfortless and alone—God speed him! For my own part, I fear, I should never so find the way: let me be wise and religious—but let me be Man: wherever thy Providence places me, or whatever be the road I take to get to thee—give me some companion in my journey, be it only to remark to, How our shadows lengthen as the sun goes down;—to whom I may say, How fresh is the face of Nature! How sweet the slowers of the field! How delicious are these fruits!

SERMON XVIII.P. 60.

### DISSATISFACTION.

I PITY the men whose natural pleasures are burdens, and who sly from joy (as these splenetic and morose souls do) as if it was really an evil in itself.

SERMON XXII. P. 145.

SORROW

tion area tions. Addition from Alleria

### SORROW AND HEAVINESS OF HEART.

If there is an evil in this world, 'tis forrow and heaviness of heart—The loss of goods,—of health, of coronets and mitres, are only evils as they occasion forrow;—take that out—the rest is fancy, and dwelleth only in the head of man.

Poor unfortunate creature that he is! as if the causes of anguish in the heart were not enow—but he must fill up the measure with those of caprice; and not only walk in a vain shadow,—but disquiet himself in vain too.

We are a restless set of beings; and as we are likely to continue so to the end of the world,—the best we can do in it, is to make the same use of this part of our character, which wise men do of other bad propensities—when they find they cannot conquer them,—they endeavor, at least, to divert them into good channels.

If therefore we must be a solicitous race of self-tormentors,—let us drop the common objects which make us so,—and for God's sake be solicitous only to live well.

o teople at all sell viet most sermon xxix. P. 145.

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### ROOTED OPINION NOT EASILY ERADI-CATED.

HOW difficult you will find it to convince a miferly heart, that any thing is good which is not profitable! or a libertine one, that any thing is bad, which is pleasant!

SERM. XX111. P. 163.

### DEATH.

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THERE are many instances of men, who have received the news of death with the greatest ease of mind, and even entertained the thoughts of it with smiles upon their countenances;—and this, either from strength of spirits and the natural cheerfulness of their temper,—or that they knew the world, and cared not for it—or expected a better—yet thousands of good men, with all the helps of philosophy, and against all the assurances of a well-spent life, that the change must be to their account,—upon the approach of death have still lean'd towards this world, and wanted spirits and resolution to bear the shock of a separation from it for ever.

SERMON XVIII. P. 37.

SORROW.

### SORROW.

SWEET is the look of forrow for an offence, in a heart determined never to commit it more!—
upon that altar only could I offer up my wrongs.

SERM. XVIII. P. 64.

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### SIMPLICITY.

SIMPLICITY is the great friend to nature; and if I would be proud of any thing in this filly world, it should be of this honest alliance.

received the news of death with the great fi

SERMON XXIV. P. 187.

### COVETOUSNESS

To know truly what it is, we must know what masters it serves;—they are many, and of various casts and humours,—and each one lends it something of its own complexional tint and character.

This, I suppose, may be the cause that there is a greater and more whimsical mystery in the love of money, than in the darkest and most nonsensical problem that ever was pored on.

Even

Even at the best, and when the passion seems to feek fomething more than its own amusement,-there is little-very little, I fear, to be faid for its humanity. -It may be a sport to the miser,-but consider,-it must be death and destruction to others.-The moment this fordid humour begins to govern-farewell all honest and natural affection! farewell, all he owes to parents, to children, to friends!-how fast the obligations vanish! see-he is now stripped of all feelings whatever: the shrill cry of justice-and the low lamentation of humble distress, are notes equally beyond his compass. Eternal God! see! he palfes by one whom thou hast just bruised, without one pensive reslection :- he enters the cabbin of the widow whose husband and child thou hast taken to thyself, exacts his bond, without a figh! Heaven! if I am to be tempted,—let it be by glory,—by ambition,—by fome generous and manly vice :—if I must fall, let it be by some passion which thou hast planted n my nature, which shall not harden my heart, but eave me room at last to retreat and come back to thee!

SERMON XIX. P. 81.

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#### HUMILITY.

He that is little in his own eyes, is little too in his defires, and confequently moderate in his purfuit of them: like another man, he may fail in his attempts, and lose the point he aimed at;—but that is all,—he loses not himself,—he loses not his happiness and peace of mind with it:—even the contentions of the humble man are mild and placid.—Blessed characters! when such a one is thrust back, who does not pity him? when he falls, who would not stretch out a hand to raise him up?

SERMON XXV. P. 193.

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### PATIENCE AND CONTENTMENT.

PATIENCE and Contentment,—which like the treasure hid in the field for which a man sold all he had to purchase—is of that price that it cannot be had at too great a purchase, since without it the best condition in life cannot make us happy,—and with it, it is impossible we should be miserable even in the worst.

SERMON XV. P. 1

HUMILITY

### HUMILITY CONTRASTED WITH PRIDE.

WHEN wereflest upon the character of Humility,
—we are apt to think it stands the most naked
and defenceless of all virtues whatever,—the least
able to support its claims against the insolent antagonist who seems ready to bear him down, and all opposition which such a temper can make.

Now, if we confider him as standing alone,-no doubt, in fuch a case, he will be overpowered and trampled upon by his oppofer; but if we confider the meek and lowly man, as he is-fenced and guarded by the love, the friendship and wishes of all mankind,-that the other stands alone, hated, discountenanced, without one true friend or hearty wellwisher on his side :- when this is balanced, we shall have reason to change our opinion, and be convinced that the humble man, firengthened with fuch an alliance, is far from being so overmatched as at first fight he may appear; -nay, I believe one might venture to go further, and engage for it, that in all fuch cases where real fortitude and true personal courage were wanted, he is much more likely to give proof of it, and I would fooner look for it in fuch a temper than in that of his adversary. Pride may make a man violent,-but Humility will make him firm :- and which of the two, do you think, likely to come off with honor?—he who acts from the changeable im-

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pulse of heated blood, and follows the uncertain motions of his pride and fury;—or the man who stands cool and collected in himself;—who governs his resentments instead of being governed by them, and on every occasion acts upon the steady motives of principle and duty?

SE RM. XXV. P. 193.

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WITH regard to the provocations and offences, which are unavoidably happening to a man in his commerce with the world,—take it as a rule, as a man's pride is,—so is always his displeasure; as the opinion of himself rises,—so does the injury,—so does his resentment: 'tis this which gives edge and sorce to the instrument which has struck him,—and excites that heat in the wound which renders it incurable.

See how different the case is with the humble man: one half of these painful conslicts he actually escapes; the other part fall lightly on him:—he provokes no man by contempt; thrusts himself forward as the mark of no man's envy; so that he cuts off the first fretful occasions of the greatest part of these evils; and for those in which the passions of others would involve him, like the humble shrub in the valley, gently gives way, and scarce feels the injury of those stormy encounters which rend the proud cedar, and tear it up by its roots.

SERMON XXV. P. 190.

PRIDE.

### PRIDE.

THE proud man,—see!—he is fore all over: touch him—you put him to pain; and though of all others, he acts as if every mortal was void of sense and feeling, yet is possessed with so nice and exquisite a one himself, that the slights, the little neglects and instances of disesteem, which would be scarce felt by another man, are perpetually wounding him, and oft times piercing him to his very heart.

SERMON XX1.V. P. 174.

Pride is a vice which grows up in fociety so insensibly,—steals in unobserved upon the heart upon so many occasions;—forms itself upon such strange pretensions, and when it has done, veils itself under such a variety of unsuspected appearances,—sometimes even under that of Humility itself;—in all which cases, Self-love, like a false friend, instead of checking, most treacherously feeds this humour,—points out some excellence in every soul to make him vain, and think more highly of himself than he ought to think;—that upon the whole, there is no one weakness into which the heart of man is more easily betrayed—or which requires greater helps of good sense and good principles to guard against.

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SERMON XXIV. P. 177.

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poor, infirm, miserable, short-lived ereature, that passes away like a shadow, and is hastening off the stage where the theatrical titles and distinctions, and the whole mask of pride which he has worn for a day will fall off, and leave him naked as a neglected slave. Send forth your imagination, I befeech you, to view the last scene of the greatest and proudest who ever awed and governed the world—See the empty vapor disappearing! one of the arrows of mortality this moment sticks fast within him: see—it forces out his life, and freezes his blood and spirits.

Approach his bed of state—lift up the curtain—regard a moment with silence—

Are these cold hands and pale lips, all that are lest of him who was canoniz'd by his own pride, or made a god of by his flatterers?

O my foul! with what dreams hast thou been bewitched? how hast thou been deluded by the objects. thou hast so eagerly grasped at?

If this reflection from the natural imperfections of man, which he cannot remedy, does nevertheless strike a damp upon human pride, much more must the considerations do so, which arise from the wilful depravations of his nature.

Survey yourselves a few moments in this light—behold a disobedient, ungrateful, untractable, and disorderly set of creatures, going wrong seven times a day,—acting sometimes every hour of it against your own convictions—your own interests, and the intentions

tions of your God, who wills and purposes nothing but your happiness and prosperity—What reason does this view furnish you for pride? how many does it suggest to mortify and make you ashamed?—Well might the son of Syrach say in that sarcastical remark of his upon it, That pride was not made for man—for some purpose, and for some particular beings, the passions might have been shaped—but not for him—fancy it where you will, 'tis no where so improper—'tis in no creature so unbecoming—

But why so cold an affent to so incontested a truth?

—Perhaps thou hast reasons to be proud;—for heaven's sake let us hear them—Thou hast the advantages of birth and title to boast of—or thou standest in the sunshine of court savor—or thou hast a large fortune—or great talents—or much learning—or nature has bestowed her graces upon thy person—speak—on which of these foundations hast thou raised this sanciful structure? Let us examine them.

Thou art well born:—then trust me, 'twill pollute no one drop of thy blood to be humble: humility calls no man down from his rank,—divests not princes of their titles; it is life what the clear obscure is in painting; it makes the hero step forth in the canvas, and detaches his figure from the group in which he would otherwise stand consounded for ever.

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nons If thou art rich—then shew the greatness of, thy fortune—or what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy conversation; condescend to

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men of low estate-support the distressed, and patronize the neglected. Be great; but let it be in confidering riches as they are, as talents committed to an earthen veffel-That thou art but the receiver, -and that to be obliged and to be vain too, -is but the old fole. cism of pride and beggary, which, though they often meet,-yet ever make but an abfurd fociety.

If thou art powerful in interest, and standest deisied by a fervile tribe of dependants,—why shouldst thou be proud,—because they are hungry?—Scourge me fuch fycophants; they have turned the heads of thoufands as well as thine-

But 'tis thy own dexterity and strength which have gained thee this eminence :- allow it; but art thou proud, that thou standest in a place where thou art the mark of one man's envy, another man's malice, or a third man's revenge,—where good men may be ready to fuspect thee, and whence bad men will be ready to pull thee down? I would be proud of nothing that is uncertain: Haman was fo, because he was admitted alone to queen Efther's banquet; and the distinction raised him, but it was fifty cubits higher than he ever dream'd or thought of.

Let us pass on to the pretences of learning, &c. &c. If thou hast a little, thou wilt be proud of it in course: if thou haft much, and good fense along with it, there will be no reason to dispute against the passion: a beggarly parade of remnants is but a forry object of pride at the best; -but more so, when we can cry

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was a this as out upon it, as the poor man did of his hatchet,—
Alas! master, for it was borrowed\*.

It is treason to say the same of Beauty,—whatever we do of the arts and ornaments with which Pride is wont to set it off; the weakest minds are most caught with both; being ever glad to win attention and credit from small and slender accidents, through disability of purchasing them by better means.

SERM. XXIV. P. 182.

\* II. Kings, 6, 7.

### MR. SHANDY'S BED OF JUSTICE.

THE ancient Goths of Germany, who (the learned Cluverius is positive) were first seated in the country between the Vistula and the Oder, and who afterwards incorporated the Hercule, the Bugians, and some other Vandallick clans to 'em,—had all of them a wise custom of debating every thing of importance to their state, twice; that is,—once drunk and once sober:—Drunk—that their councils might not want vigor;—and sober—that they might not want discretion.

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Now my father being entirely a water-drinker,—
was a long time gravelled almost to death, in turning
this as much to his advantage, as he did every other

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thing, which the ancients did or faid; and it was not till the seventh year of his marriage, after a thousand fruitless experiments and devices, that he hit upon an expedient which answered the purpose;—and that was, when any difficult and momentous point was to be fettled in the family, which required great sobriety, and great spirit too, in its determination,—he sixed and set apart the first Sunday night in the month, and the Saturday night which immediately preceded it, to argue it over, in bed, with my mother: By which contrivance, if you consider, Sir, with yourself, \*

These my father, humorously enough, called his beds of justice;—for from the two different counsels taken in these two different humours, a middle one was generally found out which touched the point of wisdom as well, as if he had got drunk and sober a hundred times.

It must not be made a secret of to the world, that this answers full as well in literary discussions, as either in military or conjugal; but it is not every author that can try the experiment as the Goths and Vandals did it—or, if he can, may it be always for his body's health; and to do it, as my father did it,—an I sure it would be always for his soul's.

My way is this :--

In all nice and ticklish discussions, -(of which heaven knows, there are but too many in my book) -where I find I cannot take a step without the danger of having either their worships or their reverences upon my back-I write one-half full,-and t'other fasting; or write it all full, and correct it fasting; --- or write it fasting, -- and correct it full, for they all come to the same thing: ----So that with a less variation from my father's plan, than my father's from the Gothick .- I feel myself upon a par with him in his first bed of justice, -and no way inferior to him in his fecond. These different and almost irreconcileable effects, flow uniformly from the wife and wonderful mechanism of nature, -of which, be her's the honor.—All that we can do, is to turn and work the machine to the improvement and better manufactory of the parts and sciences .-

Now, when I write full,—I write as if I was never to write fasting again as long as I live;—that is, I write free from the cares as well as the terrors of the world.—I count not the number of my scars,—nor does my fancy go forth into dark entries and bye corners to antedate my stabs.—In a word, my pen takes its course; and I write on as much from the fullness of my heart, as my stomach.—

But when, an' please your honors, I indite fasting, it is a different history.—I pay the world all possible attention and respect,—and have as great a share (whilst it lasts) of that understrapping virtue of discretion, as the best of you.—So that betwixt both, I

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write a careless kind of a civil, nonsentical, good-

humoured Shandean book, which will do all your hearts good-----And all your heads too, -- provided you understand it. We should begin, said my father, turning himself half round in bed, and shifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened to debate-We should begin to think, Mrs. Shandy, of putting this boy into breeches. We should so,-said my mother.-We defer it, my dear, quoth my father, shamefully. I think we do, Mr. Shandy,-faid my mother. -Not but the child looks extremely well, faid my father, in his vests and tunicks .-----He does look very well in them,--replied my -And for that reason it would be almost a sin, added my father, to take him out of 'em. -It would fo, - aid my mother :- But indeed he is growing a very tall lad,—rejoin'd my father. -He is very tall for his age, indeed,-faid my mother. I can not (making two fyllables of it) imagine, quoth my father, who the deuce he takes after .-I cannot conceive, for my life, -faid my mother.-Humph!—faid my father. (The dialogue ceased for a moment.) - I am very short myself, - continued my father,

gravely. Land such of - may to find add an month

You are very short, Mr. Shandy,—said my mother. Humph! quoth my father to himself, a second time: in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little further from my mother's,—and turning about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and a half.

—When he gets these breeches made, cried my father, in a higher tone, he'll look like a beast in 'em. He will be very aukward in them at first, replied

my mother.—

And 'twill be lucky, if that's the worst on't, added my father.

It will be very lucky, answered my mother.

I suppose, replied my father,—making some pause first,—he'll be exactly like other people's children.

Exactly, faid my mother.

-Though I should be forry for that, added my father; and so the debate stopped again.

——They should be of leather, said my father, turning him about again.—

They will last him, faid my mother, the longest.

But he can have no linings to em, replied my fa-

He cannot, faid my mother.

O

'Twere better to have them of fustian, quoth my

Nothing can be better, quoth my mother.

Except dimity, replied my father:—'Tis best of all,—replied my mother.

-One

One must not give him his death, however,interrupted my father. By no means, faid my mother: ---- and fo the dialogue stood still again. I am resolved, however, quoth my father, break ing silence the fourth time, he shall have no pockets in There is no occasion for any, faid my mo-I mean in his coat and waistcoat, -cried my father. - I mean fo too, - replied my mother. -Though if he gets a gig or top ----Poor fouls! it is a crown and a scepter to them,-they should have where to secure it .-Order it as you please, Mr. Shandy, replied my mother .-But don't you think it right? added my father, pressing the point home to her. Perfectly, said my mother, if it pleases you, Mr. Shandy .--There's for you! cried my father, losing temper—Pleases me!—You never will diftinguish, Mrs. Shandy, nor shall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleasure and a point of convenience. This was on the Sunday night; and further this chapter fayeth not. T. SHANDY, VOL. 111. CHAP. 60

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### BEAUTY.

BEAUTY has so many charms, one knows not how to speak against it; and when it happens that a graceful sigure is the habitation of a virtuous soul, when the beauty of the face speaks out the modesty and humility of the mind, and the justness of the proportion raises our thoughts up to the heart and wisdom of the great Creator, something may be allowed it,—and something to the embellishments which set it off;—and yet, when the whole apology is read,—it will be found at last, that Beauty, like Truth, never is so glorious as when it goes the plainest.

SERM. XXIV. P. 187.

### WISDOM.

ESSONS of Wisdom have never such power over us, as when they are wrought into the heart through the ground-work of a story which engages the passions: Is it that we are like iron, and must first be heated before we can be wrought upon?

or, is the heart so in love with deceit, that where at true report will not reach it, we must cheat it with a fable, in order to come at the truth?

SERM XX. P. 93.

### HUNGER.

OF all the terrors of nature, that of one day or other dying by hunger, is the greatest; and it is wisely wove into our frame to awaken man to industry, and call forth his talents; and though we seem to go on carelessy, sporting with it as we do with other terrors,—yet, he that sees this enemy fairly, and in his most frightful shape, will need no long remonstrance to make him turn out of the ways to avoid him.

SERM. XX. P. 98.

### DISTRESS:

NOTHING so powerfully calls home the mind as distress: the tense fibre then relaxes,—the soul retires to itself,—sits pensive and susceptible of right

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Had of our had be dipp'd myself shandy—I ha

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right impressions: If we have a friend, 'tis then we think of him; if a benefactor, at that moment all his kindnesses press upon our mind.

SERM. XX. P. 97.

## MR. SHANDY'S LETTER TO HIS BROTHER ON LOVE.

My dear brother Toby.

WHAT I am going to fay to thee, is upon the nature of women, and of love-making to them; and perhaps it is as well for thee—though not to well for me—that thou hast occasion for a letter of instructions upon that head, and that I am able to write it to thee.

Had it been the good pleasure of him who disposes of our lots—and thou no sufferer by the knowledge, I had been well content that thou should'st have dipp'd the pen this moment into the ink, instead of myself; but that not being the case——Mrs. Shandy being now close beside me, preparing for bed—I have thrown together without order, and just as they have come into my mind, such hints and documents as I deem may be of use to thee; intending in this, to give thee a token of my love; not doubting,

my dear Toby, of the manner in which it will be accepted.

In the first place, with regard to all which concerns religion in the affair—though I perceive from a glow in my cheek, that I blush as I begin to speak to to thee upon the subject, as well knowing, notwithstanding thy unaffected secrecy, how few of its offices thou neglectest-yet I would remind thee of one (during the continuance of thy courtship) in a particular manner, which I would not have omitted; and that is, never to go forth upon the enterprize, whether it be in the morning or the aftertoon, without first recommending thyself to the protection of Almighty God, that he may defend thee from the evil one.

Shave the whole top of thy crown clean once at least every four or five days, but oftener if convenient; lest in taking off thy wig before her, through absence of mind, she should be able to discover how much has been cut away by Time-how much by Trim.

-'Twere better to keep ideas of baldness out of her fancy, adopted a manufacture were answered two

Always carry it in thy mind, and act upon it, as fure maxim, Toby-

"That women are timid:" And 'tis well they areelfe there would be no dealing with them.

Let not thy breeches be too tight, or hang too look about thy thighs, like the trunk-hofe of our ancestors -A just medium prevents all conclusions.

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Whatever thou haft to fay, be it more or less, forget not to utter it in a low foft tone of voice. Silence. and whatever approaches it, weaves dreams of midnight secreey into the brain: For this cause, if thou can'ft help it, never throw down the tongs and poker.

Avoid all kinds of pleafantry and facetiousness in thy discourse with her, and do whatever lies in thy power at the fame time, to keep from her all books and writings which tend thereto: there are some devotional tracts, which if thou canst entice her to read over-it will be well: but fuffer her not to look at Rabelais, or Scarron, or Don Quinote-

-They are all books which excite laughter; and thou knowest, dear Toby, that there is no passion so ferious as luft.

Stick a pin in the bosom of thy shirt, before thou enterest her parlour.

And if thou art permitted to fit upon the fame lopha with her, and the gives thee occasion to lay thy hand upon hers-beware of taking it-thou can'ft not by thy hand on hers, but she will feel the temper of thine. Leave that and as many other things as thou can'ft, quite undetermined; by so doing, thou wilt have her curiofity on thy fide; and if she is not conquered by that, and thy Asse continues still kicking, which there is great reason to suppose-Thou must begin, with first losing a few ounces of blood beow the ears, according to the practice of the ancient

Scythians,

Scythians, who cured the most intemperate sits of the appetite by that means.

Avicenna, after this, is for having the part anointed with the fyrup of hellebore, using proper evacuations and purges—and I believe rightly. But thou must eat little or no goat's sless, nor red deer—nor even foal's sless by any means; and carefully abstain—that is, as much as thou can'st, from peacocks, cranes, coots, didappers, and water-hens—

As for thy drink—I need not tell thee, it must be the infusion Vervain, and the herb Hanea, of which Ætian relates such effects—but if thy stomach palls with it—discontinue it from time to time, taking cucumbers, melons, pursane, water-lillies, woodbine, and lettice, in the stead of them.

There is nothing further for thee, which occurs to me at present—

—Unless the breaking out of a fresh war——So wishing every thing, dear Toby, for the best,

I rest thy affectionate brother,

WALTER SHANDY

### IMPOSTURE.

WHAT a problematic fet of creatures does simulation make us! who would divine that all that anxiety and concern, so visible in the airs of one

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half of that great affembly, should arise from nothing else, but that the other half of it may think them to be men of consequence, penetration, parts and conduct?—What a noise amongst the claimants about it! Behold Humility out of mere pride;—and Honesty, almost out of knavery:—Chastity never once in harm's way: and Courage like a Spanish soldier upon an Italian stage—a bladder full of wind.

Hark! that, the found of that trumpet,—let not my foldier run,—it is some good Christian giving alms. O, Pirv! thou gentlest of human passions? soft and tender are thy notes, and ill accord they with so loud an instrument.

Thus fomething jars, and will for ever jar in these

Imposture is all dissonance, let what master soever of it undertake the part; let him harmonise and modulate it as he may, one tone will contradict another; and whilst we have ears to hear, we shall distinguish it: 'tis truth only which is consistent, and ever in harmony with itself: it sits upon our lips, like the natural notes of some melodies, ready to drop out, whether we will or no;——it racks no invention to let ourselves alone, and needs fear no critic, to have the same excellency in the heart, which appears in the action.

SERMON XVII. P. 48.

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### CONTENTMENT.

HERE is scarce any lot so low, but there is fomething in it to fatisfy the man whom it has befallen; Providence having fo ordered things, that in every man's cup, how bitter foever, there are fome cordial drops-fome good circumstances, which, if wifely extracted, are sufficient for the purpose he wants them,-that is, to make him contented, and if not happy, at least refigned.

SERMON XV. P. 19.

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NWILLINGLY does the mind digest the evil which prepared for it by others ;- for those we pre MONTI pare outfelves, we eat but the fruit which we have wank i planted and watered :-- a fhattered fortune, -- a fhat i. tered frame, so we have but the fatisfaction of shatter ing them ourfelves, pass naturally enough into the le nym habit, and by the eafe with which they are both done wains they fave the spectator a world of pity: but for those ade a like Facob's, brought upon him by the hands from I'm which he looked for all his comforts,—the avarice thining a parent,—the unkindness of a relation:—the ingranick. titude of a child,—they are evils which leave a fca acklide

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belides, as they hang over the heads of all, and therefore may fall upon any !-every looker-on has an interest in the tragedy; -but then we are apt to interest ourselves no otherwise, than merely as the incidents themselves strike our passions, without carrying the leffon further: -in a word-we realize nothing :- we figh-we wipe away the tear,-and there ends the flory of mifery, and the moral with it. SERMON XXII. P. 134

### THE DANCE.

T was in the road betwixt Nifmes and Lunel, where there is the best Muscatto wine in all France, and which by the bye belongs to the honest canons of MONTPELLIER,—and foul befal the man who has a

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-The fun was fet—they had done their work; the nymphs had tied up their hair afresh—and the wains were preparing for a caroufal-my mule of tade a dead point—Tis the fife and tabourin, faid of I'm frighten'd to death, quoth he They are e d aming at the ring of pleafure, faid I, giving him a gr ick By faint Boogar, and all the faints at the acklide of the door of purgatory, faid he—(making cat

the same resolution with the abbesse of Andouellets)
I'll not go a step further——'Tis very well, sir, said I—I never will argue a point with one of your family, as long as I live; so leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch, and 'tother into that—I'll take a dance, said I—so stay you here.

A fun-burnt daughter of labor rose up from the groupe to meet me, as I advanced towards them; her hair, which was a dark chesnut, approaching rather to a black, was tied up in a knot, all but a single tress.

We want a cavalier, said she, holding out both her hands, as if to offer them—And a cavalier ye shall have; said I, taking hold of both of them.

Hadst thou, Nannette, been array'd like a duchesse!

—But that curfed slit in thy petticoat!

Nannette cared not for it. wheel have addition TF

We could not have done without you, faid she, letting go one hand, with self-taught politeness, leading me up with the other.

A lame youth, whom Apollo had recompensed with a pipe, and to which he had added a tabourin of his own accord, ran sweetly over the prelude, as he sat upon the bank—Tie me up this tress instantly, said Nannette, putting a piece of string into my hand—It taught me to forget I was a stranger—The whole knot fell down—We had been seven years acquainted.

The youth struck the note upon the tabourin-his pipe followed, and off we bounded—"the deuce take that slit!"

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The fifter of the youth, who had stolen her voice from heaven, sung alternately with her brother—
twas a Gascoigne roundelay.

VIVA LA JOIA! QO ZVA MOMO.100

The nymphs join'd in unison, and their swains an offave below them—

I would have given a crown to have it few'd up-Nannette would not have given a sous-Viva la joia! was in her tips-Viva la joia? was in her eyes. A transient spark of amity that across the space betwixt us-She look'd amiable !-- Why could I not live, and end my days thus? Just disposer of our joys and forrows, cried I, why could not a man fit down in the ap of content here-and dance, and fing, and fay his prayers, and go to heaven with this nut-brown maid? Capriciously did she bend her head on one side, and dance up infidious—Then 'tis time to dance off, quoth I! so changing only partners and tunes, I danced it away from Lunel to Montpellier-from thence to Pefenas, Beziers—I danced it along brough Narbonne, Carcaffon, and Caftle Naudairy, at last I danced myself into Perdrillo's pavillion.

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#### OPPRESSION.

COLOMON fays, Oppression will make a will man mad.—What will it do then to a tender and ingenuous heart, which feels itself neglected,-to full of reverence for the author of its wrongs to com plain? See, it fits down in filence, robbed by di couragements, of all its natural powers to pleafe,born to see others loaded with caresses-in some un cheery corner it nourishes its discontent, and with weight upon its spirits, which its little stock of fort tude is not able to withftand,-it droops, and pin what away.—Sad victim of caprice!

SERMON XXII. P. 13 ngerie

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# VIRTUE AND VICE.

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THOEVER confiders the state and conditions is irre of human nature, and upon this view, howlin hi much stronger the natural motives are to virtue the with t to vice, would expect to find the world much bet by bear than it is, or ever has been;—for who would support for the generality of mankind to betray to much folly, thint, to act against the common interest of their own kill with but as every man does who yields to the temptation what is wrong?

SERMON XXXIII. P. WISDO

#### WISDOM.

HERE is no project to which the whole race of mankind is so universally a bubble, as to that of being thought wife: and the affectation of it is fo vilible, in men of all complexions, that you every day see some one or other so very solicitous to establish the character, as not to allow himself leisure to do the hings which fairly win it:- expending more art and tratagem to appear so in the eyes of the world, than that would fuffice to make him so in truth.

It is owing to the force of this defire, that you fee general there is no injury touches a man fo fenfibly, san infult upon his parts and capacity: tell a man fother defects, that he wants learning, industry or pplication,—he will hear your reproof with patience. -Nay you may go further: take him in a proper alon, you may tax his morals,—you may tell him itistisirregular in his conduct, passionate or revengehad in his nature, loofe in his principles; deliver th with the gentleness of a friend,—possibly he'll not bet my bear with you, -but, if ingenuous, he will thank ppe our for your lecture, and promise a reformation:thint, hint but at a defect in his intellectuals, ly, th but that fore place,—from that moment you are ki k'd upon as an enemy fent to torment him before on time, and in return may reckon upon his resentat and ill-will for ever: so that in general you P. 00

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will find it safer to tell a man he is a knave than a fool,—and stand a better chance of being forgiven, for proving he has been wanting in a point of common honesty, than a point of common sense.—Strange souls that we are! as if to live well was not the greatest argument of wisdom;—and, as if what reslected upon our morals, did not most of all reslect upon our understandings!

SERMON XXVI. P. 207.

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### CORPORAL TRIM'S

# REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

Wholest recipied arrows of test affects today

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age is 104 . You are I have a not will bright fisher or

—A green fattin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice scowered, was the first idea which Obadiah's exclamation brought into Susannah's head Then, quoth Susannah, we must all go into mourning—Oh! 'twill be the death of my poor mistrescried Susannah.—My mother's whole wardrobe so lowed.—What a procession! her red damask,—he orange tawny,—her white and yellow lustrings,—he brown tassety,—her bone laced caps, her bed-gown—and comfortable under-petticoats.—Not a rag w lest behind.—No,—she will never look up again," sa Susannah.



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- And an we not (Dropping his Hat upon the Ground ) you in a Moment! \_ twas infinitely Striking! Susannah burst into

Rublished as the Act directs, May 1. 179 . by G. Kearster, at Nº 46, in Flat Short, Lord

We had a fat foolish scullion—my father, I think, tept her for her simplicity;—she had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy.—He is dead!—said Obadiah, he is certainly dead!—So am not I, said the foolish scullion.

—Here is fad news, Trim! cried Sufannah, wiping her eyes, as Trim stepp'd into the kitchen.—Master Bobby is dead and buried,—the funeral was an interpolation of Sufannah's,—we shall have all to go into mourning, said Sufannah.

I hope not, faid Trim!—You hope not! cried Sufannah earnestly.—The mourning ran not in Trim's
head, whatever it did in Sufannah's.—I hope—said
Trim, explaining himself, I hope in God the news is
not true. I heard the letter read with my own ears,
answered Obadiah. Oh! he's dead, said Sufannah—
As sure, said the scullion, as I am alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my foul, faid Trim, fetching a figh—Poor creature!—poor boy!—poor gentleman!

Whitfuntide! alas! cried Trim, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon,—what is Whitsuntide, Jonathan, (for that was the coachman's name), or Shrovetide, or any side, or time past, to this? Are, we not here now, continued the Corporal, (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—and are we not—(dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment!—

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'Twas infinitely striking! Sufannah burst into a slood of tears.—We are not stocks and stones.—Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all melted.—The foolish sat scullion herself, who was scouring a sish-kettle upon her knees, was roused with it.—The whole kitchen crouded about the Corporal.

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-To us, Jonathan, who know not what want or care is, -who live here in the service of two of the best of masters-(bating in my own case his Majesty King William the Third, whom I had the honor to ferve both in Ireland and Flanders) - I own it, that from Whitfuntide to within three weeks of Christmas. -'tis not long-'tis like nothing; - but to those, Jonathan, who know what death is, and what havoc and destruction he can make, before a man can wheel about,-'tis like a whole age.- O Jonathan! 'twould make a good-natur'd man's heart bleed, to confider, (continued the Corporal, standing perpendicularly), how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid fince that time!—And truft me, Sufy, added the Corporal, turning to Sufannah, whose eyes were swimming in water,—hefore that time comes round again, -many a bright eye will be dim. Sufannah placed it to the right fide of the page-fine wept-but she curt'fied too. Are we not, continued Trim, looking still at Sufannah,—are we not like a flower of the field-a tear of pride stole in betwixt every two tears. of humiliation—else no tongue could have described Sufanuak's affliction—is not all flesh gras? 'Tis clay, -'tis dirt .- They all looked directly at the scullion, -the

the scullion had just been scouring a fish-kettle—It

—What is the finest face that ever man looked at!

—I could hear Trim talk so for ever, cried Susannah,

—what is it! (Susannah laid her hand upon Trim's shoulder)—but corruption? Susannah took it off.

—Now I love you for this—and 'tis this delicious mixture within you, which makes you dear creatures what you are—And he who hates you for it—all I can fay of the matter is—that he has either a pumpkin for his head—or a pippin for his heart, and whenever he is diffected, it will be found fo.

For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all :- not this ... added the Corporal, fnapping his fingers,—but with an air which no one but the Corporal could have given to the fentiment .- In battle, I value death not this . . . and let him not take me cowardly, like poor foe Gibbins, in fouring his gun. What is he? A pull of a triggera push of a bayonet an inch this way or that-makes the difference. Look along the line—to the right fee! Fack's down! well,—'tis worth a regiment of horse to him.—No—'tis Dick. Then Fack's no worse. Never mind which,—we pass on,—in hot pursuit the wound itself which brings him is not felt,—the best way is to stand up to him, the man who slies, is in ten times more danger than the man who marches up into his jaws .- I've look'd him, added the Corporal, an hundred times in the face,—and know what he is -He's nothing, Obadiah, at all in the field .- But he's

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very frightful in a house, quoth Obadiah.—I never mind it myself, said Jonathan, upon a coach-box.

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I pity my mistress.—She will never get the better of it, cried Sufannah .- Now I pity the Captain the most of any one in the family, answered Trim .- Ma. dam will get ease of heart in weeping, - and the Squire in talking about it, but my poor mafter will keep it all in filence to himfelf.—I shall hear him figh in his bed for a whole month together, as he did for Lieutenant Le Fevre. An' please your honor, do not figh fo piteoufly, I would fay to him as I laid befide him. I cannot help it, Trim, my master would say, - tis fo melancholy an accident-I cannot get it of my heart.—Your honor fears not death yourself .-I hope, Trim, I fear nothing, he would fay, but the doing a wrong thing .- Well, he would add, whatever betides, I will take care of Le Feure's boy .- And with that, like a quieting draught, his honor would fall afleep.

I like to hear Trim's stories about the Captain, said Sufannah.—He is a kindly-hearted gentleman, said Obadiah, as ever lived.—Aye,—and as brave a one too, said the Corporal, as ever stept before a platoon. There never was a better officer in the king's army, or a better man in God's world; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he saw the sighted match at the very touch-hole,—and yet, so all that, he has a heart as soft as a child for other people.—He would not hurt a chicken.—I would sooner, quoth Jonathan, drive such a gentleman so sever

feven pounds a year—than some for eight.—Thank thee, Jonathan! for thy twenty shillings,—as much, Jonathan, said the Corporal, shaking him by the hand, as if thou hadst put the money into my own pocket.—I would serve him to the day of my death out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me,—and could the sure my poor brother Tom was dead,—continued the Corporal, taking out his handkerchief,—were I worth ten thousand pounds, I would leave ever shilling of it to the Captain.—Trim could not refrain from tears at this testamentary proof he gave of his affection to his master. The whole kitchen was affected.

TRIS. SHANDY, VOL. III. C. 7.

### MR. SHANDY'S RESIGNATION

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### LOSS OF HIS SON.

PHILOSOPHY has a fine faying for every thing

—For Death it has an entire set.

"'Tis an inevitable chance—the first statute of Mag"na Charta—it is an everlasting act of parliament
—" All must die."

"Monarchs and princes dance in the same ring "with us."

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"To die, is the great debt and tribute due unto na"ture: tombs and monuments, which should perpe"tuate our memories, pay it themselves; and the
"proudest pyramid of them all, which wealth and
science have erected, has lost its apex, and stands
obtruncated in the traveller's horizon—Kingdoms
and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not
their periods? and when those principles and
powers which at first cemented and put them together, have performed their several revolutions, they
fall back."

"Where is Troy, and Mycenæ, and Thebes, and Delos, and Persepolis, and Agrigentum?—What is become of Nineveh and Babylon, of Cyzicum, and Mitylene? The fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon are now no more: the names only are lest, and those [for many of them are wrong spelt] are falling themselves by piece-meals to decay, and in length of time will be forgotten, and involved with every thing in a perpetual night: the world itself must—
"must come to an end."

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"Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara, I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara was before, Pyræus on the right hand, Corinth on the lest.—
"What slourishing towns now prostrate upon the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this lies awfully buried in his presence.—
"Remember, said I to myself again—remember thou art a man."—"

"My fon is dead!—so much the better;—'tis a "shame in such a tempest to have but one anchor."

"But he is gone for ever from us!—be it so. He is got from under the hands of his barber before he was bald—he is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited—from a banquet before he had got drunken."

"The Thracians wept when a child was born—and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world; and with reason. Death opens the gate of fame, and shuts the gate of envy after it—it un"looses the chain of the captive, and puts the bonds."

"Shew me the man, who knows what life is, who "dreads it, and I'll show thee a prisoner who dreads "his liberty."

### CONTENTMENT.

THERE are thousands so extravagant in their ideas of contentment, as to imagine that it must consist in having every thing in this world turn out the way they wish—that they are to sit down in happiness, and feel themselves so at ease at all points, as to desire nothing better and nothing more. I own there are instances of some, who seem to pass through the world as if all their paths had been strewed with:

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rose-buds of delight;—but a little experience will convince us, 'tis a fatal expectation to go upon.—We are born to trouble; and we may depend upon whilst we live in this world we shall have it, though with intermissions—that is, in whatever state we are, we shall find a mixture of good and evil; and therefore the true way to contentment is to know how to receive these certain vicissitudes of life,—the returns of good and evil, so as neither to be exalted by the one; or overthrown by the other, but to bear ourselves towards every thing which happens with such ease and indifference of mind, as to hazard as little as may be. This is the true temperate climate sitted for us by nature, and in which every wise man would wish to ive.

SERMON XV. P. 17.

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# THE TRANSLATION.

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THERE was nobody in the box I was let into but a kindly old French officer. I love the character, not only because I honor the man whose manners are softened by a profession which makes bad men worse; but that I once knew one—for he is no more—and why should I not rescue one page from violation

violation by writing his name in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the dearest of my flock and friends, whose philanthropy I never think of at this long distance from his death—but my eyes gush out with tears. For his sake, I have a prediction for the whole corps of veterans; and so I strode over the two back rows of benches, and placed myfelf beside him.

The officer was reading attentively a small pamphlet, it might be the book of the opera, with a large pair of spectacles. As soon as I sat down, he took his spectacles off, and putting them into a shagreen case, returned them and the book into his pocket together. I half rose up, and made him a bow.

Translate this into any civilised language in the world—the sense is this:

"Here's a poor stranger come into the box—he feems as if he knew nobody; and is never likely, were he to be seven years in Paris, if every man he comes near keeps his spectacles upon his nose—"'tis shutting the door of conversation absolutely in his face—and using him worse than a German."

The French officer might as well have faid it all aloud; and if he had, I should in course have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him, "I was sensible of his attention, and return'd him a "thousand thanks for it."

There is not a fecret so aiding to the progress of sociality, as to get master of this short hand, and be quick in rendering the several turns of looks and limbs,

limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it fo mechanically, that when I walk the streets of London, I go translating all the way; and have more than once stood behind in the circle, where not three words have been said, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could fairly have wrote down and sworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini's concert at Milan, and was just entering the door of the hall, when the Marquisina di E\*\*\* was coming out in a fort of a hurry-fhe was almost upon me before I faw her; fo I gave a spring to one side to let her pals -She had done the fame, and on the fame fide too: fo we ran our heads together: fhe instantly got to the other fide to get out: I was just as unfortunate as she had been; for I had sprung to that side, and opposed her passage again-We both flew together to the other fide, and then back—and so on—it was ridiculous; we both blush'd intolerably; so I did at last the thing I should have done at first-I stood stock still, and the Marquisina had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room, till I had made her fo much reparation as to wait and follow her with my eye to end of the paffage—She look'd back twice, and walk'd along it rather fideways, as if she would make room for any one coming up stairs to pass her -No, faid I-that's a vile translation: the Marquifina has a right to the best apology I can make her; and that opening is left for me to do it in-fo I ran

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and begg'd pardon for the embarrassment I had given her, faying it was my intention to have made her way! She answered, she was guided by the same intention towards me-fo we reciprocally thank'd each other. She was at the top of the stairs; and seeing no chichesbée near her, I begg'd to hand her to her coach—so we went down the stairs, stopping at every third step to talk of the concert and of the adventure -Upon my word, Madame, faid I, when I had handed her in, I made fix different efforts to let you go out-And I made fix efforts, replied she, to let you enter-I wish to heaven you would make a feventh, faid I-With all my heart, faid she, making room-Life is too fhort to be long about the forms of it—so I instantly stepp'd in, and she carried me home with her-And what became of the concert, St. Cecilia, who, I suppose was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add, that the connection which arose out of the translation, gave me more pleasure than any one I had the honor to make in Italy.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 106.

### ENMITY.

THERE is no small degree of malicious craft in fixing upon a season to give a mark of enmity and ill-will: a word—a look, which at one time would

would make no impression—at another time wounds the heart; and like a shaft slying with the wind, pierces deep, which, with its own natural force, would scarce have reached the object aimed at.

SERM. XVI. P. 23.

### SHAME AND DISGRACE.

THEY who have considered our nature, affirm, that shame and disgrace are two of the most insupportable evils of human life: the courage and spirits of many have mastered other missortunes, and borne themselves up against them; but the wisest and best of souls have not been a match for these; and we have many a tragical instance on record, what greater evils have been run into, merely to avoid this one.

Without this tax of infamy, poverty, with all the burdens it lays upon our flesh—so long as it is virtuous, could never break the spirits of a man; all its hunger, and pain, and nakedness, are nothing to it they have some counterpoise of good; and beside they are directed by Providence, and must be sub mitted to: but those are afflictions not from the hand of God or nature—" for they do come forth of the dust, and most properly may be said to spring out the ground, and this is the reason they lay such

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stress upon our patience, and in the end create such a distrust of the world, as makes us look up-and pray, Let me fall into thy hands, O God! but let me not fall into the hands of men."

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SERM. XV1. P. 20. m , notice for estainer below thousand paid of vd-

# CURIOSITY.

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HE love of variety, or curiofity of feeing new things, which is the same, or at least a fister passion to it,-feems weve into the frame of every son: and daughter of Adam; we usually speak of it as one of nature's levities, though planted within us for the folid purposes of carrying forwards the mind to fresh inquiry and knowledge: strip us of it, the mind (I fear) would dofe for ever over the present page; and we should all of us rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the parish or province where we first drew breath.

It is to this fpur, which is ever in our fides, that we owe the impatience of this defire for travelling: the passion is no way bad,—but as others are,—in its mismanagement or excess: order it rightly, the advantages are worth the pursuit; the chief of which are—to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and understand the government and interest of other pations,—to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour,

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behaviour, and fit the mind more easily for converfation and discourse—to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the track of nursery mistakes; and by shewing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments—by tasting perpetually the varieties of nature, to know what is good—by observing the address and arts of men, to conceive what is fincere,—and by seeing the difference of so many various humours and manners,—to look into ourselves and form our own.

SERMON XX. P. 104.

# and a state of INJURY. A lo resident but

to course with and sware words - alor notice of

A N injury unanswered in course grows weary of itself, and dies away in a voluntary remorse.

In bad dispositions capable of no restraint but sear

it has a different effect—the filent digestion of one wrong provokes a second.

SERM. X1V. P. 24.

### INSOLENCE

THE infolence of bale minds in success is boundless; and would scarce admit of a comparison, did not they sometimes furnish us with one, in the degrees. gree
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the fame poor heart which excites ungenerous tempers to triumph over a fallen adverfary, in fome inflances feems to exalt them above the point of courage, finks them in others even below cowardice.—

Not unlike fome little particles of matter struck off from the surface of the dirt by sunshine—dance and sport there whilst it lasts—but the moment 'tis withdrawn—they fall down—for dust they are—and unto dust they will return—whilst firmer and larger bodies preserve the stations which nature has assigned them, subjected to laws which no change of weather can alter.

SERMON XXI. P. 25.

# THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

### PARIS.

STOPP'D at the Quai de Conti in my return home, to purchase a set of Shakspere.

The bookseller said he had not a set in the world.—
Comment! said I; taking one up out of a set which
lay upon the counter betwixt us—He said, they were
sent him only to be got bound, and were to be sent
back to Versailles in the morning to the Count de

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-And

And does the Count de B\*\*\*\*, faid I, read Shahfpere? C'est un Esprit fort, replied the bookfeller. He loves English books; and what is more to his honor, Monsieur, he loves the English too. You speak this so civilly, faid I, that it is enough to oblige an Englishman to lay out a louis-d'or or two at your shop—the bookfeller made a bow, and was going to fay fomething, when a young decent girl, of about twenty, who, by her air and drefs, feemed to be Fille de Chambre to some devout man of fashion, came into the shop, and asked for Les Egarements du Cœur & de l'Esprit: the bookseller gave her the book directly; fhe pulled out a little green fattin purse run round with a ribband of the same color, and putting her finger and thumb into it, she took out the money and paid As I had nothing more to stay me in the shop, we both walked out of the door together.

-And what have you to do, my dear, faid I, with The Wanderings of the Heart, who scarce know yet you have one? nor, till love has first told you it, or some faithless shepherd has made it ache, can'st thou ever be fure it is fo. Le Dieu m'en garde! said the girl. -With what reason, said I,-for if it is a good one, 'tis a pity it should be stolen: 'tis a little treasure to thee, and gives a better air to your face, than if it was dreffed out with pearls.

The young girl liftened with a submissive attention holding her fattin purse by its ribband in her hand al the time—'Tis a very small one, said I, taking hold of the bottom of it-fhe held it towards me-and

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there is very little in it, my dear, faid I; but be as good as thou art handsome, and heaven will fill it: I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for Shakfpere; and as she had let go the purse entirely, I put a single one in it; and tying up the ribband in a bowknot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me more an humble courtefy than a low one—it was one of those quiet, thankful finkings where the spirit bows itself down—the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a crown in my live which gave me half the pleasure.

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, faid I, if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you fee the crown, you will remember it—fo do not, my dear, lay it out in ribbands.

Upon my word, Sir, said the girl, earnestly, I am incapable—in saying which, as is usual in little bargains of honor, she gave me her hand—En vérité, Monsseur, je mettrai cet argent à part, said she.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it fanctifies their most private walks; so notwithstanding it was dusky, yet as both our roads lay the same way, we made no scruple of walking along the Quay de Conti together.

She made me a second courtesy in setting off, and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if she had not done enough before, she made a fort of a little stop to tell me again—she thanked me.

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It was a small tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be mistaken in the person I had been rendering it to for the world—but I see innocence, my dear, in your face—and foul befal the man who ever lays a snare in its way!

The girl seemed affected some way or other with what I said—she gave a low sigh—I found I was not empowered to enquire at all after it—so said nothing more till I got to the corner of the Rue de Nevers, where we were to part.

-But is this the way, my dear, said I, to the hôtel de Modene? she told me it was-or, that I might go by the Rue de Guenegvault, which was the next turn-Then I will go, my dear, by the Rue de Gueneguault, faid I, for two reasons; first I shall please myself, and next I shall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can. The girl was fenfible I was civil-and faid the wished the hôtel de Modene was in the Rue de St. Pierre. You live there, faid I. She told me she was fille de chambre to Madam R\*\*\*\*\_\_\_ Good God! faid I, it is the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from Amiens-The girl told me that Madam R\*\*\*\*, The believed, expected a stranger with a letter, and was impatient to fee him-fo I defired the girl to present my compliments to Madam R\*\*\*\*, and fay I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We flood still at the corner of the Rue de Nevers whilst this passed—we then stoped a moment whilst she

the disposed of her Egarements du Cœur, more commodiously than carrying them in her hand—they were two volumes; so I held the second for her whilst she put the first into her pocket; and then she held her pocket, and I put the other in after it.

It is sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections are drawn together.

We set off afresh, and as she took her third step, the girl put her hand within my arm—I was just bidding her—but she did it of herself, with that undeliberating simplicity, which shewed it was out of her head that she had never seen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction of consanguinity so strongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her sace, and see if I could trace out any thing in it of a samily likeness. Tut! said I, are we not all relations?

When we arrived at the turning up of the Rue de Gueneguault, I stopped to bid her adieu for good and all: the girl would thank me again for my company and kindness—She bid me adieu twice—I repeated it as often; and so cordial was the parting between us, that had it happened any where else, I'm not sure but I should have signed it with a kiss of charity, as warm and as holy as an Apostle.

But in Paris, as none kifs each other but the men-

-I bid God blefs her.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 121.

CONTUMELY.

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# CONTUMELY. he purfix is it into bet peckets and when the hide

OW many may we observe every day, even of the gentler fex, as well as our own, who, without conviction of doing much wrong, in the midst of a full career of calumny and defamation, rife up punctual at the stated hour of prayer, leave the cruel story half untold till they return, go, and kneel down before the throne of Heaven, thank God that he had not made them like others, and that his Holy Spirit had enabled them to perform the duties of the day, in fo christian and conscientious a manner!

This delufive itch for flander, too common in all ranks of people, whether to gratify a little ungenerous refentment; whether oftener out of a principle of levelling, from a narrowness and poverty of soul, ever impatient of merit and superiority in others; whether a mean ambition, or the infatiate lust of being witty, (a talent in which ill-nature and malice are no ingredients;) or, lastly, whether from a natural cruelty of disposition, abstracted from all views and considerations of felf; to which one, or whether to all jointly, we are indebted for this contagious malady; thus much is certain, from whatever feeds it springs, the growth and progress of it are as destructive to, as they are unbecoming a civilifed people. To pass a hard and illnatured reflection upon an undefigning action; to invent, or, which is equally bad, to propagate a vexatious

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tious report, without color and grounds; to plunder an innocent man of his character and good name, a jewel which perhaps he has starved himself to purchase, and probably would hazard his life to secure; to rob him at the same time of his happiness and peace of mind; perhaps his bread,—the bread, may be, of a virtuous family; and this, as Solomon fays of the madman, who casteth fire-brands, arrows, and death, and faith, Am I not in sport? all this out of wantonness, and oftener from worse motives; the whole appears such a complication of badness, as requires no words or warmth of fancy to aggravate. Pride, treachery, envy, hypocrify, malice, cruelty and felf-love, may have been faid, in one shape or other, to have occafioned all the frauds and mischiefs that ever happened in the world: but the chances against a coincidence of them all in one person are so many, that one would have supposed the character of a common slanderer as rare and difficult a production in nature, as that of agreat genius, which seldom happens above once in an age. lolden - anid n

SERMON XI. P. 226.

### SEDUCTION.

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HOW abandoned is that heart which bulges the tear of innocence, and is the cause—the fatal ause of overwhelming the spotless soul, and plunging be yet untainted mind into a sea of sorrow and repen-

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tance!-

tance !- Though born to protect the fair, does not man act the part of a Demon-first alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory?-When villainy gets the afcendency, it feldom leaves the wretch 'till it has thoroughly polluted him.

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OW frequently is the honesty and integrity of a man disposed of by a smile or shrug!-how many good and generous actions have been funk into oblivion, by a diffruftful look, or stampt with the imputation of proceeding from bad motives, by mysterious and seasonable whisper!

Look into companies of those whose gentle nature should disarm them, we shall find no better account -How large a portion of chaftity is fent out of the world by distant hints, - nodded away and cruelly winked into suspicion, by the envy of those who are past all temptation of it themselves! How often doc the reputation of a helpless creature bleed by a report -which the party, who is at the pains to propagat it, beholds with much pity and fellow-feeling-that The is heartily forry for it, hopes in God it is no true : however, as Archbishop Tillotson wittily observe upon it, is resolved, in the mean time, to give the hall fin report her pass, that at least it may have fair play tal

take its fortune in the world,—to be believed or not, according to the charity of those into whose hands it shall happen to fall!

So fruitful is this vice in variety of expedients, to fatiate as well as disguise itself. But if these smoother weapons cut so fore,—what shall we say of open and unblushing scandal—subjected to no caution, tied down to no restraints!—If the one, like an arrow shot in the dark, does nevertheless so much secret mischief,—this, like the pestilence, which rageth at noon-day, sweeps all before it, levelling without distinction the good and the bad; a thousand fall beside it, and ten thousand on its right hand;—they fall—so rent and tern in this tender part of them, so unmercifully butchered, as sometimes never to recover either the wounds,—or the anguish of heart which they have occasioned.

But there is nothing to bad which will not admit of formething to be faid in its defence.

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And here it may be ask'd,—whether the inconveniencies and ill effects which the world feels, from the licentiousness of this practice—are not sufficiently counterbalanced by the real influence it has upon men's lives and conduct?—that if there was no evil-speaking in the world, thousands would be encouraged to ill,—and would rush into many indecorums, like a horse into the battle,—were they sure to escape the tongues of men.

That if we take a general view of the world,—we hall find, that a great deal of virtue,—at least of the

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outward appearance of it,—is not so much from any fixed principle, as the terror of what the world will say,—and the liberty it will take upon the occasions we shall give.

That if we descend to particulars, numbers are every day taking more pains to be well spoken of, than what would actually enable them to live so as to deserve it.

That there are many of both fexes who can support life well enough without honor or chaftity,-who, without reputation, (which is but the opinion which the world has of the matter), would hide their heads in shame, and fink down in utter despair of happiness -No doubt the tongue is a weapon which does chall tife many indecorums which the laws of men wil not reach,-and keeps many in awe-whom con science will not; and where the case is indisputably flagrant,—the speaking of it in such words as it do ferves-fcarce comes within the prohibition.--many cases it is hard to express ourselves so as to si a distinction betwixt opposite characters; -and some times it may be as much a debt we owe to virtue, an as great a piece of justice to expose a vicious chara ter, and paint it in its proper colors, -as it is to spea well of the deserving, and describe his particular vi tues .- And, indeed, when we inflict this punishmen upon the bad, merely out of principle, and without indulgencies to any private passion of our own, it is case which happens so seldom, that one might ventu to except it.

SERMON XI. P. 22

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### DR. SLOP AND SUSANNAH.

WHEN the cataplasm was ready, a scruple of decorum had unseasonably rose up in Susannah's conscience, about holding the candle, whilst Slop tied it on; Slop had not treated Susannah's distemper with anodynes,—and so a quarrel had ensued betwixt them.

Oh! ho!—faid Slop, casting a glance of undue freedom in Susannah's face, as she declined the office; -then, I think I know you, Madam-You know me, Sir! cried Sufannah fastidiously, and, with a toss of her head, levelled evidently, not at his profession, but at the doctor himself, —you know me! cried Sufannah again. Doctor Slop clapped his finger and his thumb instantly upon his nostrils; -Sufannah's spleen was ready to burst at it; - 'Tis false, said Susannah.—Come, come, Mrs. Modesty, said Slop, not al ittle elated with the fuccess of his last thrust,-If you won't hold the candle, and look-you may hold it and shut your eyes :- That's one of your Popish shifts, cried Susannah :- 'Tis better, faid Slop, with a nod, than no shift at all, young woman; --- and I defy you, Sir, cried Susannah, pulling her shift sleeve below her elbow.

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It was almost impossible for two persons to affist each other in a surgical case with a more splenetic cordiality.

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Slop

Slop snatched up the cataplasm,—Susannah snatched up the candle;—A little this way, said Slop; Susannah looking one way, and rowing another, instantly set fire to Slop's wig, which being somewhat bushy and unctuous withal, was burnt out before it was well kindled.—You impudent whore! cried Slop,—(for what is passion but a wild beast?)—you impudent whore, cried Slop, getting upright, with the cataplasm in his hand;—I never was the destruction of any body's nose, said Susannah,—which is more than you can say:—Is it, cried Slop, throwing the cataplasm in her sace;—Yes, it is, cried Susannah, returning the compliment with what was lest in the pan.

T. SHANDY, V. 111. C. 46.

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# CHARITY TO ORPHANS.

THEY whom God hath bleffed with the means, and for whom he has done more, in bleffing them likewife with a disposition, have abundant reason to be thankful to him, as the Author of every good gift, for the measure he hath bestowed to them of both: 'tis the refuge against the stormy wind and tempest, which he has planted in our hearts; and the constant fluctuation of every thing in this world, forces, all the sons and daughters of Adam to seek shelter under

der it by turns. Guard it by entails and fettlements as we will, the most affluent plenty may be stripp'd, and find all its worldly comforts like so many withered leaves dropping from us;—the crowns of princes may be shaken; and the greatest that ever awed the world, have looked back, and moralized upon the turn of the wheel.

That which has happened to one, may happen to every man: and therefore that excellent rule of our SAVIOUR, in acts of benevolence, as well as every thing else, should govern us; that what foever ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them.

Hast thou ever lain upon the bed of languishing, or labored under a distemper which threatened thy life? Call to mind thy for owful and pensive spirit at that time, and say, What it was that made the thoughts of death so bitter:—If thou hast children,—I affirm it, the bitterness of death lay there! If unbrought up, and unprovided for, What will become of them? Where will they find a friend when I am gone? Who will stand up for them, and plead their cause against the wicked?

Bleffed Gop! to thee, who art a father to the fatherless, and husband to the widow,—I entrust them.

Hast thou ever sustained any considerable shock in thy fortune? or, Has the scantiness of thy condition hurried thee into great straits, and brought thee almost to distraction? Consider what was it that spread atable in that wilderness of thought,—who made thy

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cup to overflow? Was it not a friend of confolation who stepped in, saw thee embarrassed with tender pledges of thy love, and the partner of thy cares,—took them under his protection?—Heaven! thou wilt reward him for it!—and freed thee from all the terrifying apprehensions of a parent's love.

---Hast thou-

But how shall I ask a question which must bring tears into so many eyes?—Hast thou ever been wounded in a more affecting manner still, by the loss of a most obliging friend,—or been torn away from the embraces of a dear and promising child by the stroke of death? Bitter remembrance! nature droops at it—but nature is the same in all conditions and lots of life.—A child thrust forth in an evil hour, without food, without raiment, berest of instruction, and the means of its salvation, is a subject of more tender heart-aches, and will awaken every power of nature:
—as we have felt for ourselves,—let us feel for Christ's sake—let us feel for theirs.

SERM. XXIII. P. 164.

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### CRITICISM.

HOW did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night?

—Oh, against all rule, my Lord,—most ungrammatically! betwixt the substantive and the adjective,

which

which should agree together in number, case and gender, he made a breach thus,—stopping, as if the point wanted settling;—and betwixt the nominative case, which your Lordship knows should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds and three sistes by a stop-watch, my Lord, each time—Admirable grammarian!—but in suspending his voice—was the sense suspended likewise? did no expression of attitude or countenance sill up the chasm?—Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look! I look'd only at the stop-watch, my Lord.—Excellent observer!

And what of this new book the whole world makes such a noise about! Oh! 'tis out of all plumb, my Lord,—quite an irregular thing!—not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.—I had my rule and compasses, &c. my Lord, in my pocket!——Excellent critic!

—And for the epick poem your Lordship bid me look at—upon taking the length, breadth, height and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu's—'tis out, my Lord, in every one of its dimensions.—Admirable connoisseur!—And did you step in, to take a look at the grand picture in your way back?—'tis a melancholy daub! my Lord; not one principle of the pyramid in any one group!—and what a price!—for there is nothing of the coloring of Titian—the expression of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Dominichino—the corregiescity of Carregio—the learning of Poussin—the airs of Guido

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—the taste of the Carrachis—or the grand contour of Angelo.—Grant me patience, just Heaven!—Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!

I would go fifty miles on foot to kifs the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

T. SHANDY, VOL. 11. P. 25.

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### EPITAPH ON A LADY.

COLUMNS and labor'd urns but vainly show
An idle scene of decorated wee.
The sweet companion, and the friend sincere,
Need no mechanic help to force a tear.
In heart-felt numbers, never meant to shine;
'Twill slow eternal o'er a hearse like thine;
'Twill slow whilst gentle goodness has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

LETTER XLL

### DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

7HEN the edge of appetite is worn down, and the spirits of youthful days are cooled, which hurried us on in a circle of pleasure and impertinence, -then reason and reflection will have the weight which they deferve ;-afflictions, or the bed of fickness, will supply the place of conscience; -and if they should fail,—old age will overtake us at last, and shew us the past pursuits of life, and force us to look upon them in their true point of view. If there be any thing more to cast a cloud upon so melancholy a prospect as this shews us,—it is surely the difficulty and hazard of having all the work of the day to perform in the last hour; -of making an atonement to God when we have no facrifice to offer him, but the dregs and infirmities of those days, when we could have no pleasure in them. Whatever stress some may lay upon it,—a death-bed repentance is but a weak and flender plank to trust our all upon.

SERM. XXXV11. P. 142.

### THE ADDRESS.

#### VERSAILLES.

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I SHOULD not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind when I am going to ask protection of any man; for which reason I generally endeavour to protect myself; but this going to Monsieur Le Duc de C\*\*\*\* was an act of compulsion—had it been an act of choice, I should have done it, I suppose, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty address, as I went along, did my servile heart form! I deserved the Bastile for every one of them.

Then nothing would ferve me, when I got within fight of Verfailles, but putting words and fentences together, and conceiving attitudes and tones to wreath. myself into Monsieur Le Duc de C\*\*\*\*'s good graces—This will do, said I—Just as well, retorted I again, as a coat carried up to him by an adventurous taylor, without taking the measure—Fool! continued I—see Monsieur Le Duc's face first—observe what character is written in it—take notice in what posture he stands to hear you—mark the turns and expressions of his body and limbs—and for the tone—the first sound which comes from his lips will give it you; and from all these together you'll compound an address at once upon the spot, which cannot

cannot disgust the Duke—the ingredients are his own, and most likely to go down.

Well! faid I, I wish it well over—Coward again! as if man to man were not equal throughout the whole surface of the globe; and if in the sield—why not face to face in the cabinet too? And trust me, Yorick, whenever it is not so, man is false to himself, and betrays his own succours ten times where nature does it once. Go to the Duc de C\*\*\*\* with the Bastile in thy looks—My life for it, thou wilt be sent back to Paris in half an hour with an escort.

I believe so, faid I—Then I'll go to the Duke, by heaven! with all the gaiety and debonairness in the world.—

—And there you are wrong again, replied I—A heart at ease, Yorick, slies into no extremes—'tis ever on its center—Well! well! cried I, as the coachman turn'd in at the gates, I find I shall do very well: and by the time he had wheel'd round the court, and brought me up to the door, I found myself so much the better for my own lecture, that I neither ascended the steps like a victim to justice, who was to part with life upon the topmost—nor did I mount them with a skip and a couple of strides, as I do when I sly up, Eliza! to thee, to meet it.—

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mich not SENT. JOURNEY. P. 144.

### INHUMANITY.

THERE is a fecret shame which attends every act of inhumanity, not to be conquered in the hardest natures.

Many a man will do a cruel act, who at the same time will blush to look you in the face, and is forced to turn aside before he can have a heart to execute his purpose.

Inconfistent creature that a man is! who, at that instant that he does what is wrong, is not able to withhold his testimony to what is good and praiseworthy.

SERMON III. P. 56.

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## JUDGMENT OF THE WORLD.

To judge justly of the world,—we must stand at a due distance from it;—which will discover to us the vanity of its riches and honors, in such true dimensions, as will engage us to behave ourselves towards them with moderation.—This is all that is wanting to make us wise and good;—that we may be left to the full influence of religion:—to which Christianity so far conduces, that it is the greatest blessing

bleffing, the peculiar advantage we enjoy under its inflitution,—that it affords us not only the most excellent precepts of this kind, but also it shews us those precepts confirmed by the most excellent examples.—

A heathen philosopher may talk very elegantly about despising the world, and like Senecca, may presserible very ingenious rules to teach us an art he never exercised himself:—for all the while he was writing in praise of poverty, he was enjoying a great estate, and endeavouring to make it greater,—but if ever we hope to reduce those rules to practice, it must be by the help of religion.

SERMON XXXVI. P. 118.

### SUICIDE.

WHAT scripture and all civilised nations teach concerning the crime of taking away another man's life—is applicable to the wickedness of a man's attempting to bereave himself of his own.—He has no more right over it,—than over that of others:—and whatever false glosses have been put upon it by men of bad heads or bad hearts,—it is at the bottom a complication of cowardice, and wickedness, and weak-ness—is one of the fatalest mistakes desperation can hurry a man into;—inconsistent with all the reasoning and religion of the world, and irreconcileable with that patience under afflictions,—that resignation and submission

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mission to the will of God in all straits, which is required of us, But it our calamities be brought upon ourselves by a man's own wickedness,—still has he less to urge,—least reason has he to renounce the protection of Gop—when he most stands in need of it, and of his mercy.

SERMON XXXV. P. 104.

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## JUSTICE.

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EVERY obstruction of the course of justice, is a door opened to betray society, and bereave us of those blessings which it has in view. To stand up for the privileges of such places, is to invite men to sin with a bribe of impunity.—It is a strange way of doing honor to God, to screen actions which are a disgrace to humanity.

IB. P. 103.

## PLIABILITY OF SPIRIT.

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SWEET pliability of man's spirit, that can at once furrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!—Long—long since had ye numbered out my days had I not trod

trod fo great a part of them upon this enchanted ground; when my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it, to some smooth velvet path which fancy has scattered over with rosebuds of delights; and having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthen'd and refresh'd-When evils press fore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new course-I leave itand as I have a clearer idea of the elyfian fields than I have of heaven, I force myself, like Æneas, into them-I fee him meet the pensive shade of his forsaken Dido, and wish to recognize it-I see the injured spirit wave her head, and turn off silent from the author of her miseries and dishonors-I lose the feelings for myself in her's, and in those affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at school.

Surely this is not walking in a vain shadow—nor does man disquiet himself in vain by it—he oftener does so in trusting the issue of his commotions to reason only—I can safely say for myself, I was never able to conquer any one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively, as by beating up as fast as I could for some kindly and gentle sensation to sight it upon its own ground.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 165.

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### REGULATION OF SPIRIT.

THE great business of man is the regulation of his spirit; the possession of such a frame and temper of mind, as will lead us peaceably through this world, and in the many weary stages of it, afford us, what we shall be sure to stand in need of,—Rest unto our souts.

Rest unto our souls!—'tis all we want—the end of all our wishes and pursuits: give us a prospect of this. we take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth to have it in possession : we feek for it in titles, in riches and pleasures-climb up after it by ambition, -come down again and stoop for it by avarice, try all extremes; still we are gone out of the way; nor is it, till after many miferable experiments, that we are convinced at last, we have been feeking every where for it, but where there is a profpect of finding it; and that is, within ourselves, in a meek and lowly disposition of heart. This, and this only will give us rest unto our fouls:-rest from those turbulent and haughty passions which disturb our quiet:-rest from the provocations and disappointments of the world, and a train of untold evils too long to be recounted, against all which, this frame and preparation of mind is the best protection.

SERMON XXV. P. 189.

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## JUSTICE AND HONESTY.

JUSTICE and honesty contribute very much towards all the faculties of the mind: I mean, that it clears up the understanding from that mist, which dark and crooked designs are apt to raise in it,—and that it keeps up a regularity in the affections, by suffering no lusts or by ends to disorder them.—That it likewise preserves the mind from all damps of grief and melancholy, which are the sure consequences of unjust actions; and that by such an improvement of the faculties, it makes a man so much the abler to discern, and so much the more cheerful, active, and disgent to mind his business—Light is sown for the righteous, says the prophet, and gladness for the upright in heart.

Secondly, let it be observed,—that in the continuance and course of a virtuous man's affairs, there is little probability of his falling into considerable disappointments or calamities;—not only because guarded by the providence of God, but that honesty is in its own nature the freest from danger.

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First, because such a one lays no projects, which it is the interest of the other to blast, and therefore needs no indirect methods or described practices to secure his interest by undermining others.—The paths of virtue are plain and straight, so that the blind, persons of the meanest capacity, shall not err.—Dishonesty requires

requires skill to conduct it, and as great art to conceal-what 'tis every one's interest to detect. And I think I need not remind you how oft it happens in attempts of this kind-where worldly men in hafte to be rich, have over-run the only means to it, and for want of laying their contrivances with proper cunning, or managing them with proper secrecy and advantage, have loft for ever, what they might have certainly fecured with honesty and plain-dealing.-The general causes of the disappointments in their business, or of the unhappiness in their lives, lying but too manifestly in their own disorderly passions, which, by attempting to carry them a shorter way to riches and honor, disappoint them of both for ever, and make plain, their ruin is from themselves, and that they eat the fruits which their own hands have watered and ripened.

SERMON XXVIII. P. 253.

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# THE TEMPTATION.

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WHEN I alighted at the hotel, the porter told me a young woman with a bandbox had been that moment enquiring for me.—I do not know, faid the porter, whether she is gone away or no. I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up stairs; and

and when I had got within ten steps of the top of the landing before my door, I met her coming easily down.

It was the fair fille de chambre I had walked along the Quai de Conti with: Madame de R\*\*\*\* had fent her upon some commission to a merchante de modes within a step or two of the hotel de Modene; and as I had failed in waiting upon her, had bid her enquire if I had left Paris; and if so, whether I had not left a letter addressed to her.

As the fair fille de chambre was so near my door, she returned back, and went into the room with me for a moment or two whilst I wrote a card.

It was a fine still evening in the latter end of the month of May—the crimson window-curtains (which were of the same color of those of the bed) were drawn close—the sun was setting,—and reslected thro' them so warm a tint into the fair fille de chambre's sace——I thought she blush'd——the idea of it made me blush myself—we were quite alone; and that superinduced a second blush before the first could get off.

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There is a fort of pleasing half-guilty blush, where the blood is more in fault than the man—'tis sent impetuous from the heart, and virtue slies after it—not to call it back, but to make the sensation of it more delicious to the nerves—'tis associated.——

But I'll not describe it—I felt something at first within me which was not in strict unison with the lesson of virtue I had given her the night before—I sought five minutes for a card—I knew I had not one.

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I took up a pen-I laid it down again-my hand trembled—the devil was in me.

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I know as well as any one he is an adverfary, whom if we refift he will fly from us—but I feldom refift him at all; from a terror that though I may conquer, I may still get a hurt in the combat—so I give up the triumph for security; and instead of thinking to make him fly, I generally sly myself.

The fair fille de chambre came close up to the bureau where I was looking for a card—took up the first pen I cast down, then offer'd to hold me the ink; she offered it so sweetly, I was going to accept it—but I durst not—I have nothing, my dear, said I, to write upon.—Write it, said she, simply, upon any thing—

I was just going to cry out, Then I will write it, fair girl! upon thy lips.——

If I do, said I, I shall perish—so I took her by the hand, and led her to the door, and begg'd she would not forget the lesson I had given her—she said, indeed she would not—and as she uttered it with some earnestness, she turn'd about, and gave me both her hands, closed together, into mine—it was impossible not to compress them in that situation—I wish'd to let them go; and all the time I held them, I kept arguing within myself against it—and still I held them on.—In two minutes I found I had the battle to sight over again—and selt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we were standing—I had still hold hold of her hands—and how it happened I can give no account, but I neither ask'd her—nor drew her—nor did I think of the bed—but so it did happen, we both sat down.

I'll ju thew you, said the fair fille de chambre, the little purse I have been making to day to hold your crown. So she put her hand into her right pocket, which was next me, and selt for it some time—then into the lest—" She had lost it."—I never bore expectation more quietly—it was in her right pocket at last—she pull'd it out; it was of green taffety, lined with a little bit of white quilted sattin, and just big enough to hold the crown—she put it into my hand;—it was pretty; and I held it ten minutes, with the back of my hand resting upon her lap—looking sometimes at the purse, sometimes on one side of it.

A stitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my stock—the fair fille de chambre, without saying a word, took out her little housewise, threaded a small needle, and sew'd it up—I foresaw it would hazard the glory of the day, and as she pass'd her hand in silence across and across my neck in the manœuvre, I selt the laurels shake which sancy had wreath'd about my head.

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ill ld A strap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her shoe was just falling off—See, said the fille de chambre, holding up her soot.—I could not from my soul but fasten the buckle in return, and putting in the strap—and lifting up the other soot with it, when

I had done, to see both were right—in doing it too. fuddenly-it unavoidably threw the fair fille de chambre off her centre—and then—

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 174

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## THE CONQUEST.

TES—and then—Ye whose clay-cold heads and lukewarm hearts can argue down or mask your passions, tell me, what trespass is it that man should have them? or how his spirit stands answerable to the Father of spirits, but for his conduct under them.

If Nature has fo wove her web of kindness that some threads of love and defire are entangled with the piece-must the whole web rent in drawing them out?-Whip me fuch stoics, great Governor of nature ! faid I to myself-Wherever thy providence shall place me for the trials of my virtue—whatever is my danger-whatever is my fituation-let me feel the movements which rife out of it, and which belong to me as a man-and if I govern them as a good one, I will trust the issues to thy justice: for thou hast made us, and not we ourselves.

As I finish'd my address, I raised the fair fille de chambre up by the hand, and led her out of the room -she stood by me 'till I lock'd the door and put the

the key in my pocket—and then—the victory being quite decisive—and not 'till then, I press'd my lips to her cheek, and, taking her by the hand, led her safe to the gate of the hotel.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 179

### APPLICATION OF RICHES.

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HOW Gos did intend them,—may as well be known from an appeal to your own hearts, and the inscription you shall read there,—as from any chapter and verse I might cite upon the subject. Let us then for a moment turn our eyes that way, and consider the traces which even the most insensible man may have proof of, from what we may perceive springing up within him from some casual act of generosity; and though this is a pleasure which properly belongs to the good, yet let him try the experiment;—let him comfort the captive, or cover the naked with a garment, and he will feel what is meant by that motal delight arising in the mind from the conscience of thumane action.

But to know it right, we must call upon the comassignment; cruelty gives evidence unwillingly, and
tels the pleasure but impersectly; for this, like all
ther pleasures, is of a relative nature, and consequentthe enjoyment of it requires some qualification in
the faculty, as much as the enjoyment of any other

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good does:—there must be something antecedent in the disposition and temper which will render that good, —a good to that individual; otherwise, though 'tis true it may be possessed,—yet it never can be enjoyed.

SERMON XXIII. P. 162.

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### REASON.

THE judgments of the more difinterested and impartial of us, receive no small tincture from our affections: we generally consult them in all the doubtful points; and it happens well if the matter in question is not almost settled before the arbitrator is called into the debate;—but in the more slagrant instances, where the passions govern the whole man 'tis melancholy to see the office to which reason, the great prerogative of his nature, is reduced; serving the lower appetites in the dishonest drudgery of finding out arguments to justify the present pursuit.

To judge rightly of our own worth, we should retire a little from the world, to see its pleasures—and pains too, in their proper size and dimensions: this no doubt, was the reason, St. Paul, when he intended to convert Felix, began his discourse upon the day of judgment, on purpose to take the heart from off this world and its pleasures, which dishoner the under standing so as to turn the wisest of men into sools and children.

SERMON XIX. P.87

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## THE CHARITY.

THERE is a long dark passage issuing out from the opera comique into a narrow street; 'tis trod by a few who humbly wait for a fiacre, or wish to get off quietly o'foot when the opera is done. At the end of it, towards the theatre, 'tis lighted by a small candle, the light of which is almost lost before you get half-way down, but near the door—'tis more for ornament than use: you see it as a fix'd star of the least magnitude; it burns—but does little good to the world, that we know of.

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In returning along this paffage, I discern'd, as I approach'd within five or six paces of the door, two ladies standing arm in arm with their backs against the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a stacre—as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; so edged myself up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my stand—I was in black, and scarce seen.

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman, of about thirty-fix; the other of the same size and make, of about forty; there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them—they seem'd to be two upright vestal sisters, unsapp'd by caresses, unbroke in upon by tender salutations: I could have wish'd to have made them happy—their happiness was destin'd that night, to come from another quarter.

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A low voice, with a good turn of expression, and fweet cadence at the end of it, begg'd for a twelvefous piece betwixt them, for the love of heaven. I thought it fingular that a beggar would fix the quota of an alms—and that the fum should be twelve times as much as what is usually given in the dark. They both seemed astonish'd at it as much as myself.-Twelve fous! faid one \_\_\_ A twelve-fous piece! faid the other-and made no reply.

The poor man faid, he knew not how to ask less of ladies of their rank; and bow'd down his head to the ground.

Poo! faid they-we have no money.

The beggar remained filent for a moment or two and renew'd his supplication.

Do not, my fair young ladies, said he stop you ears against me-Upon my word, honest man! said the younger, we have no change—Then God bless you, faid the poor man, and multiply those joys which you can give to others without change!-I observed the elder fifter put her hand into her pocket-I'll fee faid she, if I have a fous.—A fous! give twelve, faid the fupplicant; Nature has been bountiful to you, b bountiful to a poor man.

I would, friend, with all my heart, faid the younger if I had it.

My fair charitable! faid he, addreffing himself t the elder-What is it but your goodness and human 1y which makes your bright eyes so sweet, that the outshine the morning even in this dark passage? an wha

VIII A

what was it which made the Marquis de Santerre and his brother say so much of you both as they just pass'd by?

The two ladies seemed much affected; and impulsively at the same time they both put their hands into their pocket, and each took out a twelve-sous piece.

The contest betwixt them and the poor supplicant was no more—it was continued betwixt themselves, which of the two should give the twelve-sous piece in charity—and, to end the dispute, they both gave it together, and the man went away.—

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an wha SENT. JOURNEY, VOL. V. P. 206.

## MISFORTUNE AND CONSOLATION.

time and pains

THERE is not an object in this world which God can be supposed to look down upon with greater pleasure, than that of a good man involved in missortunes, surrounded on all sides with difficulties—yet cheerfully bearing up his head, and struggling against them with sirmness and constancy of mind.—Certainly to our conceptions such objects must be truly engaging:—and the reason of so exalted an encomium from this hand, is easily to be guessed:

no doubt the wisest of the heathen philosophers had

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found, from observation upon the life of man, that the many troubles and infirmities of his nature, the ficknesses, disappointments, forrows for the loss of children or property, with the numberless other ealamities and cross accidents to which the life of man is subject, were in themselves so great, and so little folid comfort to be administered from the mere refinements of philosophy in such emergencies, that there was no virtue which required greater efforts, or which was found fo difficult to be atchieved upon moral principles-which had no foundation to fuffain this great weight, which the infirmities of our nature laid upon it. And for this reason, 'tis observable, that there is no subject, upon which the moral writers of antiquity have exhausted so much of their eloquence, or where they have fpent fuch time and pains, as in this of endeavouring to reconcile men to these evils. Infomuch, that from thence, in most modern languages, the patient enduring of affliction, has by degrees obtained the name of philosophy, and almost monopolized the word to itself, as if it were the chief end or compendium of all the wifdom which philosophy had to offer. And indeed, confidering what lights they had, some of them wrote extremely well; yet, as what they faid proceed more from the head than the heart, 'was generally more calculated to filence a man in his troubles, than to convince and teach him how to bear them. And therefore, however fubtile and ingenious their arguments might appear in the reading, 'tis to be feared they lost much of their efficacy, when tried

tried in the application. If a man were thrust back in the world by disappointments, or-as was 70b's case—had suffered a sudden change in his fortunes, from an affluent condition were brought down by a train of cruel accidents, and pinched with poverty -philosophy would come in, and exhort him to fland his ground; -it would tell him that the same greatness and strength of mind which enabled him to behave well in the days of his prosperity, should equally enable him to behave well in the days of his adverfity; -that it was the property only of weak and base spirits, who were insolent in the one, to be dejected and overthrown by the other; whereas great and generous fouls were at all times calm and equal .-As they enjoyed the advantages of life with indifference,-they were able to refign them with the same temper,—and consequently—were out of the reach of fortune. All which, hower fine, and likely to fatisfy the fancy of a man at ease, could convey but little consolation to a heart already pierced with forrow; -nor is it to be conceived how an unfortunate creature should any more receive relief from such a lecture, however just, than a man racked with an acute fit of the gout or stone, could be supposed to be set free from torture, by hearing from his physician a nice differtation upon his cafe. The philosophic confolations in fickness, or in afflictions for the death of friends and kindred, were just as efficacious; -and were rather in general to be considered as good layings than good remedies.—So that, if a man were N 4

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bereaved of a promising child, in whom all his hopes and expectations centered,—or a wife were lest destitute to mourn the loss and protection of a kind and tender husband, Seneca or Epictetus would tell the pensive parent and disconsolate widow—that tears and lamentation for the dead were fruitless and absurd; that to die was the necessary and unavoidable debt of nature;—and as it could admit of no remedy—'twas impious and soolish to grieve and fret themselves upon it.

Upon fuch fage counfel, as well as many other leffors of the fame stamp, the same reflection might be applied, which is faid to have been made by one of the Roman Emperors, to one who administered the fame confolations to him, on a like occasion,-to whom, advising him to be comforted, and make himfelf easy, fince the event had been brought about by a fatality, and could not be helped,-he replied, "That this was fo far from leffening his trouble,that it was the very circumstance which occasioned it." -So that upon the whole-when the true value of these, and many more of their current arguments have been weighed and brought to the test, - one is led to doubt, whether the greatest part of their heroes, the most renowned for constancy, were not much more indebted to good nerves and spirits, or the natural happy frame of their tempers, for behaving well, than to any extraordinary helps, which they could be supposed to receive from their instructors. And therefore I should make no scruple to affert, that one such instance

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instance of patience and refignation as this, which the scripture gives us in the person of 70b, not of one, most pompously declaiming upon the contempt of pain and poverty, but of a man funk in the lowest condition of humanity, to behold him when stripped of his estate, his wealth, his friends, his childrencheerfully holding up his head, and entertaining his hard fortune with firmness and serenity; and this, not from a stoical stupidity, but a just sense of God's providence, and a persuasion of his justice and goodness in all his dealings-fuch an example, I say, as this, is of more univerfal use, speaks truer to the heart, than all the heroic precepts, which the pedantry of philosophy has to offer.

SERMON XV. P. 7.

### SERMON V.

## THE CASE OF ELIJAH AND THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH CONSIDERED.

### 1 KINGS XVII. 16.

And the barret of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord which he Spake by the prophet Elijah.

HE words of the text are the record of a miracle wrought in behalf of the widow of Zarephath, who had charitably taken Elijah under her N 5

roof,

roof, and administered unto him in a time of great scarcity and distress. There is something very interesting and affectionate in the manner this story is related in holy writ: and as it concludes with a second still more remarkable proof of God's savor to the same person, in the restoration of her dead son to life, one cannot but consider both miracles as rewards of that act of piety, wrought by infinite power, and lest upon record in scripture, not merely as testimonies of the prophet's divine mission, but likewise as two encouraging instances of God Almighty's blessing upon works of charity and benevolence.

In this view I have made choice of this piece of facred history, which I shall beg leave to make use of as the ground-work for an exhortation to charity in general: and that it may better answer the particular purpose of this solemnity, I will endeavour to enlarge upon it with such reslections, as, I trust in God, will excite some sentiments of compassion which may be profitable to so pious a design.

Elijah had fled from two dreadful evils, the approach of a famine, and the perfecution of Ahab, an enraged enemy: and in obedience to the command of God had hid himfelf by the brook of Cherith; that is before Jordan. In this fafe and peaceful folitude, bleffed with daily marks of God's providence, the holy man dwelt free both from the cares and glories of the world: by the miraculous impulse the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and stesh in the evening, and he drank of the brook; till by

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continuance of drought (the windows of heaven being shut up in those days for three years and six months, which was the natural cause likewise of the famine) it came to pass after a while that the brook, the great fountain of his support, dried up; and he is again directed by the word of the Lord where to betake himself for shelter. He is commanded to arise and go to Zarephath, which belonged to Zidon, with an affurance that he had disposed the heart of a widow woman there to sustain him.

The prophet follows the call of his Gon: the fame hand which brought him to the gate of the city, had led also the poor widow out of her doors, oppressed with forrow. She had come forth upon a melancholy errand, to make preparation to eat her last meal, and share it with her child.

No doubt, fhe had long fenced against this tragical event with all the thrifty management which felf-prefervation and parental love could inspire; full, no doubt, of cares and many tender apprehensions lest the flender stock should fail them before the return of plenty.

But as she was a widow, having lost the only faithful friend who would best have a stifted her in her virtuous struggle, the present necessity of the times at length overcame her; and she was just falling down an easy prey to it, when Elijah came to the place where she was. And he called unto her, and faid, Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a veffel, that I may drink. And as The was going to fetch it, he called unto her, and faid, Bring

Bring me I pray thee a morfel of bread in thine hand. And she said, as the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse: and behold, I am gathering two slicks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it and die. And Elijah said unto her, Fear not, but go, and do as thou hast said; but make me thereof a little cake sirft, and bring it unto me, and after, make for thee and thy son. For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord send rain upon the earth.

True charity is always unwilling to find excuses—else here was a fair opportunity of pleading many: she might have insisted over again upon her situation, which necessarily tied up her hands—she might have urged the unreasonableness of the request;—that she was reduced to the lowest extremity already—and that it was contrary to justice and the first law of nature, to rob herself and child of their last morsel, and give it to a stranger.

But in generous spirits, compassion is sometimes more than a balance for self-preservation. For, as God certainly interwove that friendly softness in our nature to be a check upon too great a propensity towards self-love—so it seemed to operate here. For it is observable, that though the prophet backed his request with the promise of an immediate recompence in multiplying her stock; yet it is not evident, she was influenced at all by that temptation. For if she had,

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had, doubtless it must have wrought such a mixture of self-interest into the motive of her compliance, as must greatly have allayed the merit of the action. But this, I say, does not appear, but rather the contrary, from the reslection she makes upon the whole in the last verse of the chapter. Now by this I know that thou art a man of God, and that the word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth.

Besides, as she was an inhabitant of Zarephath (or, as it is called by St. Luke, Sarepta, subject to Sidon, the metropolis of Phænicia, without the bounds of God's people), she had been brought up in gross darkness and idolatry, in utter ignorance of the Lord God of Israel: or, if she had heard of his name, which is all that seems probable, she had been taught to disbelieve the mighty wonders of his hand, and was still less likely to believe his prophet.

Moreover, she might argue, If this man by some secret mystery of his own, or through the power of his Goo, be able to procure so preternatural a supply for me, whence comes it to pass, that he now stands in want himself, oppressed both with hunger and thirst?

It appears, therefore, that she must have been wrought upon by an unmix'd principle of humanity.

—She looked upon him as a fellow-partner almost in the same affliction with hersels.—She considered he had come a weary pilgrimage, in a sultry climate, through an exhausted country; where neither bread or water were to be had, but by acts of liberality—

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That he had come an unknown traveller, and as a hard heart never wants pretence, that this circumstance, which should rather have befriended, might have helped to oppress him.—She considered, for charity is ever fruitful in kind reasons, that he was now far from his own country, and had strayed out of the reach of the tender offices of some one who affectionately mourned his absence—her heart was touched with pity.—She turned in silence, and went and did according as he had said. And behold, both she, and he, and her house, did eat many days; or, as in the margin, one whole year. And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, until the day that God sent rain upon the earth.

Though it may not feem necessary to raise conjectures here upon this event, yet it is natural to suppose, the danger of the famine being thus unexpectedly got over, that the mother began to look hopefully forwards for the rest of her days. There were many widows in Ifrael at that time, when the heavens were shut up for three years and fix months; yet, as St. Luke observes, to none of them was the prophet fent, fave to this widow of Sarepta: in all likelihood, she would not be the last in making the same observation, and drawing from it some flattering conclusion in favor of her fon .- Many a parent would build high upon a worfe foundation,-" Since the "God of Ifrael has thus fent his own messenger to us " in our distress, to pass by so many houses of his own so people, and stop at mine, to fave it in so miraculous "a m

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"a manner from destruction; doubtless, this is but an "earnest of his future kind intentions to us: at least his goodness has decreed to comfort my old age by "the long life and health of my son:—but perhaps, he has something greater still in store for him, and I "shall live to see the same hand hereafter crown his "head with glory and honor." We may naturally suppose her innocently carried away with such thoughts, when she is called back by an unexpected distemper which surprises her son, and in one moment brings down all her hopes—for his suckness was so fore that there was no breath left in him.—

The expostulations of immoderate grief are seldom just .- For, though Elijah had already preserved her fon, as well as herfelf, from immediate death, and was the last cause to be suspected of so sad an accident; yet the paffionate mother in the first transport challenges him as the author of her misfortune; -and as if he had brought down forrow upon a house which had fo hospitably sheltered him. The prophet was too full of compassion to make reply to so unkind an accufation. He takes the dead child out of his mother's bosom, and laid him upon his own bed; and he cried unto the Lord, and faid, O Lord my God, haft thou brought evil upon the widow with whom I fojourn, by flaying her fon? " Is this the reward of all her charity and goodness? "Thou hast before this robbed her of the dear part-" ner of all her joys and all her cares; and now that " fhe is a widow, and has mast reason to expect thy " protection; behold thou hast withdrawn her last " prop:

a prop: thou hast taken away her child, the only " flay she had to rest on." - And Elijah cried unto God; and faid, O Lord my God, I pray thee let this child's fout was for abligated their stiff of come into him again.

The prayer was urgent, and belooke the diffress of a humane mind deeply fuffering in the misfortunes of another; moreover his heart was rent with other passions.—He was zealous for the name and honor of his God, and thought not only his omnipotence, but his glorious attribute of mercy, concerned in the event: for oh! with what triumph would the prophet retort his own bitter taunt, and fay, his God was either talking, or he was purfuing, or was in a journey; or peradventure he flept and should have been awaked !-He was moreover involved in the fuccess of his prayer himfelf;-honest minds are most hurt by scandal.-And he was afraid, left so foul a one, so unworthy of his character, might arise among the heathen, who would report with pleasure, " Lo! the widow of " Zarephath took the messenger of the God of Is " rael under her roof, and kindly entertained him, and fee how the is rewarded; furely the prophet was ungrateful, he wanted power, or, what is worfe, " he wanted pity."

Besides all this, he pleaded not the cause of the widow; it was the cause of charity itself, which had received a deep wound already, and would fuffer still more should Goo deny it this testimony of his favor. So the Lord hearkened unto the voice of Elijah, and the foul of the child came unto him again, and he revived. And Elijah

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Elijah took the child, and brought him down out of the chamber into the house, and delivered him unto his mother: and Elijah said, See, thy son liveth.

It would be a pleafure to a good mind to stop here a moment, and figure to itself the picture of so joyful an event .- To behold on one hand the raptures of the parent, overcome with surprise and gratitude, and imagine how a sudden stroke of such impetuous joy must operate on a despairing countenance, long accustomed to sadness .- To conceive on the other side of the piece, the holy man approaching with the child in his arms-full of honest triumph in his looks, but sweetened with all the kind sympathy which a gentle nature could overflow with upon fo happy an event. It is a subject one might recommend to the pencil of a great genius, and would even afford matter for description here; but that it would lead us too far from the particular purpose, for which I have enlarged upon thus much of the story already; the chief design of which is, to illustrate by a fact, what is evident both in reason and scripture, that a charitable and good action is feldom cast away, but that even in this life it is more than probable, that what is fo scattered shall be gathered again with increase. Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days. Be as a father unto the fatherless, and instead of an husband unto their mother; so shall thou be as a son of the Most High, and he will love thee more than thy mother doth. Be mindful of good turns, for thou knowlest not what evil shall come upon the earth; and when thou fallest thou fhalt.

Shalt find a stay. It shall preserve thee from all affliction, and fight for thee against thy enemies better than a mighty shield and a strong spear.

The great instability of temporal affairs, and conftant fluctuation of every thing in this world, afford perpetual occasions of taking refuge in such a security.

What by successive missortunes; by failings and cross accidents in trade; by miscarriage of projects:—what by unsuitable expences of parents, extravagances of children, and the many other secret ways whereby riches make themselves wings and sly away; so many surprising revolutions do every day happen in families, that it may not seem strange to say, that the posterity of some of the most liberal contributors here, in the changes which one century may produce, may possibly find shelter under this very plant which now they so kindly water. Nay, so quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round, that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.

But besides this, and exclusive of the right which Gon's promise gives it to protection hereaster; charity and benevolence, in the ordinary chain of effects, have a natural and more immediate tendency in themselves to rescue a man from the accidents of the world, by softening the hearts, and winning every man's wishes to its interest. When a compassionate man falls, who would not pity him? who, that had power to do it, would not befriend and raise him up? or could the most barbarous temper offer an insult to his distress without

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without pain and reluctance? fo that it is almost a wonder that covetousness, even in spite of itself, does not fometimes argue a man into charity, by its own principle of looking forwards, and the firm expectation it would delight in of receiving its own again with usury.-So evident is it in the course of God's providence and the natural stream of things, that a good office one time or other generally meets with a reward Generally, did I fay ?-how can it ever fail ?when besides all this, so large a share of the recompence is so inseparable even from the action itself .-Ask the man who has a tear of tenderness always ready to flied over the unfortunate; who, withal, is ready to distribute and willing to communicate: ask him if the best things, which wits have said of pleafure, have expressed what he has felt, when, by a scasonable kindness, he has made the heart of the widow fing for joy. Mark then the expressions of unutterable pleafure and harmony in his looks; and fay, whether Solomon has not fixed the point of true enjoyment in the right place, when he declares, " that he knew "no good there was in any of the riches or honors of " this world, but for a man to do good with them in his " life." Nor was it without reason he made this judgment. Doubtless he had found and seen the insufficiency of all fenfual pleasures; how unable to furnish either a rational or a lasting scheme of happiness: how foon the best of them vanished: the less exceptionable in vanity, but the guilty both in vanity and vexation of fpirit. But that this was of fo pure and refined a nature, it burned without consuming: it was figuratively the widow's barrel of meal which wasted not, and cruse of ail which never failed.

It is not an easy matter to add weight to the testimony of the wisest man, upon the pleasure of doing good; or else the evidence of the philosopher Epicurus is very remarkable, whose word in this matter is the more to be trusted, because a professed sensualist; who, amidst all the delicacies and improvements of pleasure which a luxuriant sancy might strike out, still maintained that the best way of enlarging human happiness was, by a communication of it to others.

And if it were necessary here, or there were time to refine upon this doctrine, one might farther maintain, exclusive of the happiness which the mind itself feels in the exercise of this virtue, that the body of man is never in a better state than when he is most inclined to do good offices:—that as nothing more contributes to health than a benevolence of temper, so nothing generally was a stronger indication of it.

And what seems to confirm this opinion, is an obfervation, the truth of which must be submitted to
every one's restection—namely—that a disinclination
and backwardness to do good, is often attended, if not
produced, by an indisposition of the animal as well as
rational part of us:—So naturally do the foul and
body, as in other cases so in this, mutually befriend, or
prey upon each other. And indeed, setting aside all
abstruser reasoning upon the point, I cannot conceive
but that the very mechanical motions which maintain

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life, must be performed with more equal vigor and freedom in that man whom a great and good soul perpetually inclines to shew mercy to the miserable, than they can be in a poor, fordid, selfish wretch, whose little contracted heart melts at no man's afflictions; but sits brooding so intently over its own plots and concerns, as to see and feel nothing; and in truth, enjoy nothing beyond himself: and of whom one may say what that great master of nature has, speaking of a natural sense of harmony, which I think with more justice may be said of compassion, that the man who had it not,—

—Was fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils:

The MOTIONS of his spirits are dull as night;

And his affections dark as EREBUS:

Let no such man be trusted.

What divines fay of the mind, naturalists have observed of the body; that there is no passion so natural
to it as love, which is the principle of doing good;—
and though instances, like this just mentioned, seem
far from being proofs of it, yet it is not to be doubted,
but that every hard-hearted man has selt much inward
opposition before he could prevail upon himself to do
aught to fix and deserve the character: and what we say
of long habits of vice, that they are hard to be subdued,
may with equal truth be said concerning the natural
impressions of benevolence, that a man must do much
violence to himself, and suffer many a painful struggle,
before he can tear away so great and noble a part of

his nature. Of this, antiquity has preferved a beautiful instance in an anecdote of Alexander, the tyrant of Pheres, who, though he had so industriously hardened his heart as to feem to take delight in cruelty, infomuch as to murder many of his fubjects every day, without cause and without pity; yet, at the bare representation of a tragedy which related the misfortunes of Hecuba and Andromache, he was fo touched with the fictitious distress which the poet had wrought up in it, that he burst out into a flood of tears. The explication of which inconfiftency is easy, and casts as great a lustre upon human nature, as the man himself was a difgrace to it. The case seems to have been this: in real life he had been blinded with passions, and thoughtlessly hurried on by interest or resentment:but here, there was no room for motives of that kind; fo that his attention being first caught hold of, and all his vices laid afleep; then NATURE awoke in triumph, and flewed how deeply she had fown the feeds of compassion in every man's breast; when tyrants, with vices the most at enmity with it, were not able entirely to root it out.

But this is painting an amiable virtue, and setting her off with shades which wickedness lends us, when one might safely trust to the sorce of her own natural charms, and ask, Whether any thing under Heaven, in its own nature, is more lovely and engaging?—To illustrate this the more, let us turn our thoughts within ourselves, and for a moment let any number of us here imagine ourselves at this instant engaged in drawing

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drawing the most perfect and amiable character, such as, according to our conceptions of the Deity, we should think most acceptable to him, and most likely to be univerfally admired by all mankind .- I appeal to your own thoughts, whether the first idea which offered itself to most of our imaginations would not be that of a compassionate benefactor, stretching forth his hands to raife up the helpless orphan? whatever other virtues we should give our hero, we should all agree in making him a generous friend, who thought the opportunities of doing good to be the only charm of his prosperity: we should paint him like the psalmist's river of God, overflowing the thirsty parts of the earth, that he might enrich them, carrying plenty and gladness along with him. If this were not sufficient, and we were still defirous of adding a farther degree of perfection to fo great a character; we should endeavor to think of some one, if human nature could furnish such a pattern, who, if occasion required, was willing to undergo all kinds of affliction, to facrifice himself, to forget his dearest interests, and even lay down his life for the good of mankind.—And here, -O merciful Saviour! how would the bright original of thy unbounded goodness break in upon our hearts! Thou who becameft poor, that we might be rich-though Lord of all this world, yet hadft not where to lay thy head-and though equal in power and glory to the great GOD of NATURE, yet madest thyself of no reputation, tookest upon thee the form of a servant,fubmitting thyfelf, without opening thy mouth, to all

andignities which a thankless and undiscerning people could offer; and at length, to accomplish our salvation, becamest obedient unto death, suffering thyself, as on this day\*, to be led like a lamb to the slaughter.

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The confideration of this stupendous instance of compassion, in the Son of God, is the most unanswerable appeal that can be made to the heart of man, for the reasonableness of it in himself .- It is the great argument which the Apostles use in almost all their exhortations to good works .- Beloved, if Christ fo loved us-the inference is unavoidable; and gives strength and beauty to every thing elfe which can be urged upon the subject. And therefore I have referved it for my last and warmest appeal, with which I would gladly finish this discourse, that at least for their sakes for whom it is preached, we might be left to the full impression of so exalted and so seasonable a motive.— That by reflecting upon the infinite labor of this day's love, in the instance of Christ's death, we may confider what an immense debt we owe each other; and by calling to mind the amiable pattern of his life, in doing good, we might learn in what manner we may best discharge it.

And, indeed, of all the methods in which a good mind would be willing to do it, I believe there can be none more beneficial, or comprehensive in its effects, than that for which we are here met together—The proper education of poor children being the ground-

Preached on Good-Friday.

ground-work of almost every other kind of charity, as that which makes every other subsequent act of it answer the pious expectation of the giver.

Without this foundation first laid, how much kindness, in the progress of a benevolent man's life, is unavoidably cast away! and sometimes where it is as senseless as the exposing a tender plant to all the inclemencies of a cruel feafon, and then going with forrow to take it in, when the root is already dead. I faid, therefore, this was the foundation of almost every kind of charity, -and might one not have added, of all the policy too? fince the many ill confequences which attend the want of it, though grievously felt by the parties themselves, are no less so by the community of which they are members; and moreover, of all mischiefs seem the hardest to be redressed-Infomuch, that when one confiders the disloyal feductions of popery on one hand, and on the other, that no bad man, whatever he professes, can be a good subject, one may venture to fay, it had been cheaper and better for the nation to have borne the expence of instilling found principles and good morals into the neglected children of the lower fort, especially in some parts of Great-Britain, than to be obliged, so often as we have been within this last century, to rise up and arm ourselves against the rebellious effects which the want of them has brought down even to our doors. And, in fact, if we are to trust antiquity, the truth of which in this case we have no reason to dispute, this matter has been looked upon of fuch vast impor-

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tance to the civil happiness and peace of a people, that some commonwealths, the most eminent for political wisdom, have chosen to make a public concern of it; thinking it much safer to be entrusted to the prudence of the magistrate, than to the mistaken tenderness, or natural partiality, of the parent.

It was confistent with this, and bespoke a very refined fense of policy in the Lacedæmonians (though by the way, I believe, different from what more modern politics would have directed in like circumstances), when Antipater demanded of them fifty children, as hostages for the security of a distant engagement, they made this brave and wife answer, " they " would not,—they could not confent :—they would " rather give him double the number of their best " grown up men."-Intimating, that, however they were distressed, they would chuse any inconvenience rather than fuffer the loss of their country's education; and the opportunity (which if once lost can never be regained) of giving their youth an early tincture of religion, and bringing them up to a love of industry, and a love of the laws and conflitution of their coun-If this shews the great importance of a proper education to children of all ranks and conditions, what shall we say then of those whom the providence of God has placed in the very lowest lot of life, utterly cast out of the way of knowledge, without a parent,-fometimes, may be, without a friend to guide and instruct them, but what common pity and the necessity of their sad situation engage: --- where the dangers dangers which furround them on every fide are so great and many, that for one fortunate possenger in life, who makes way well in the world with such early disadvantages, and so dismal a setting out, we may reckon thousands, who every day suffer shipwreck and are lost for ever.

If there is a case under heaven which calls out aloud for the more immediate exercise of compassion, and which may be looked upon as the compendium of all charity, surely it is this: and I am persuaded there would want nothing more to convince the greatest enemy to these kind of charities that it is so, but a bare opportunity of taking a nearer view of some of the more distressful objects of it.

Let him go into the dwellings of the unfortunate, into some mournful cottage, where poverty and affliction reign together. There let him behold the disconsolate widow-sitting-steeped in tears ;-thus forrowing over the infant she knows not how to succour."-" O my child, thou art now left exposed to "a wide and vicious world, too full of fnares and " temptations for thy tender and unpractifed age. "Perhaps a parent's love may magnify those dangers "-But when I consider thou art driven out naked " into the midst of them, without friends, without for-"tune, without instruction, my heart bleeds before-" hand for the evils which may come upon thee. God, "in whem we trusted, is witness, so low had his pro-" vidence placed us, that we never indulged one wish "to have made thee rich,-virtuous we would have made 0 2

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"made thee; -for thy father, my husband, was a good " man, and feared the Lord, and though all the " fruits of his care and industry were little enough for " our support, yet he honestly had determined to " have scared some portion of it, scanty as it was, to " have placed thee in fafety in the way of knowledge " and instruction-But alas! he is gone from us, ne-" ver to return more, and with him are fled the means " of doing it :- For, Behold the creditor is come upon " us, to take all that we have." --- Grief is eloquent, and will not easily be imitated.—But let the man, who is the least friend to distresses of this nature, conceive some disconsolate widow uttering her complaint even in this manner, and then let him confider, if there be any forrow like this forraw, wherewith the Lord has afflicted her? or whether there can be any charity like that, of taking the child out of the mother's bosom, and rescuing her from these apprehensions? Should a heathen, a stranger to our holy religion and the love it taught, should he, as he journeyed, come to the place where she lay, when he faw, would not he have compassion on her? God forbid a christian should this day want it! or at any time look upon such a distress, and pass by on the other fide.

Rather, let him do, as his Saviour taught him, bind up the wounds, and pour comfort into the heart of one, whom the hand of God has so bruised. Let him practise what it is, with Elijah's transport, to say to the afflicted widow,—See, thy son liveth!—liveth by my charity, and the bounty of this hour, to all the purposes which

which make life defirable,—to be made a good man, and a profitable subject: on one hand to be trained up to such a sense of his duty, as may secure him an interest in the world to come; and with regard to this world, to be so brought up in it to a love of honest labor and industry, as all his life long to earn and eat his bread with joy and thankfulness.

"Much peace and happiness rest upon the head and heart of every one who thus brings children to Christ!—May the blessing of him that was ready to perish come seasonably upon him!—The Lord comfort him, when he most wants it, when he lies upon his bed! make thou, O Go D! all his bed in his sickness; and for what he now scatters, give him, then, that peace of thine which passeth all understanding, and which nothing in this world care either give or take away." Amen.

### THE HISTORY OF A WATCH COAT.

- " For some time Mr. Sterne lived, in a retired manner, upon a fmall curacy in Yorkshire, and probably would have remained in the fame obscurity, if his lively genius had not difplayed itself upon an occasion which secured him a friend, and paved the way for his promotion. A person who filled a lucrative benefice, was not fatisfied with enjoying it during his own life-time, but exerted all his interest to have it entailed on his wife and fon after his decease: the gentleman that expected the reversion of this post was Mr. Sterne's friend, who had not, however, sufficient influence to prevent the success of his adversary.—At this time Sterne's fatirical pen operated fo strongly, that the intended monopolizer informed him, if he would suppress the publication of his farcasm, he would resign his pretensions to the next candidate."

The title of this piece, it appears, was to have been,

- "The History of a good warm Watch-Coat, with
  - " which the present possessor is not content to cover
  - " his own shoulders, unless he can cut out of it a
  - " petticoat for his wife, and a pair of breeches for
  - " his fon."\*

#### A LETTER FROM MR. STERNE, TO \*\*\*\*.

I N my last, for want of something better to write about, I told you what a world of 'fending and proving we have had of late, in this little

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<sup>\*</sup> It was written in a letter to a friend.

village \* of ours, about an old cast-off pair of black plush breeches, which John +, our parish clerk, about ten years ago, it seems, had made a promise of to one Trim; who is our sexton and dog-whipper.—To this you write me word, that you have had more than either one or two occasions to know a good deal of the shifty behaviour of the said master Trim—and that you are astonished, nor can you for your soul conceive, how so worthless a fellow, and so worthless a thing into the bargain, could become the occasion of so much racket as I have represented.—

Now, though you do not fay expressly, you could wish to hear any more about it, yet I see plainly enough I have raised your curiosity; and therefore, from the same motive that I slightly mentioned it at all in my last letter, I will in this give you a full and very circumstantial account of the whole affair.

But, before I begin, I must first set you right in one very material point, in which I have missed you, as to the true cause of all this uproar amongst us—which does not take its rise, as I then told you, from the affair of the breeches, but, on the contrary, the whole affair of the breeches has taken its rise from it.—To understand which you must know, that the first beginning of the squabble was not between John the parish clerk and Trim the sexton, but betwixt the

<sup>\*</sup> York.

<sup>+</sup> Dr. Fount --- n, Dean of York.

<sup>‡</sup> Dr. T-ph-m.

parson\* of the parish and the said Master Trim, about an old watch-coat that had hung up many years in the church, which Trim had set his heart upon; and nothing would serve Trim but he must take it home in order to have it converted into a warm under-petticoat for his wise, and a jerkin for himself against winter; which, in a plaintive tone, he most humbly begged his reverence would consent to.

I need not tell you, Sir, who have so often felt it, that a principle of strong compassion transports a generous mind sometimes beyond what is strictly right; -the parlon was within an ace of being an honorable example of this very crime-for no fooner did the distinct words-Petticoat-poor wife-warm-winter, strike upon the ear-but his heart warmed-and before Trim had well got to the end of his petition (being a gentleman of a frank open temper) he told him he was welcome to it with all his heart and foul.—But, Trim, fays he, as you see I am but just got down to my living, and am an utter stranger to all parish matters, knowing nothing about this old watch-coat you beg of me, having never feen it in my life, and therefore cannot be a judge whether 'tis fit for fuch a purpole, or, if it is, in truth know not whether 'tis mine to bestow upon you or not-you must have a week or ten day's patience, 'till I can make some inquiries about it—and, if I find it is in my power, I tell you again, man, your wife is heartily welcome to an underI

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petticoat out of it, and you to a jerkin, were the thing as good again as you represent it.

It is necessary to inform you, Sir, in this place, that the parson was earnestly bent to serve Trim in this affair, not only from the motive of generofity, which I have justly ascribed to him, but likewise from another motive, and that was my making some fort of recompence for a multitude of small services which Trim had occasionally done, and indeed was continually doing (as he was much about the house) when his own man was out of the way.-For all thefe reafons together, I say, the parson of the parish intended to ferve Trim in this matter to the utmost of his power. All that was wanting, was previously to inquire if any any one had a claim to it, or whether, as it had, time immemorial, hung up in the church, the taking it down might raife a clamor in the parish. These inquiries were the things that Trim dreaded in his heart—he knew very well, that, if the parson should but fay one word to the church-wardens about it, there would be an end of the whole affair. For this, and some other reasons not necessary to be told you at present, Trim was for allowing no time in this matter-but on the contrary doubled his diligence and importunity at the vicarage house-plagued the whole family to death-pressed his suit morning, noon, and night, and, to shorten my story, teazed the poor gentleman, who was but in an ill state of health, almost. out of his life about it.

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You

You will not wonder when I tell you, that all this hurry and precipitation, on the fide of master Trim, produced its natural effect on the fide of the parson, and that was, a suspicion that all was not right at the bottom.

He was one evening fitting alone in his fludy, weighing and turning this doubt every way in his mind, and after an hour and a half's serious deliberation upon the affair, and running over Trim's behaviour throughout—he was just faying to himself—it must be so-when a sudden rap at the door put an end to his foliloquy, and in a few minutes to his doubts too; for a laborer in the town, who deemed himself past his fifty-second year, had been returned by the constables in the militia lift—and he had come with a groat in his hand to fearch the parish-register for his age. The parson bid the poor fellow put the groat into his pocket, and go into the kitchen—then shutting the study door, and taking down the parish register-who knows, fays he, but I may find fomething here about this felf same watch-coat? He had scarce unclasped the book, in faying this, when he popped on the very thing he wanted, fairly wrote in the first page, pasted to the inside of one of the covers, whereon was a memorandum about the very thing in question in these express words.—Memorandum.— "The great watch-coat was purchased and given, " about two hundred years ago, by the lord of the " manor, to the parish church, to the sole use and be-"hoof of the poor fexton thereof, and their fuc-« cessors "cessors for ever, to be worn by them respectively "in winterly cold nights, in ringing complines, passing-"bells, &c. which the said lord of the manor had "done in piety to keep the poor wretches warm, and "for the good of his own soul, for which they were "directed to pray, &c." Just heaven! said the parson to himself, looking upwards, what an escape have I had! Give this for an under-petticoat to Trim's wife! I would not have consented to such a desecration to be Primate of all England—nay,—I would not have disturbed a single button of it for all my tithes.

Scarce were the words out of his mouth, when in pops Trim with the whole subject of the exclamation under both his arms—I say under both his arms—for he had actually got it ript and cut out ready, his own jerkin under one arm, and the petticoat under the other, in order to carry to the taylor to be made up, and had just stepped in, in high spirits, to show the parson how cleverly it had held out.

There are now many good similes subsisting in the world, but which I have neither time to recollect or look for, which would give you a strong conception of the astonishment and honest indignation which this unexpected stroke of Trim's impudence impressed upon the parson's looks—let it suffice to say, that it exceeded all fair description—as well as all power of proper resentment—except this, that Trim was ordered, in a stern voice, to lay the bundles down upon the table—to go about his business, and wait upon him at his peril, the next morning at eleven precisely.—

Against this hour, like a wise man, the parson had fent to defire 70hn the parish clerk, who bore an exceeding good character as a man of truth, and who, having moreover a pretty freehold of about eighteen pounds a year in the township, was a leading man in it; and, upon the whole, was fuch a one, of whom it might be faid, that he rather did honor to his office than his office did honor to him-him he fends for, with the churchwardens, and one of the fidefmen, a grave, knowing old man, to be prefent—for, as Trim had with-held the whole truth from the parson touching the watch-coat, he thought it probable he would as certainly do the fame thing to others. Though this, I said, was wife, the trouble of the precaution might have been spared—because the parson's character was unblemished—and he had ever been held by the world in the estimation of a man of honor and integrity.-Trim's character, on the contrary was as well known, if not in the world, at least in all the parish, to be that of a little, dirty, pimping, pettyfogging, ambidextrous fellow—who neither cared what he did or faid of any, provided he could get a penny by it. This might, I faid, have made any precaution needless-but you must know, as the parson had in a manner but just got down to his living, he dreaded the consequences of the least ill impression on his first entrance among his parishioners, which would have disabled him from doing the good he wished-so that out of regard to his flock, more than the necessary care due to himself,

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he was resolved not to lie at the mercy of what resentment might vent, or malice lend an ear to.—

Accordingly the whole matter was rehearfed, from first to the last, by the parson, in the manner I've told you, in the hearing of John the parish clerk, and in the presence of Trim.

Trim had little to fay for himself, except "that the parson had absolutely promised to be friend him and his wife in the affair to the utmost of his power; that the watch-coat was certainly in his power, and that he might still give it him if he pleased."

To this the parson's reply was short, but strong, "That nothing was in his power to do but what he could do honestly—that, in giving the coat to him and his wife, he should do a manifest wrong to the next sexton, the great watch-coat being the most comfortable part of the place—that he should moreover injure the right of his own successor, who would be just so much a worse patron as the worth of the coat amounted to; and, in a word, he declared, that his whole intent in promising that coat was charity to Trim, but wrong to no man—that was a reserve, he said, made in all cases of this kind: and he declared solemnly, in verbo sacerdotis, that this was his meaning, and was so understood by Trim himsels."

With the weight of this truth, and the great good fense and strong reason which accompanied all the parson said on the subject—poor Trim was driven to the last shift—and begged he might be suffered to plead his right and title to the watch-coat, if not by promise,

at least by fervitude-it was well known how much he was intitled to it upon these scores: that he had black'd the parson's shoes without count, and greafed his boots above fifty times—that he had run for eggs in the town upon all occasions—whetted the knives at all hours-catched his horse, and rubbed him down -that, for his wife, she had been ready upon all occasions to char for them; and neither he nor she, to the best of his remembrance, ever took a farthing, or any thing beyond a mug of ale. To this account of his fervices, he begged leave to add those of his wifhes, which, he faid, had been equally great-he affirmed, and was ready, he faid, to make it appear, by a number of witnesses, he had drank his reverence's health a thousand times (by the bye he did not add, out of the parfon's own ale)—that he had not only drank his health, but wished it, and never came to the house but asked his man kindly how he did, that in particular, about half a year ago, when his reverence cut his finger in paring an apple, he went half a mile to ask a cunning woman what was good to staunch blood, and actually returned with a cobweb in his breeches pocket. Nay, fays Trim, it was not a fortnight ago, when your reverence took that firong purge, that I went to the far end of the whole town to borrow you a close-stool-and came back, as the neighbours, who flouted me, will bear witness, with the pan upon my head, and never thought it too much." Trim concluded this pathetic remonstrance with faying, " he hoped his reverence's heart would not fuffer him to requite fo many faithful fervices by fo unkind a return :- that if it was fo, he was the first, fo he hoped he should be the last example of a man of his condition so treated." This Plan of Trim's defence, which Trim had put himself upon, could admit of no other reply than a general fmile.—Upon the whole, let me inform you, that all that could be faid pro and con, on both fides, being fairly heard, it was plain that Trim in every part of this affair had behaved very ill-and one thing, which was never expected to be known of him, happened in the course of this debate to come out against him, namely, that he had gone and told the parson, before he had ever set foot in the parish, that John, his parish clerk—his churchwardens, and some of the heads of the parish, were a parcel of scoundrels. Upon the upshot, Trim was kick'd out of doors, and told at his peril never to come there again.

At first, Trim hused and bounced most terribly—
fwore he would get a warrant—that nothing would
ferve him but he would call a bye-law, and tell the
whole parish how the parson had misused him: but
cooling of that, as fearing the parson might possibly
bind him over to his good behaviour, and, for aught
he knew, might send him to the house of correction,
he lets the parson alone, and to revenge himself, falls
upon the poor clerk, who had no more to do in the
quarrel than you or I—rips up the promise of the old
—cast—pair of black—plush—breeches; and raises an
uproar in the town about it, notwithstanding it had
slept

Mept ten years—but all this, you must know, is looked upon in no other light but as an artful stroke of generalship in *Trim* to raise a dust and cover himself under the disgraceful chastisement he has undergone.—

If your curiofity is not yet fatisfied—I will now proceed to relate the battle of the breeches in the same manner I have done that of the watchcoat.—

Be it known then, that about ten years ago, when John was appointed parish-clerk of this church, this said Trim took no small pains to get into John's good graces, in order, as it afterwards appeared, to coax a promise out of him of a pair of breeches, which John had then by him, of black plush, not much the worse for wearing—Trim only begged, for God's sake, to have them bestowed upon him when John should think sit to cast them.—

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Trim was one of those kind of men who loved a bit of finery in his heart, and would rather have a tatter'd rag of another body's than the best plain whole thing his wife could spin him.

John, who was naturally unsuspicious, made no more difficulty in promising the breeches than the parson had done in promising the great coat; and indeed with something less reserve—because the breeches were John's own, and he could give them, without wrong, to whom he thought fit.

It happened, I was going to fay unluckily, for Trim, for he was the only gainer by it, that a quarrel, about fome fix or eight weeks after this, broke out betwixt the late parson of the parish and John the clerk.—

Somebody

Somebody (and it was thought to be nobody but Trim) had put it into the parson's head, " that John's desk in the church was at least four inches higher than it should be-that the thing gave offence, and was indecorous, inafmuch as it approached too near upon a level with the parson's desk itself .- This hardship the parson complained of loudly, and told John, one day after prayers, " he could bear it no longerand would have it altered, and brought down as it fhould be." Fohn made no other reply, but " that the desk was not of his raising: - that 'twas not one hair breadth higher than he found it—and that as he found it so he would leave it. - In short, he would neither make an encroachment, neither would he fuffer one." The \* late parson might have his virtues, but the leading part of his character was not humility—so that John's stiffness in this point was not likely to reconcile matters.—This was Trim's harvest.

After a friendly hint to John to stand his ground, away hies Trim to make his market at the vicarage.—
What passed there I will not say, intending not to be uncharitable; so shall content myself with only gueffing at it from the sudden change that appeared in Trim's dress for the better—for he had left his old ragged coat, hat, and wig, in the stable, and was come forth strutting across the church-yard, clad in a good charitable cast coat, large hat, and wig, which the parfon had just given him.—Ho! ho! hollo! John, cries.

Trim, in an infolent bravo, as loud as he could bawl -fee here, my lad, how fine I am !- The more shame for you, answered John seriously-Do you think, Trim, fays he, such finery, gained by such services, becomes you, or can wear well?——Fy upon it, Trim, I could not have expected this from you, confidering what friendship you pretended, and how kind I have ever been to you-how many shillings and sixpences, I have generously lent you in your distresses.-Nay, it was but the other day that I promifed you these black plush breeches I have on.—Rot your breeches, quoth Trim (for Trim's brain was half turn'd with his new finery) rot your breeches, fays he-I would not take them up were they laid at my door-give them, and be d-d to you, to whom you like-I would have you to know I can have a better pair of the parfon's any day in the week .- John told him plainly, as his word had once passed him, he had a spirit above taking advantage of his infolence in giving them away to another-but, to tell him his mind freely, he thought he had got so many favors of that kind, and was so likely to get many more for the fame fervices, of the parson, that he had better give up the breeches, with good-nature, to some one who would be more thankful for them.

Here John mentioned \* Mark Stender (who, it feems, the day before had asked John for them) not knowing they were under promise to Trim—" Come, Trim, says he, let poor Mark have them—you know he has not a pair to his a—: besides, you see he is just of my

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<sup>#</sup> Dr. Braith-t,

fize, and they will fit to a T; whereas if I give 'em to you, look ye, they are not worth much; and befides, you could not get your backfide into them, if you had them; without tearing them all to pieces."-Every tittle of this was most undoubtedly true, for Trim, you must know, by foul feeding, and playing the good fellow at the parson's, was grown somewhat gross about the lower parts, if not higher; so that, as all John said upon the occasion was fact, Trim with much ado, and after a hundred hums and hahs, at last, out of mere compassion to Mark, figns, seals, and delivers up ALL RIGHT, INTEREST, AND PRETENSIONS WHATSOEVER, IN, AND TO THE SAID BREECHES, THEREBY BINDING HIS HEIRS, EXECUTORS, ADMINI-STRATORS AND ASSIGNS, NEVER MORE TO CALL THE SAID CLAIM IN QUESTION .- All this renunciation was fet forth, in an ample manner, to be be in pure pity to Mark's nakedness—but the secret was, Trim had an eye to, and firmly expected, in his own mind, the great green pulpit cloth, and old velvet cushion, which were that very year to be taken down-which, by the bye, could he have wheedled John a fecond time, as he had hoped, would have made up the lofs of the breeches feven-fold.

Now, you must know, this pulpit-cloth and cushion were not in John's gift, but in the churchwardens, &c. However, as I said above, that John was a leading man in the parish, Trim knew he could help him to 'em if he would—but John had got a surfeit of him—so, when the pulpit-cloth, &c. were taken down, they

were immediately given (John having a great fay in it) to \* William Doe, who understood very well what use to make of them.

As for the old breeches, poor Mark lived to wear them but a short time, and they got into the possesshon of § Lorry Slim, an unlucky wight, by whom they are still worn—in truth, as you will guess, they are very thin by this time.

But Lorry has a light heart, and what recommends them to him is this, that, as thin as they are, he knows that Trim, let him fay what he will to the contrary, still envies the possessor of them, and with all his pride would be very glad to wear them after him.

Upon this footing have these affairs slept quietly for near ten years—and would have slept for ever, but for the unlucky kicking bout, which, as I said, has ripped this squabble up afresh; so that it was no longer ago than last week, that Trim met and insulted John in the public town-way before a hundred people—tax'd him with the promise of the old cast pair of black breeches, notwithstanding Trim's solemn remunciation—twitted him with the pulpit-cloth and velvet cushion—as good as told him he was ignorant of the common duties of his clerkship; adding, very insolently, that he knew not so much as to give out a common psalm in tune.

John contented himself by giving a plain answer to every article that Trim had laid to his charge, and appealed to his neighbours who remembered the whole 1

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<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Birdm-e.

affair—and, as he knew there was never any thing to be got by wrestling with a chimney-sweeper, he was going to take his leave of *Trim* for ever. But hold—the mob by this time had got round them, and their high mightinesses insisted upon having *Trim* tried upon the spot.—

Trim was accordingly tried, and, after a full hearing, was convicted a fecond time, and handled more roughly by one or more of them than even at the parson's.—

Trim, says one, are you not ashamed of yourself to make all this rout and disturbance in the town, and set neighbours together by the ears, about an old—worn—out—pair of cast—breeches, not worth half a crown? Is there a cast coat, or a place in the whole town, that will bring you in a shilling, but what you have snapped up, like a greedy hound as you are?

In the first place, are you not sexton and dogwhipper, worth three pounds a year? Then you begged the church-wardens to let your wise have the washing and darning of the church-linen, which brings you in thirteen shillings and four-pence; then you have six shillings and eight-pence for oiling and winding up the clock, both paid you at Easter—the pounder's place, which is worth forty shillings a year, you have got that too—you are the bailiss, which the late parson got you, which brings you in forty shillings more.

Besides all this, you have fix pounds a year, paid you quarterly, for being mole-catcher to the parish.—

Aye, fays the luckless wight above-mentioned (who was standing close by him with the plush breeches on) "you are not only mole-catcher, Trim, but you catch STRAY CONIES too in the dark, and you pretend a licence for it, which, I trow, will be looked into at the next quarter sessions." I maintain it, I have a licence, says Trim, blushing as read as scarlet—I have a licence, and, as I farm a warren in the next parish, I will catch conies every hour of the night. You catch conies! says a toothless old woman just passing by.

This fet the mob a laughing, and fent every man home in perfect good humour, except *Trim*, who waddled very flowly off with that kind of inflexible gravity only to be equalled by one animal in the creation, and furpassed by none.

I am,

Sir, yours, &c. &c.

## POSTSCRIPT.

I Have broke open my letter to inform you, that I missed the opportunity of sending it by the messenger, who I expected would have called upon me in his return through this village to York; so it has lain a week or ten days by me—I am not forry for the disappointment, because something has since happened, in continuation of this affair, which I am thereby enabled to transmit to you all under one trouble.

When I finished the above account, I thought (as did every soul in the parish) Trim had met with so thorough

thorough a rebuff from John the parish clerk, and the town's folks, who all took against him, that Trim would be glad to be quiet, and let the matter rest.

But, it seems, it is not half an hour ago since Trims sallied forth again, and, having borrowed a sow-gelder's horn, with hard blowing he got the whole town round him, and endeavoured to raise a disturbance, and sight the whole battle over again—alledged that he had been used in the last fray worse than a dog, not by John the parish clerk, for he should not, quoth Trim, have valued him a rush single-hands—but all the town sided with him, and twelve men in buckram set upon me, all at once, and kept me in play at sword's point for three hours together.

Besides, quoth Trim, there were two misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green, who lay all the while in ambush in John's own house, and they all sixteen came upon my back, and let drive at me all together—a plague, says Trim, of all cowards.

Trim repeated this story above a dozen times, which made some of the neighbours pity him, thinking the poor fellow cracked-brained, and that he actually believed what he said.

After this, Trim dropped the affair of the breeches, and began a fresh dispute about the reading-desk, which I told you had occasioned some small dispute between the late parson and John some years ago.—This reading-desk, as you will observe, was but an episode woven into the main story by the bye, for the main affair was the battle of the breeches and the great coat.

However,

However, Trim being at last driven out of these two citadels—he has seized hold, in his retreat, of this reading-desk, with a view, as it seems, to take shelter behind it.

I cannot say but the man has fought it out obstinately enough, and, had his cause been good, I should have really pitied him. For, when he was driven out of the great watch-coat, you fee he did not run away; no -he retreated behind the breeches; and, when he could make nothing of it behind the breeches, he got behind the reading-desk. To what other hold Trim will next retreat, the politicians of this village are not agreed. Some think his next move will be towards the rear of the parson's boot; but, as it is thought he cannot make a long stand there, others are of opinion, that Trim will once more in his life get hold of the parfon's horse, and charge upon him, or perhaps behind him: but as the horse is not easy to be caught, the more general opinion is, that, when he is driven out of the reading-desk, he will make his last retreat in fuch a manner, as, if possible, to gain the closestool, and defend himself behind it to the very last drop.

If Trim should make this movement, by my advice he should be left beside his citadel, in full possession of the sield of battle, where 'tis certain he will keep every body a league off, and may hop by himself 'till he is weary. Besides, as Trim seems bent on purging himself, and may have abundance of foul humors to work off, I think it cannot be better placed.

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But this is all speculation—Let me carry you back to matter of fact, and tell you what kind of stand Trim has actually made behind the said desk: "Neighbours and townsmen all, I will be sworn before my lord mayor, that John and his nineteen men in buckram have abused me worse than a dog; for they told you I play'd fast and go loose with the late parson and him, in that old dispute of theirs about the reading-desk, and that I made matters worse between them, and not better."

Of this charge Trim declared he was as innocent as the child that was unborn—that he would be bookfworn he had no hand in it.

He produced a strong witness, and moreover infinuated, that John himself, instead of being angry for what he had done in it, had actually thanked him-Aye, Trim, fays the wight in the plush breeches, but that was, Trim, the day before John found thee out. Befides, Trim, there is nothing in that, for the very year that you was made town's pounder, thou knowest well that I both thanked thee myself, and moreover gave thee a good warm supper for turning John Lund's cows and horses out of my hard corn close, which if thou hadst not done, (as thou toldst me) I should have lost my whole crop; whereas John Lund and Thomas Patt, who are both here to testify, and are both willing to take their oaths on't, that thou thyfelf were the very man who fet the gate open-and after all, it was not thee, Trim, 'twas the blacksmith's poor lad who turned them out-fo that a man may be thanked and

rewarded too for a good turn which he never did,

Trim could not fultain this unexpected stroke—so Trim marched off the field without colours slying, or his horn sounding, or any other ensigns of honour whatever.—Whether after this Trim intends to rally a second time—or whether he may not take it into his head to claim the victory—none but Trim himself can inform you.

However, the general opinion upon the whole is this, that, in three feveral pitch'd battles, Trim has been so trimm'd as never disastrous hero was trimm'd before.

### THE END.

Just published, price Four Shillings few'd,

(A NEW EDITION, Corrected,)

# LOVE AND MADNESS:

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,

ONE OF WHICH CONTAINS THE

ORIGINAL ACCOUNT OF CHATTERTON.

GOVERNOR.—" Who did the bloody deed?

OROONORO .- " The deed was mine.

"Bloody I know it is; and I expect

"Your laws should tell me fo. Thus, felf-condemn'd,

"I do refign myself into your hands,

"The hands of Justice."

Oroonoko, V. 3.

<sup>\* \*</sup> It is not necessary to say any thing more, than to desire that the Reader, who feels an inclination to censure any of these Letters, will recollect the persons between whom they appear to have passed, and the situations of those persons.

